WHY CLINTON AND STARR DESERVE EACH OTHER By Hanna Rosin

YOGA BOOM: WHICH SALON MAKES THE BEST HUMAN PRETZEL?

FEBRUARY 2, 1998

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New York Magazine
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The New A-List

Michael Gross chronicles
the party madness that's overtaken
Manhattan and asks,
"Who's watching the door?"
R.S.V.P.

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JAN 30 1998

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By Michael Gross

New York's parties are more frenzied than ever. But are they any fun? Socializing has finally been overcome by marketing, say the city's top partygoers. The A-list is a publicist's Rolodex, spawning events wherein models, moguls, and celebrities mingle for commercial ends. It's enough to make one drop out and eat in.

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Still snoozing from the mayoral race? Wake up to see three eminently electable Democrats jockey for Al D'Amato's Senate seat. This much ambition hasn't been in one place since Bill met Hillary.

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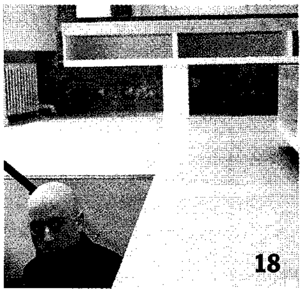

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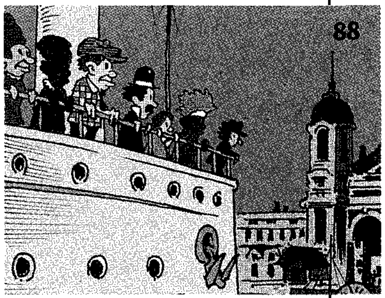

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Hands Off

How to tell a massage therapist from a masseuse (hint: One's named Bambi); more evidence that Woody's morphing into Philip; a well-coached defense of Van Gundy.

AS A LICENSED MASSAGE THERAPIST, I'm glad to see massage accorded the respect it deserves ["Pressing the Flesh," by Joanne Kaufman, January 12]. The owners of massage businesses seldom show this respect. This affects both massage therapists and their clients. For that matter, not all of the people now working at these establishments are licensed massage therapists. Nurse practitioners and nurses are sometimes hired (at wages even lower than those paid the massage therapists). Customers are not told if the person working on them is a nurse, nor does the amount they pay reflect this fact.

The article mentioned a sign in one establishment that said massage therapists, as medical professionals, should not be tipped. Only a private practice yields a pay rate that reflects the cost of our training. Until massage therapists are recognized as health-care professionals, we will not be treated or paid as such; until more stringent regulations are imposed on massage companies, this will simply never be the case.

Michaela Scioscia
MANHATTAN

LICENSED MASSAGE IS A BOON FOR THOSE with bad backs and aching muscles, as is recognized by more and more companies and insurers. However, I wonder what the relationship is between these professionals and those services listed in your classified ads under MASSAGE and LICENSED THERAPY. What does "Veronica—Southern Charm" and "Statuesque Model" or "She-male" or "Stiletto—For the discriminating gentleman" have to do with licensed anything? Why does *New York* Magazine feel the need to accept advertising from hookers and brothels along with legitimate practitioners?

Matthew M. Katz
MANHATTAN

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Doppelgängers

IN "WHOSE LIFE IS IT, ANYWAY?" BARBARA Lippert describes Woody Allen and Philip Roth as great men ["Media," January 19]. Considering her criteria, she would have to extend that accolade to Dennis Rodman, Mike Tyson, and Pete Rose, to name a few other prolific, highly compensated, talented, but vulgar men. Roth had his alter ego Portnoy masturbate with a slice of liver he found in the family refrigerator and fantasized that it was as if he had f---ed his family dinner. Allen, of course, went further: He f---ed his family. Great men?

S. Kramer
MANHATTAN

FURTHER SUPPORT FOR BARBARA LIPPERT'S astute theory that Woody Allen's Harry Block in *Deconstructing Harry* may be based on novelist Philip Roth: Toward the end of the movie, the director-writer weaves into the soundtrack the Rodgers-Hart classic "I Could Write a Book." Is that a hint?

Jerome Angel
MANHATTAN

THERE'S ONE CORRESPONDENCE BARBARA Lippert missed in her witty, ingenious, and insightful article about *Deconstructing Harry.* Harry goes to pick up his honorary degree at a leafy, upstate college, which is more akin to a modest provincial school like Roth's Bucknell than it is to Woody's NYU. Then again, Roth graduated. Woody, like Harry, dropped out.

Bruce Wolmer
MANHATTAN

Public Lives

HOW SAD TO SEE *NEW YORK* LIMP ONTO the anti-*Seinfeld* bandwagon ["Gotham: Costanza and the Crimson Tide," January 12]. Perhaps this season's shows are not the best they've done. So what? *Seinfeld* at its worst is still funnier than any other network sitcom at its best. I sense that you have animosity toward Jerry & Co. because over the past decade they've said a lot more about life in New York City than you have. Some of *Seinfeld's* best episodes have been post-David, including one of the cleverest episodes of the entire run: Kramer goes to work for Brandt-Leland, George weasels his way into the world of supermodels, Jerry dates a woman with man hands, and Elaine meets Bizarro versions of Jerry, George, and Kramer. (Let us also not forget that *Seinfeld* featured Rudy Giuliani in an episode years before it occurred to *New York* to use Hizzoner as a marketing gimmick.) Line up early, *New York.* The Soup Nazi's special of the day is sour grape.

Russell Marlow
MANHATTAN

AS A LOYAL KNICKS FAN, I MUST COMMENT on the attack on their beleaguered coach ["Gotham: Who Needs the Worm—We've Got Van Gundy," January 19]. The cowardice behind this piece, evidenced by a mere nine lines and a missing byline, is more aggravating than the piece itself. And then to compare Van Gundy to Dennis Rodman, who has proved himself the biggest disgrace in the NBA, is even more outrageous. I won't make any excuses for the Knicks, especially since they won't make any themselves. However, I would like to challenge your Mystery Writer to take over as Knicks head coach. Then we'll see who really needs an outlet.

Jeffrey H. Baer
BROOKLYN

IF JEFF JOHNSON DISLIKES ELTON JOHN, that's his privilege, but the hurricane-force invective he hurled at the singer in his recent letter suggests mental imbalance ["Letters," January 12]: "weight-challenged, toupee-wearing goof . . . meaty, attention-seeking mug . . . overgrown brat . . . the bitch is back." A mere pop star, however weight-challenged, is a pretty slender receptacle for such apoplectic wrath. If Elton John's bent for "attention-seeking" so irritates Mr. Johnson, wouldn't the best response be for him to pay no attention?

David English
SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Correction The house pictured with the December 22–29 story "Gotham: Blaze in the 'Hood" was not the Polizzotto residence, as stated, but the Spata residence.

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ELIZABETH ARDEN
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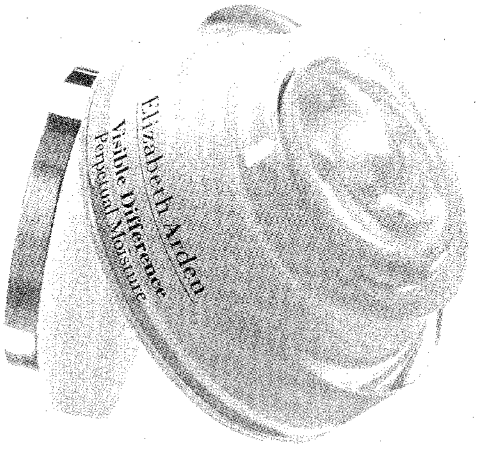
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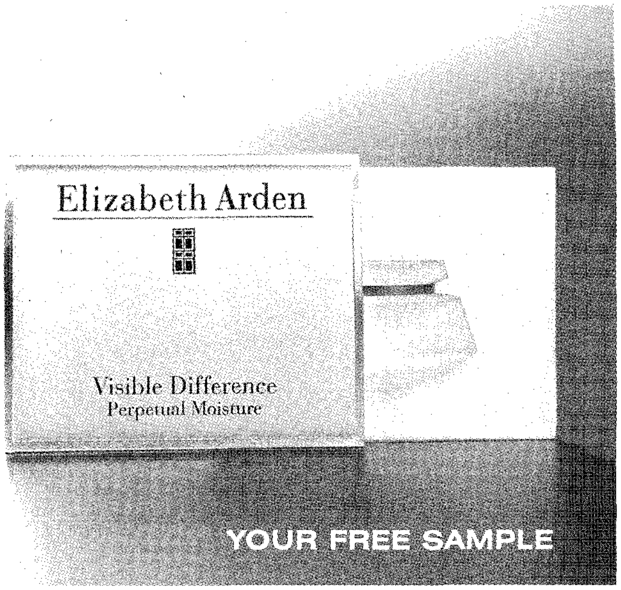
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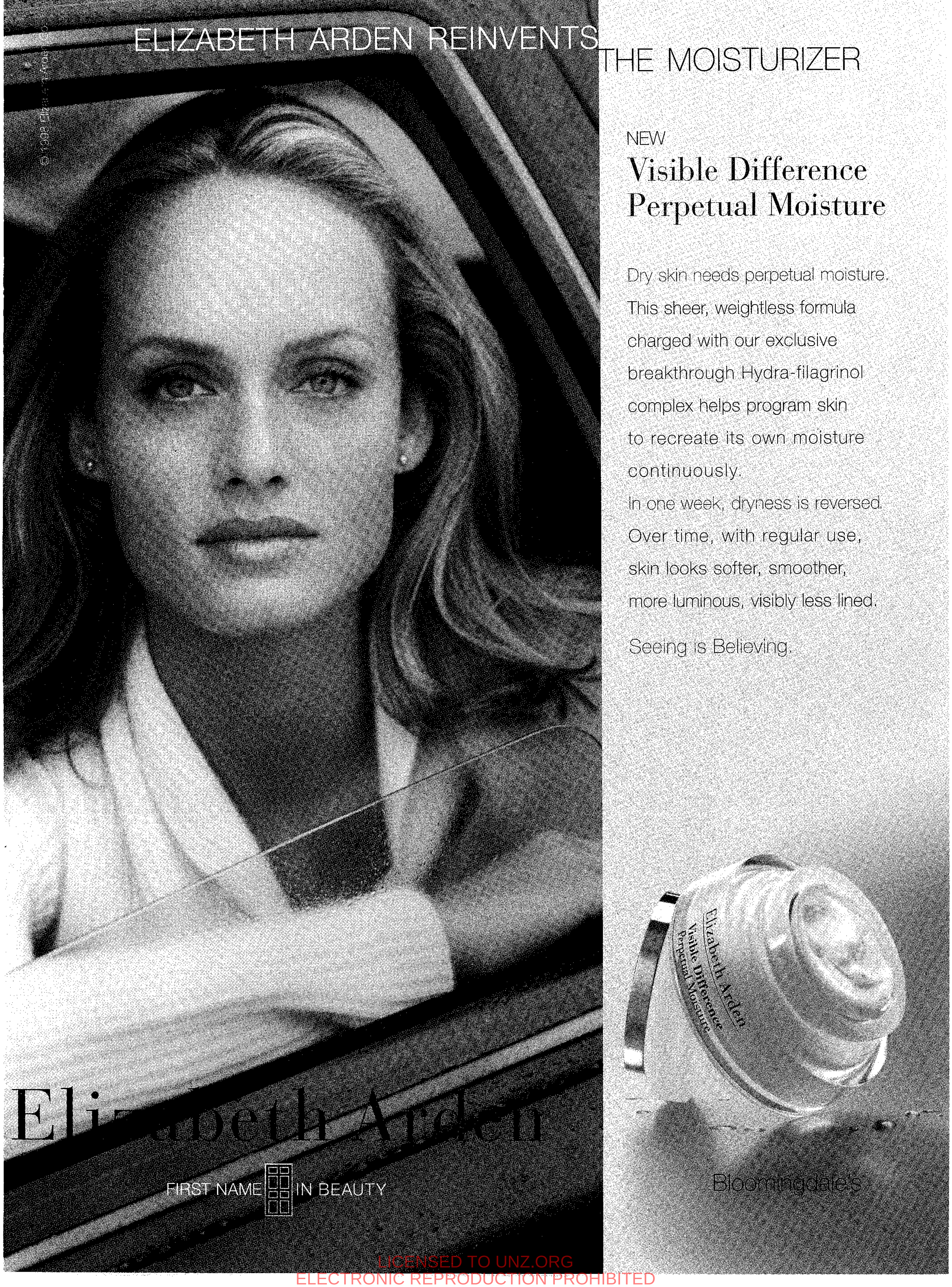

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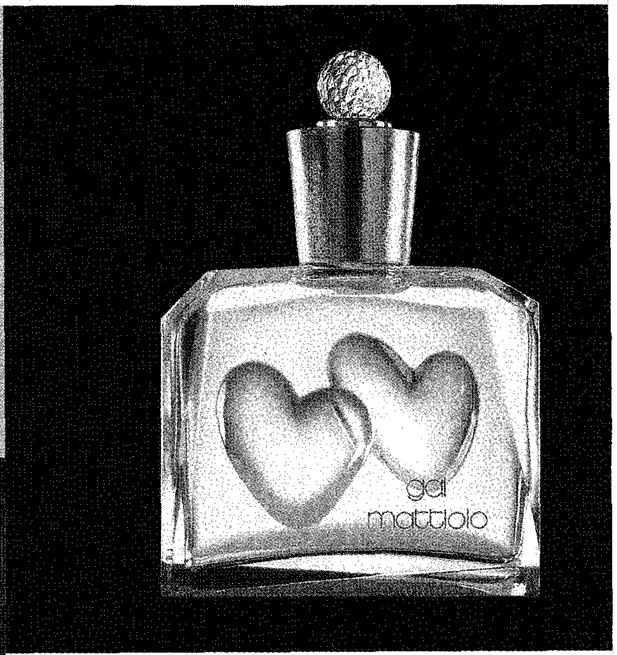

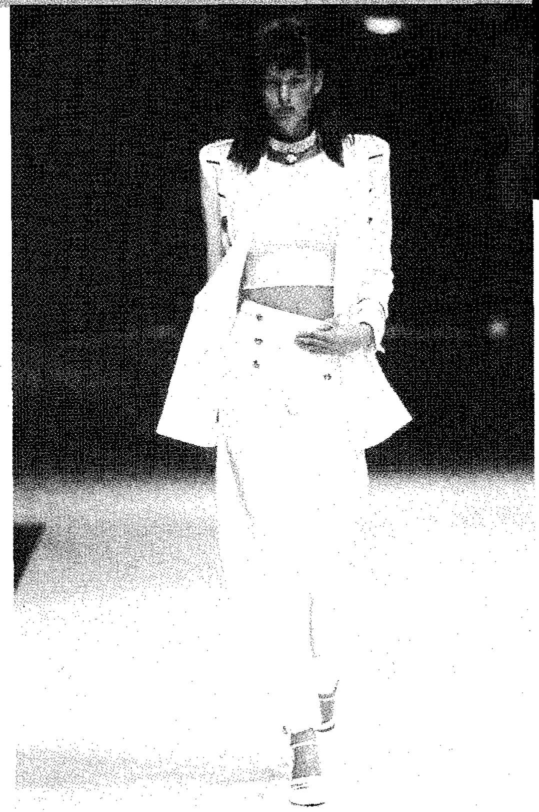

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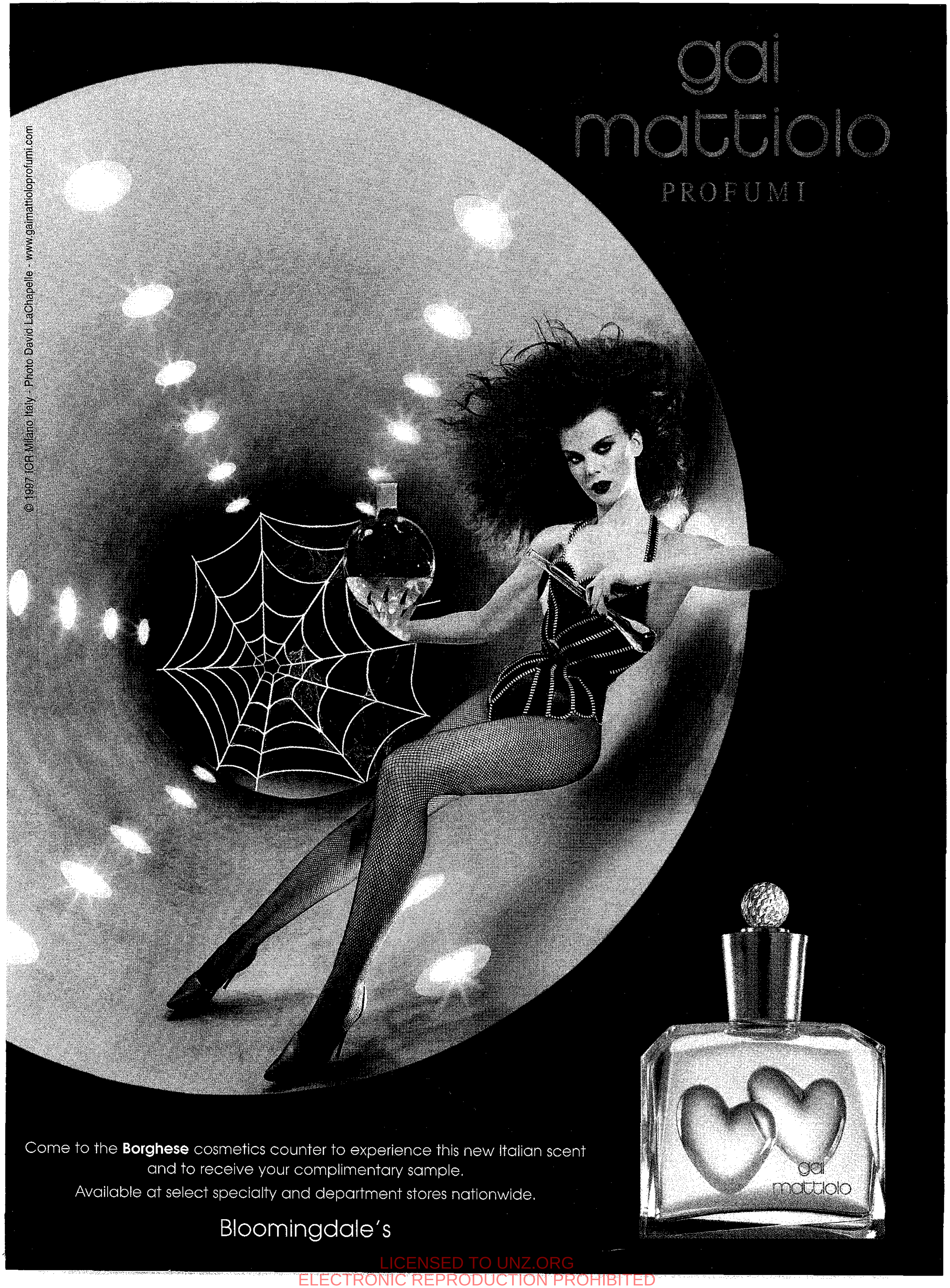
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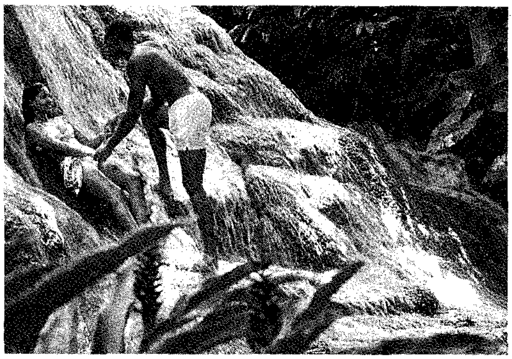

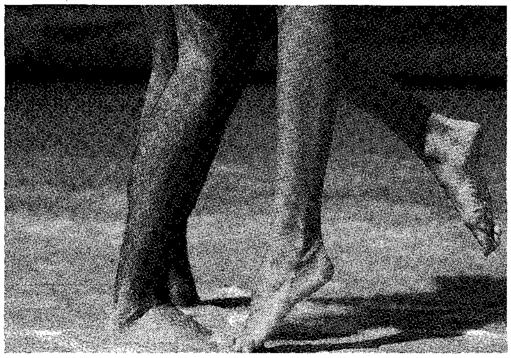

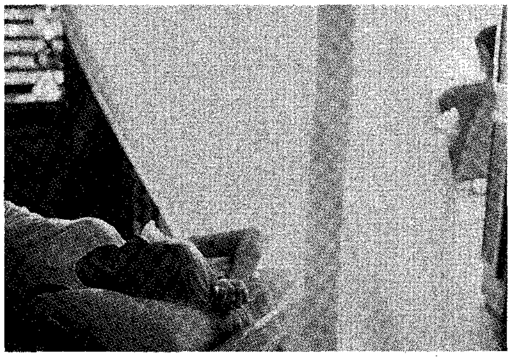

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

DOES KRENS NEED A CHINESE WALL?

As the Guggenheim Museum prepares to open "China: 5,000 Years" on February 6, some experts in the field are questioning the show's integrity. "A museum like the Guggenheim has been fooled and manipulated," charges **Ni Jun,** who heads the Organization for the International Promotion of Chinese Artists. Why? Two of the artists in the show have ties to the show's consulting curator, **Howard Rogers,** who owns Kaikodo, a gallery on East 64th Street: **Li Huayi,** who has shown at that space, and **Arnold Chang,** an American-born artist who works there. Several well-known contemporary Chinese works, meanwhile, like **Yu Hong's** *Young Pioneers* (which was shown in Berlin's Avant-Garde show in 1993) and **Xu Bing's** *A Book From the Sky* (an installation that will be at P.S. 1 in September), were pulled from the show because of space constraints. "Can [Rogers] provide an unbiased view, given his business interest?" asked a group of six Chinese artists, including **Liu Xiaodong** and Yu Hong, who wrote Guggenheim director **Thomas Krens** a letter last month. "We are utterly perplexed by the recent and sudden decision to withdraw our works from the exhibition." But the show's director, **Jane DeBevoise,** insists that the museum has maintained the traditional wall between art and commerce. She says that Rogers not only runs a business but also is an academic who has taught in Tokyo and curated other shows; furthermore, she adds, he worked only on the classics catalogue and did not select any art. DeBevoise says there were "major reductions" of about 25 to 30 percent in the show's modern section because the third floor of the SoHo museum wasn't ready. Krens did not return calls.

WILL LIZ TAYLOR GET BACK ONBOARD?

Is **Elizabeth Taylor** ready to go back to work? Hollywood's biggest star, who has been more active as an AIDS fund-raiser than as an actress lately, is now talking about getting back in front of a camera with producer **Robert Halmi Sr.** The idea is to update *The Visit,* Friedrich Duerrenmatt's 1958 play about an older woman who seeks revenge on the man who seduced her as a teen. It's a role that's attracted Lynn Fontanne (who toured with it in the fifties), **Lauren Bacall** (who did it in London), and Ingrid Bergman (who starred in the movie). Halmi says the talks are going well, although he cautions that there's no deal yet. "Liz is considering getting out of retirement to do this with me," says Halmi, who adds sincerely that his *Visit* "will be the most exciting thing the American public would ever see."

Thomas Krens: Less than artful?

Christie Brinkley: Yen mother

A NOT-SO-FRIENDLY STINT FOR KENSIT

Finding a girlfriend for **David Schwimmer** has turned out to be harder than expected. The *Friends* hunk was slated to have a new on-air love interest, a British beauty who would tie the knot with Ross, Schwimmer's character, at the end of the season. In a highly publicized casting coup, *Lethal Weapon 2* vixen and **Liam Gallagher** spouse **Patsy Kensit** was widely reported to have landed the role. But after just one day of rehearsal with the blonde bombshell, the show's execs have let Kensit go. Kensit maintains she passed on the part so as not to be separated from her 5-year-old son, **James.** But one industry insider says that when Kensit made it clear she wanted out, producers didn't exactly shed tears over the temperamental actress's departure. After Kensit left, they brought in *Masterpiece Theater* actress **Sarah Wynter,** who shot one scene but was then released, too. The role has now been filled—for good, producers hope—by British soap star **Helen Baxendale,** whose scenes will begin airing February 5. A spokeswoman for Kensit says, "Patsy signed on for what she thought was only a few episodes. When it became bigger, she felt the need to pull away because of her commitment as a mum." Responds a spokesman for the show: "Patsy's departure was a mutual decision, and there are no hard feelings."

Patsy Kensit: Ready, set, gone

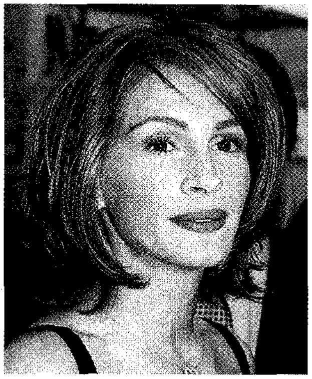
STOCKS DOWN FOR UPTOWN GIRL

The Asian stock-market crisis really is affecting everyone—even **Christie Brinkley.** The cover girl's bank balance rebounded nicely at the end of 1996, when she signed on as Nu Skin's spokeswoman. (She'd lost about $2 million in her failed third marriage, to businessman **Rick Taubman.**) Brinkley became an enthusiastic Nu Skin supporter, dutifully touring the world to hawk its products and exercising as many stock options as she could under her multimillion-dollar contract. But the stock price of Nu Skin, which is an Asian company, has dropped 42 percent in the

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Suzette Bross/London Features; Gregory Pace/Sygma; Andrew Murray/Sygma.

TOP COLORIST MAKES COPPOLA SEE RED

Just as things seemed to be calming down in the salon world, **Sharon Dorram,** one of the city's highest-profile colorists, has been summarily dismissed from the **Peter Coppola** Salon. Dorram, who lightens the tresses of **Julia Roberts, Brad Pitt,** and the **Miller sisters,** was quoted in a profile in the new *Allure* as saying she doesn't like clients from Boca Raton, because they are "pushy" and "not respectful." Unfortunately, Coppola not only lives with his wife and daughter in Boca Raton but has a second salon there. Says Dorram, "I never thought it would wind up in print. Now they won't even tell clients where I've gone. It's a tragedy for him—my clientele would follow me to a grass hut." They won't have to—Dorram was quickly snapped up by competitor **John Frieda.** Says Coppola, "If it were about money, she'd still be here. It's about principle and character. I think she is very talented and I feel badly, but I don't think she gave any thought to the ramifications of what she was saying about her boss."


Julia Roberts:
Frieda's at last

Kate Moss:
Four-hour tour

Jane and Jann Wenner:
Family affair

past thirteen months. Nu Skin spokesman **Joseph Ogden** insists Brinkley has nothing to fear, explaining that the company is doing better than many of its Asian competitors and is even growing in Japan. In any event, Brinkley's deal pays her in American dollars—surely welcome news now that she's announced she's expecting baby No. 3 with husband No. 4, architect **Peter Cook.**

STONES FAN GATHERS NO MOSS

At least one supermodel makes it to her appointments on time. **Kate Moss** had promised record mogul and friend **Chris Blackwell** that she would attend the opening of the Aveda spa at his Strawberry Hill resort in Jamaica. What the prototypical waif didn't bargain for was how long her 24th-birthday celebration with ex-beau **Johnny Depp** would last. The pair began the evening at the Madison Square Garden Rolling Stones show and then headed back to guitarist **Ron Wood**'s Palace Hotel suite for an all-night bender with **Helena Christensen** and **Keith Richards's** son **Marlon.** The crew was spotted roaming the halls till sunrise. But that morning, like a trouper, Moss raced to the airport, hopped a commercial jet to Kingston, and helicoptered into Strawberry Hill. She spent just four hours there before heading back to New York. Blackwell said affectionately, "She looked like she had been through hell, but I was impressed that she kept her word and decided to show."

MONICA'S PAST; JANN'S CAST

MONICA'S WEIGHTY HISTORY: Turns out that **Monica Lewinsky** and **Bill Clinton** have something in common that even **Linda Tripp** doesn't know about: bulge battling. Lewinsky attended weight-loss camp in California for two summers. "That's her? She looks so *good* now," said a former camp buddy as Lewinsky's picture aired on CNN. Evidently, Lewinsky was on the large side as an eighth-grader, but she was an enthusiastic camper who wanted to be a group leader and paid particular attention to the guys, reports the source.

WENNER TAKES ALL: Setting new standards for the friendly divorce are **Jann** and **Jane Wenner.** The exes—along with Jann's current boyfriend, **Matt Nye**—were demonstrating true family values at three very public outings recently. They were at the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame party on Monday night, followed by *Rolling Stone*'s Covers event the next night. Wednesday night, they all went to see the Rolling Stones at Madison Square Garden, where Jane sat on Jann's lap for half an hour.

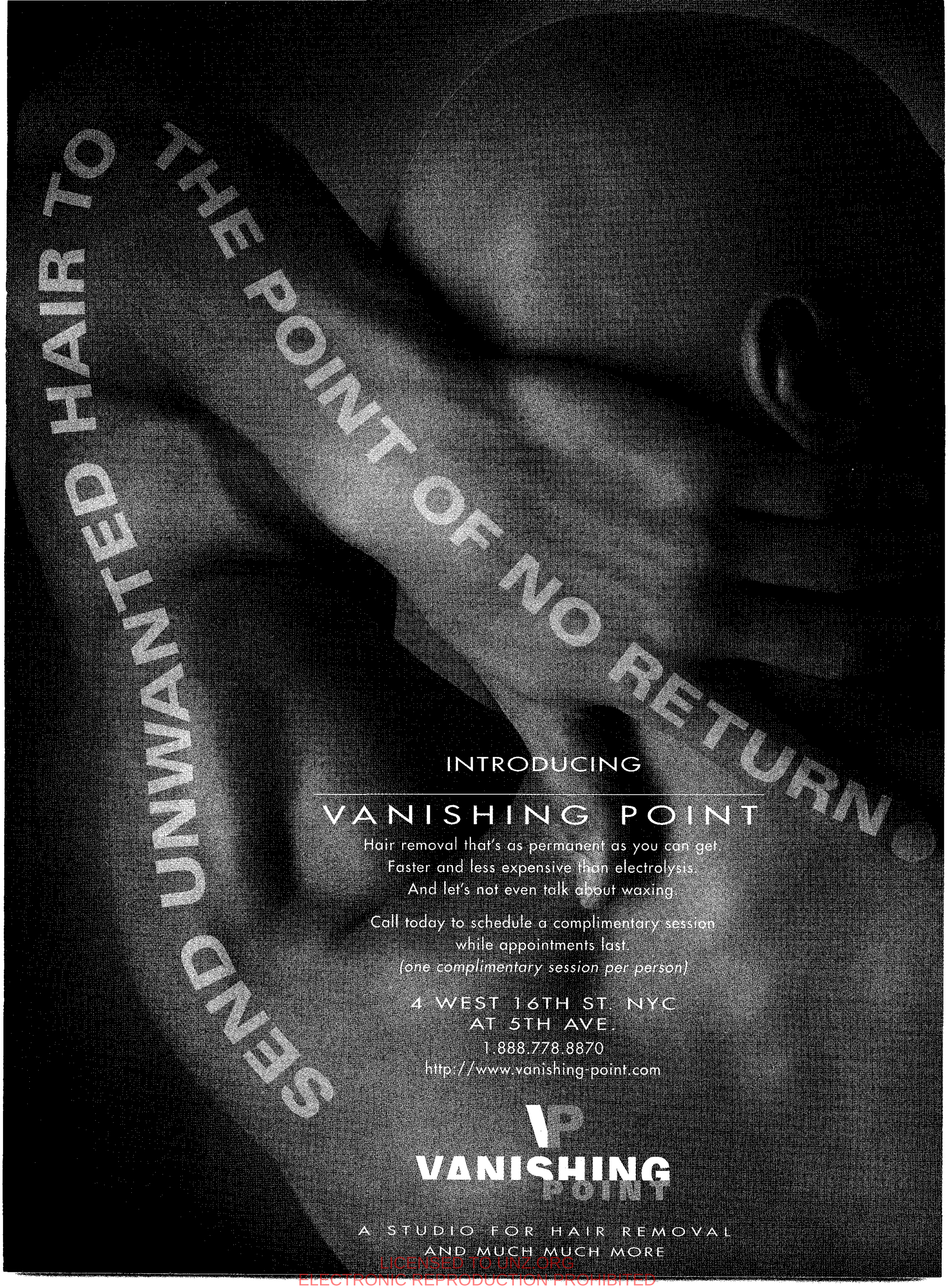
NELLO AGAIN: If he ever decides to give up his day job, **Nello,** owner of the eponymous trattoria on Madison Avenue, now has a second career to fall back on. The restaurateur will be in England this March filming a role in **David Mamet**'s new period drama *The Winslow Boy,* playing a "Sherlock Holmes type" who investigates the movie's central mystery. Not that Nello has abandoned his devoted gourmands: He plans to open a new restaurant on Greenwich Street, across from the Tribeca Grill, this spring.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

GISELLE KEEPS HER DANCE CARD OPEN

Is **Giselle Fernandez** doing some fancy footwork to broaden her access in Hollywood to include television's top executives? The *Access Hollywood* co-anchor, who also hosted the Rose Bowl parade for NBC last month, recently sent CBS Television president **Les Moonves** a cloth-bound copy of *Don Quixote* with a note that read something to the effect of "Here's to having your dreams come true." But she says she's not trying to charm her way into a new job. "I sent [my co-host] **Pat O'Brien** a bottle of champagne, and I don't want anything from him, either," insists Fernandez, who adds that she'd recently met Moonves "and we discussed *Don Quixote,*" so she sent it to him "as a kind gesture." Three years ago, when Fernandez was hired at NBC, she sent news chief **Andy Lack** a bottle of champagne with a note that read, "Here's to fulfilling one's passion" (answering his note to her: "I love your passion"). The ambitious newswoman, who also hosts *Cafe Olé* for the Latin market, insists that her career depends on hard work, not successful schmoozing. So why all the thoughtful presents? "The business is very small," she says, "and I don't play golf."

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Fred Prouser/Sipa; Mick Elgar/London Features; Gregg DeGuire/London Features.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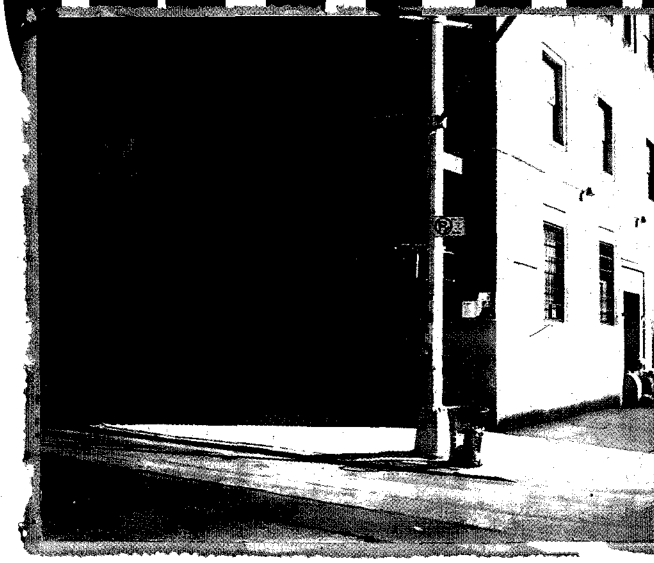
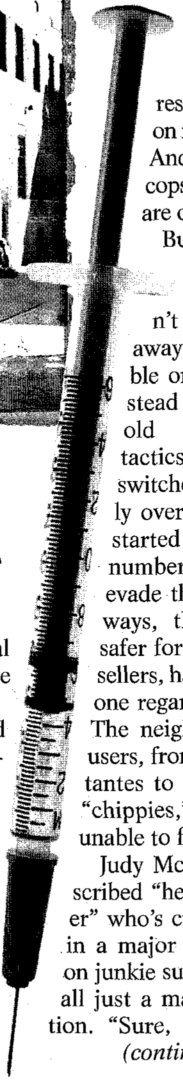
I WILL NEVER FIND A BETTER PLACE—*MARY CANTWELL*

GOTHAM





Big Smack Attack

The disappearance of heroin has the East Village in a fix.

“IT HAD BEEN A GOOD THREE months, a long while; we felt that we had earned it,” says Amy (not her real name), a 25-year-old music-industry executive and occasional heroin user. Along with the friends she refers to as her “dope posse,” she recently beeped her dealer and found, to her dismay, that the number was out of service. Her friends were reduced to smoking hash. They were not pleased.

A few days later, they reconvened in Amy’s Alphabet City apartment with more numbers to try, but none of those panned out, either. “Heroin is not the kind of drug you can stockpile,” explains Amy, “and if you’re not a frequent flier . . .” She trails off. “Fucking Giuliani! You just can’t cop on the streets anymore. It’s just not there.”

Technically speaking, she’s right. Up and down the increasingly gentrified streets of the East Village, the street-corner drug dealers, empty-shelved (but very much in business) bodegas, and strung-out junkies that once qualified as local landmarks are almost nowhere to be found.

“In 1978, the neighborhood was a total drug zone,” says Democratic District Leader Armando Pérez, a lifelong Lower East Sider. “There were lines around the block waiting to get into shooting galleries—even Wall Street guys. Billions of dollars flowed in and out, and the cops did nothing.” By contrast, this year, according to the 9th Precinct, cops shut down 44 local stores and arrested 3,374 people on narcotics charges. And another 1,000 cops and $80 million are on the way.

But for all the police activity, the dope trade hasn’t actually gone away; it’s just not visible on the street. Instead of working the old direct-marketing tactics, dealers have switched almost entirely over to beepers, and started changing their numbers frequently to evade the cops. In some ways, the new system, safer for both buyers and sellers, has worked. But in one regard, it’s a disaster: The neighborhood’s light users, from first-time dilettantes to regular weekend “chippies,” seem pitifully unable to figure it out.

Judy McGuire, a self-described “heroin ethnographer” who’s currently involved in a major research project on junkie subculture, says it’s all just a matter of distribution. “Sure, the cops closed

(continued on page 16)

SCRAPBOOK

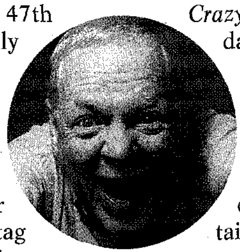
Bratton on Bratton

From* Turnaround, *the former police commissioner’s new autobiography

- ● “Like Babe Ruth pointing his bat to the bleachers . . . I was confidently predicting the future.”
- ● “I was finally Commissioner. Life was going to change and I was ready.”
- ● “I enjoyed traffic duty. . . . I was in control.”
- ● “After three weeks of cutting-edge police training . . . I was going to do everything right.”
- ● “When my name was announced as executive superintendent, jaws dropped.”
- ● “I don’t intend to be overwhelmed by them or this job, I intend to overwhelm them.”
- ● “I like the excitement of moving large numbers of people into action.”
- ● “I don’t see how you can move an organization forward quickly without capitalizing on your own persona and attracting attention.”
- ● “If you were not part of [Giuliani’s] cultlike following, willing to drink Kool-Aid at a moment’s notice, you were suspect.”

CAMEO

Crazier Eddie



IT’S A HELL OF A TIME TO GET BACK IN THE business. P.C. Richard & Son, 47th Street Photo, and the clumsily named Nobody Beats the Wiz have proven what a tough buck discount electronics can be. And in the years since the turtle-necked Crazy Eddie pitchman first screamed his way into our consciousness, his once-strident tag lines have taken on the reassuring cadence of folk wisdom: *Prices so low he’s practically* giving *it all away*, and, of course, *Crazy Eddie, his prices are insane*. These days, the name (which had to be repurchased at auction by the founder’s cousins) is as likely to summon images of gross financial impropriety as it is to suggest a nutty deal on a boom box. But if entering a collapsed market with a tainted name seems like the business strategy of someone who’s not all there, well, you can’t say he didn’t warn you.

Photographs: from top left, Robert Wright; Ron Chapple/FPG; Chester Higgins Jr./The New York *Times*.

Heroin *continued from page 15*

down Laundromat, they busted Bad Boy," she says, ticking off two of the more established East Village dope spots. "But there's absolutely no heroin shortage." And a federally funded study indicates that the quality of the neighborhood's heroin is unusually high. So while the dealers sit around waiting for the phone to ring, the local users and out-of-town narco-tourists are left dragging themselves through the streets at dawn, looking for an angry fix. Kate Halpern, who owns Kate's Joint, a vegetarian restaurant on Avenue B, says that just a year and a half ago, junkies used her bathroom every day: "I couldn't figure out why, until I realized that they were using my bleach to sterilize their works." Nowadays, she says, clueless buyers have gotten so desperate that they've started latching on to anyone who looks even slightly shady. "Just the other day, these five Japanese rave kids came in with this strung-out, toothless hippie. I finally had to kick them out."

When Dimitri Vlahakis decided to build an upscale lounge bar where only recently there stood a drug-dealing deli, he learned that the building had a fortified room complete with a solid-steel door, as well as a number of devoted former customers. "People would approach me every day and ask if I was planning on opening 'another bodega,' and I didn't get the impression that they were looking for a bag of potato chips," he says.

Hard-core junkies are still getting by, of course; the Lower East Side Harm Reduction Center reports no drop in the demand for clean syringes. "People who use heroin every day," says McGuire, "can usually score." But their frustrated neighbors have been forced to look elsewhere. Amy finally gave up on the neighborhood and hired a courier, at considerable expense, to travel to Harlem and back. "It turned out that my coke dealer could also get me dope," she says. "I had no idea!" ADAM FISHER

THE CRITIC'S EYE

Scrimmage Makeover

Where have all the macho Super Bowl commercials gone?

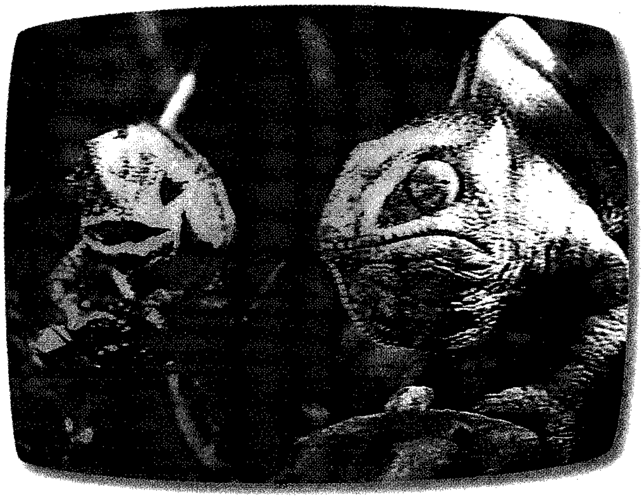
MALE BUDDIES LIVING tortured lives, their natural urges blunted and attenuated, their primal drives dampened, fixate enviously on their neighbors. Then they arrange a murder.

I refer, of course, to Louie and Frank, the preternaturally verbal Budweiser lizards, who in a series of four commercials during the Super Bowl hire a ferret to bump off their more celebrated colleagues, the "Bud," "Wei," and "Ser" frogs.

But the ferret screws up bigtime, and though the three frogs fry for a while, they miraculously survive. Louie, the more callow of the lizard team, makes a public-service announcement denying his obvious guilt. Men with limited impulse control behaving badly in front of the nation, then issuing transparent denials—sound familiar?

Der Supe is La-Z-Boy culture writ extra-extra-large, perhaps the only broadcast we still watch fifties-style (gathering as many people in front of the TV as possible and treating even the commercials as royal entertainment). Given the mass-entertainment-style mirth, then, what does it mean that in the Big Game's big ads, the new male archetypes include pathological lizards with competition issues and female impersonators who can't do the guy thing?

For starters, we are in a fallow period for enduring acts of heroism, with no crisis on the scale of war or the Great Depression to rise to; the potent images of previous eras are fogged by sentimentality and revisionism. The pattern is nowhere so clear as in beer commercials. In the eighties, Budweiser celebrated the heroic working man: "This Bud's for everyone who takes the power and sends it down the line. . . ." Then came random acts of male kindness in a golden, hopsy light: an average flannel-shirted Joe helping an Amish man mend the wheel of his wagon. In the late eighties, we got "Bud men"—adventurers who discovered suddenly spouting geysers or phallic rock formations. But after the disastrous adventures of Old Milwaukee's Swedish Bikini Team, in 1991, even backwater beer marketers knew they had to steer clear of such blatant objectification. Faced with a bimbo limbo, beer advertisers had to find new, subverted forms of sex—safe ones, if you will—using cross-dressers, or dogs, or frogs, or verbose lizards.



At this year's Super Bowl, Nike concentrated on "The Evolution of Skin," its new campaign for apparel. In these studies of exposed bodies in motion, all the athletes—male and female—are nude. But the feeling is less *Baywatch* than art photography, such as that of Edward Weston or Eadweard Muybridge.

Tommy Hilfiger, breaking new ground for designers by advertising on the Bowl (via Deutsch, Inc.), used a human reptile, *Seinfeld's* Kramer (Michael Richards), this time in drag. As a dog-carrying, *faux*-Chanel-suited society matron who's supposed to be an agent, Richards actually looks fabulous, as if she could dominate a publishing empire by day and a male underwear model by night. Entering the office of the great god Tommy, she tries to sell him the idea of using Richards in a commercial. Cut to: Richards as himself, doing a flubbery parallel-universe version of Michael Jordan's layup. He ends up smashed against the backboard, a bug on a windshield. So much for male potency.

Ironically, the only spot that spoke directly to men was rejected by NBC censors. ATTENTION IMPOTENT MEN. ALL 20 MILLION OF YOU, the ad begins, using scrolling text, like a last-minute bankruptcy-sale ad. It's a pitch for a new penile micro-suppository drug called "Muse." Though the spot can be seen on CBS in prime time, NBC ruled that the Super Bowl wasn't a correct venue for a product involving "erectile dysfunction." For now, censors are keeping that erectile-tissue issue away from the Bowl; they'd rather let frogs fry.

BARBARA LIPPERT

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Vestigial Virgins

● Mariah Carey's recent announcement that her ex-husband was her only sexual partner was merely the latest in a string of such revelations from famous and worldly women. It may not have much traction in real life anymore, but "virginity" is turning into an extremely useful tool of celebrity P.R. Here's how it's done. ALEXANDRA LANGE

NAME, WORK, AGE WHEN ANNOUNCED	HOW THE NEWS WAS PHRASED	WHAT IT DID FOR IMAGE OF VIRGINITY	WHAT IT DID FOR IMAGE OF VIRGIN
MARIAH CAREY Singer 27 (retroactive)	"I probably looked like a vixen, but Tommy is the first person I was really with."	Showed that just because you talk the talk doesn't mean you walk the walk.	Worked against her image as an opportunistic gangster moll.
BROOKE SHIELDS Actress 19	"I've felt that physical attraction. But . . . love is what I want to wait for."	First fully modern girl to make virginity seem sexy.	Proved nothing did come between her and her Calvins.
TARA McCARTHY Author, *Been There, Haven't Done That*, 26	"When I do have sex it will be the biggest gift I've ever given anyone."	Claimed virginity as a Gen-X lifestyle choice.	Got her a massive book advance, contingent on her continued purity.
A.C. GREEN Basketball player 34	"I was curious about sex at first . . . but curiosity is not going to kill this cat."	Invented the term "secondary virgins."	Provided lots of pent-up energy to channel into dirty play.
JULIANA HATFIELD Singer 24	"I've never gone all the way."	Showed that virgins have girl power, too.	Distinguished her from all the other sensitive middle-class girls with guitars.
DONNA MARTIN *Beverly Hills 90210* College senior	Forever saying no to insistent college boys.	Showed that virgins have breast implants, too.	Distinguished her from all the other curvaceous airheads on the show.
SARAH AND ELLIOT *Party of Five* 18ish	"I'm an honest virgin and you're a lying, stinking creepo virgin."	Showed that virgins have double standards, too.	Raised more questions than it answered. Tune in next week for more revelations.

NICE JEWISH BOY SEEKS HOT-BLOODED JEWISH GIRL FOR LOVE IN COLDER CLIMES PART XIII

● Jay Ramras, the Alaskan restaurateur combing the city for a Jewish bride, had a stressful week. One of his employees embezzled $50,000. To speed things along (and get back home), Jay's taken his quest online.

● A 29-year-old Philadelphia native used the Internet to track Jay all the way to New York. Their first date, he says, went well.

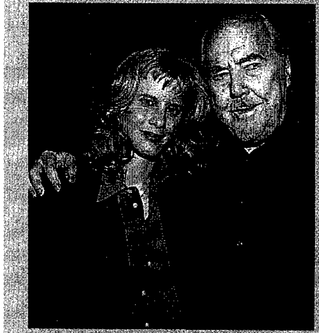
● Even better, Jay got an e-mail from a woman who has already fallen "in love with Alaska" and claimed she'd been trying to meet a man "adventurous enough to move there."

● If Net surfing doesn't work, however, there's always good old-fashioned networking. "My garment-center friend's gay uncle's gay lover insists he has the perfect girl," Jay says.

THE SCENE

Film Forum

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



At Le Cirque 2000, Lori Singer and Robert Altman attend the party for Altman's *The Gingerbread Man.*

Celebrating Eric Gonzalez's appointment as head chef at Jean Lafitte, Natasha Richardson and husband Liam Neeson.

At Z-Bar, Dee Snider celebrates the premiere of Nick Gomez's new film, *illtown.*

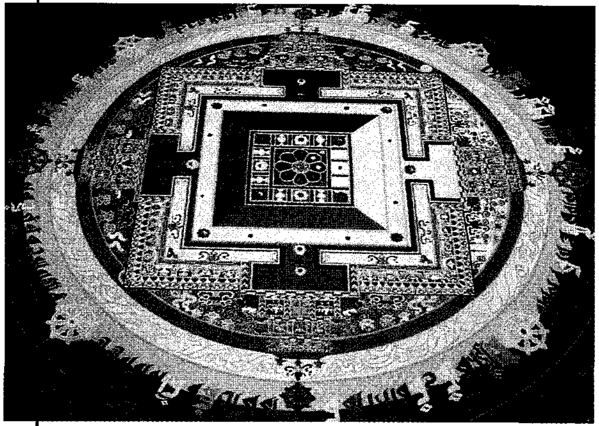
In Hollywood for the Golden Globe Awards, Madonna, Harvey Weinstein, Ben Affleck, and Gwyneth Paltrow at an after-party hosted by Miramax.

Harmony Korine and Thurston Moore at *index magazine*'s second-anniversary party at Barmacy.

Photographs: top, left to right, Russell Einhorn/Gamma Liaison; John Chiasson/Gamma Liaison; Eric Gay/AP/Wide World; Everett Collection.

GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY



Life's a Beach

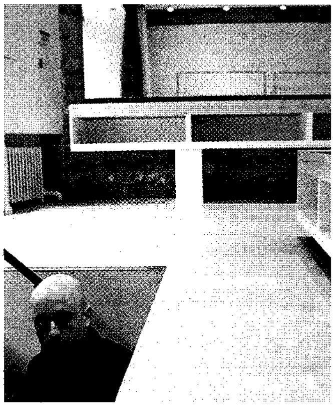
Mimes, caricaturists, ventriloquists: forget them all. Tibetan mandalas might just be the fab party accesory of the moment. Intricate sand paintings that are painstakingly constructed by monks, and then destroyed, are turning up in contexts far removed from their usual spiritual settings. In Scorsese's *Kundun*, they get almost as much screen time as the Dalai Lama; two weeks ago, a thousand people lined up at the Asia Society for the ritualistic destruction of a four-by-four "wheel of life." Mark Baker, the impresario behind Life, was so moved that he had the monks throw down a mandala on the nightclub's dance floor. "This place, this Life, is a place for gathering," says Lama Phelgye Kelden. "I've heard they are interested in hosting religious and cultural events."

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Down in the New Hotel

Man about downtown Steven Alan and his partners are calling their new Prince Street digs Hotel of the Rising Star, but don't expect another SoHo Grand. Part shop, part lounge, part home away from home, the 500-square-foot space that opens February 1 is supposed to function like a European hotel—"a self-contained environment," as Alan puts it. Which means that although there will be no place to actually spend the night, Alan will be offering men's clothing, artwork, and special-edition CDs for sale as well as bulletin boards and mailboxes. "We're approaching it like a school project—not 'We can't do that.' That would take the fun out of it."

ALEXANDRA LANGE



BODY TYPE

E-Z Clean

Living clean and smelling good have never been easier. In fact, the recent onslaught of scented products—from sneakers to nail polish—prompts the question, do we really need to shower anymore? Below, a list of our favorites:

● Patrick Cox PC Sneakers ($150), equipped with baby-powder-scented odor-absorbing insoles.

● Tuff Scent-ence Scented Nail Polish ($12), in 40 colors and fragrances.

● L'Oreal Studio Senses Hair Scent ($6.99), deodorant for hair.

● Bath & Body Works Instant Anti-Bacterial Hand Gel ($4), in nine scents.

● Tocca Beauty Laundry Delicate ($12.50), detergent for fine washables.

● Well-In-Hand Herbals' Zero Zitz Acne Blitz ($9.99), daily herbal complexion treatment, in three scents, including Tangerine Vanilla.

● Dr. Weider's Original Tung Gel ($4.95), tongue-cleansing solution for bad breath.

● L'Occitane Eau de Linge ($14), fragranced water for use in irons.

KATE COYNE

Mets
42
Mets

Not Only Umpires Wear Black

The perennially disrespected Mets have made a bid for street cred by adding a black jersey to their on-field (and in-store) wardrobe. Any change is good for merchandise sales, but what does this one say about the Mets' fashion sense? Is this really the moment to give up their pleasant if dopey seventies look for a belated attempt at gangster-chic? Especially since team logos are rapidly being eclipsed on the street by the popularity of designer trademarks like Hilfiger, Polo, et al. Memo to the Mets: Forget fashion. Focus on pitching.

Photographs: from top, courtesy of The Asia Society/Perry Hu; Robert Wright; Steve Wisbauer.

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THE NATIONAL INTEREST HANNA ROSIN

Starr Struck

A prosecutor run amok, a harassment case run amok, and a president who has, well, run amok—Kenneth Starr may have hit the jackpot, but the payout is a disaster.

BOY, DO THE SUPREME COURT justices feel silly right now. From the comfort of their sealed chambers, they ruled unanimously last summer that the Paula Jones case would not be much of a distraction, that a sitting president could spare a few hours of his precious time to testify in a civil suit. Now, of course, the president will spend every hour of the next few weeks, including the ones he should be sleeping, distracted by the Paula Jones case. Historical contingencies like Middle East peace have been reduced to mere blips on his conscience.

But the justices can hardly be blamed for failing to recognize the distinctly nineties moment we have come to: this carnal nexus where the excesses of sexual-harassment law meet the excesses of the independent-counsel law meet the excesses of this particular president's libido. Ken Starr, the independent prosecutor, was hired to look into Whitewater, remember? So what was he doing strapping a microphone on Linda Tripp, that obsessive White House aide, and prompting her to get her much younger "friend" to talk about sex? (Starr's vague defense is that he is proving Clinton's pattern of granting jobs for favors, that just as Clinton directed business Web Hubbell's way, he also directed jobs Monica Lewinsky's way. But the continuum between stock deals and sexual harassment is not so obvious.)

Starr's argument sets the stage for Paula Jones's lawyers to apply his logic to the already overheated sexual-harassment laws. The discovery phase of a harassment suit allows for pretty deep fishing; Jones's lawyers can look for anything that might prove a "pattern and practice" of using a government office for sexual favors. But Jones's lawyers have added a new twist. Generally, they would have to prove Clinton created a hostile work environment for Jones, or somehow retaliated against her. But their contention now is that he merely had to decline to help her out. In other words, he got jobs for the women who slept with him and ignored the rest.

The implications of opening up this new frontier are disastrous. Under this new interpretation, everyone in an office except the one lucky enough to get groped is potentially a victim. Any man who found out his boss was sleeping with a co-worker could sue. Mom-and-pop stores would be in big trouble. You can almost imagine Starr and Jones's lawyers smirking in glee at their cleverness, completely blind to the monster they've unleashed.

The intern: Which time did Monica Lewinsky tell the truth?

It's hard to feel bad for Clinton, though. The justices can be forgiven for their blinkered optimism, but Clinton has no excuse. He should know that the political culture has changed, that the American press will no longer wink and smirk when the president sleeps around. His talk-show sniffling over Gennifer Flowers worked because he promised he'd patched up his marriage, and Americans love nothing more than a sinner transformed. (Clinton even managed to turn it into a campaign slogan: "This campaign is not about my past; it's about America's future.") But not again. Not with an intern your daughter's age. And for God's sake, not in the White House.

In his interviews on Wednesday, Clinton was snaky, transparently smooth. I know several people who said they didn't believe the whole thing until they saw him on TV. "There is not an improper sexual relationship," he repeated with slight variations, until you began to think your TV was on the fritz. That statement alone is rich fodder for deconstructionists. The question is whether there *was* a sexual relationship. And what's an improper sexual relationship anyway? Clinton himself has defined a proper one as consensual, between adults. Technically, then, he's not lying. His relationship with Monica Lewinsky was quite proper.

Read the interview with Jim Lehrer closely enough, and you can see the president pointing out the exit signs. The most serious issue is whether the president asked Lewinsky to lie under oath and deny they had had an affair. Or rather, whether he got Vernon Jordan, his best friend and devoted fix-it man, to do it for him. "He is in no way involved in trying to get anybody to say anything *at my request* [italics added]," the president says. "I did not do that." In other words, Jordan did it on his own initiative. Here, Clinton gently takes Jordan's hand and leads him over to the corner with Webster Hubbell and Susan McDougal and the rest of his old buddies. Thankfully, adding a bit of comic relief to the otherwise grim exchanges, Clinton rounds out the interview with some priceless Freudian moments: "What I'm trying to do is contain my natural impulses and get back to work," he says petulantly.

The final outrage is Clinton's inexplicable attachment to his lawyer, Bob Ben-

Photograph from Department of Defense/AP/Wide World.

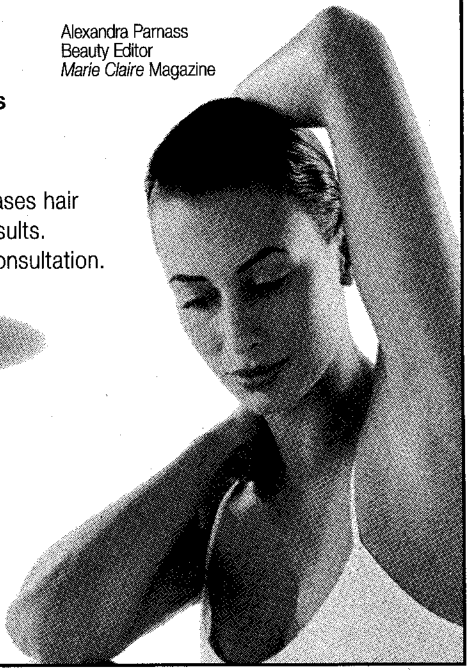
nett. In a way, this latest fiasco is all Bennett's fault. When Bennett found out Tripp was the source for an earlier bimbo eruption, he publicly called her a liar. So to prove to him she was telling the truth, Tripp reached for a tape recorder.

Over the next few weeks, the world will be treated to seamy details from the Tripp tapes. Those who have heard them say they are very graphic, and somewhat kinky. But the president's sexual peccadilloes are not really the point. What will finally start to grate on people is his callous stupidity, his selfish recklessness. This president likes to drag people down with him. It's only a matter of days before Vernon Jordan is cooked. And what about Hillary? The present circumstances have made her risky trade-off of fame for personal unhappiness seem that much more creepy. And poor Monica Lewinsky. Unofficial White House sources are already starting to leak that she was a flirt and a little "unstable."

Then there's the rest of the country. Here we are at the high point of the Clinton presidency, suddenly rich and fatted, poised for the flood of good news. The magic list of shiny new initiatives is all set to be unveiled at next week's State of the Union. And he risks it all for . . . a blow job.

TV lounge lizards are already talking impeachment. It's far too soon for that. Even if Lewinsky says Clinton told her to lie, he can always say that she misunderstood him, or that it was all Vernon Jordan's idea. But as Clinton should know by now, Congress is crawling with people obsessed by the fantasy of impeaching him. These folks are, right now, breaking out the champagne. Fortunately, though, the truly obsessed are a fringe crowd. The rest will probably come to their senses enough to realize that Monica Lewinsky is not Watergate. Nixon committed a crime, then asked his staff to lie about it. That's different from indulging in guilty, but legal, pleasures.

So Clinton figures to wriggle out of this one, too. Aside from a few Vince Foster addicts, Americans will be squeamish about following Starr's investigative forays into Clinton's bedroom. Nixon corrupted an entire political system. Clinton merely corrupted himself. If it came to an impeachment vote, most congressmen would likely conclude that the president's sex life is his own business. Most Americans, even if they feel personally betrayed, would probably agree. A sympathetic few might even feel his pain. ▬



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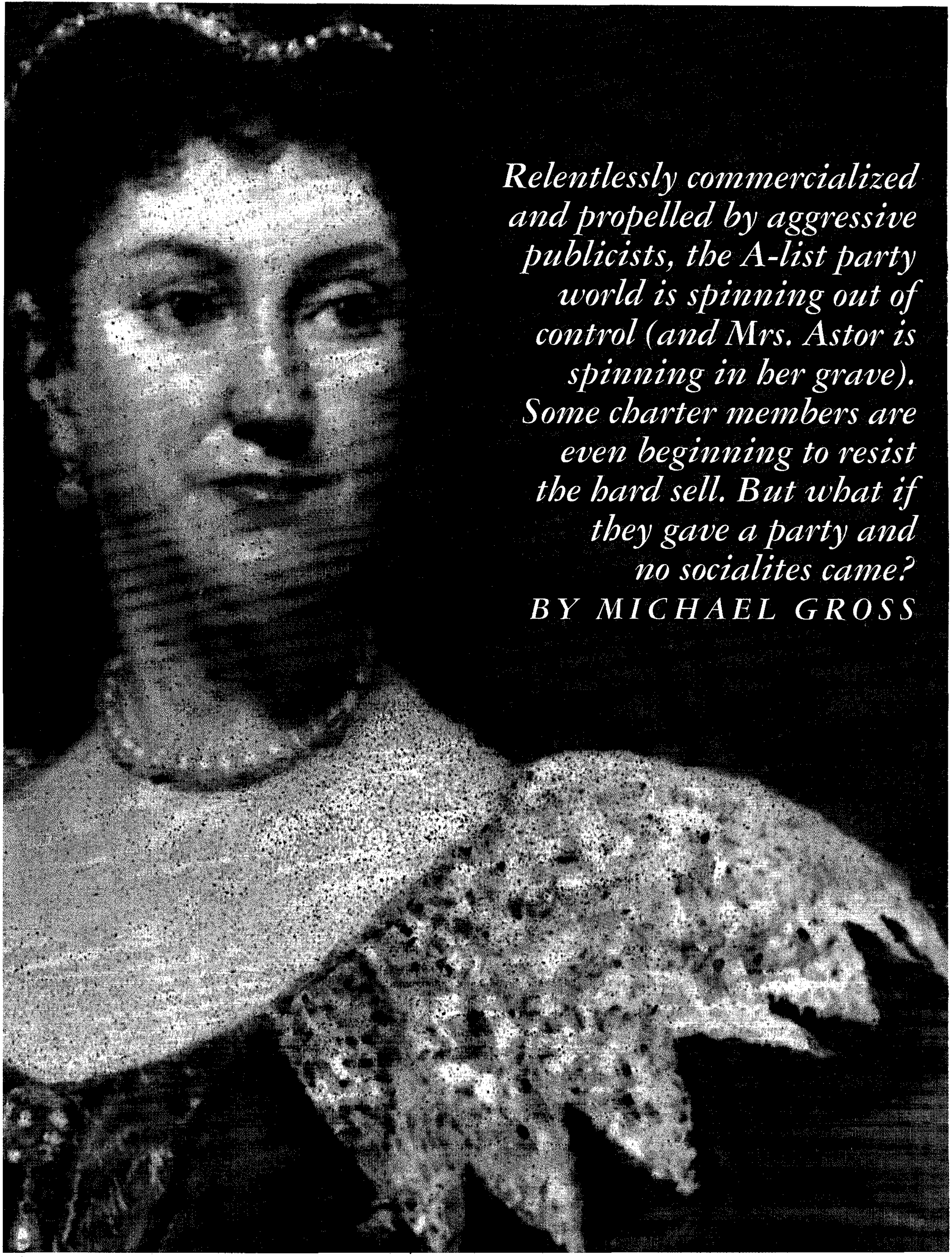
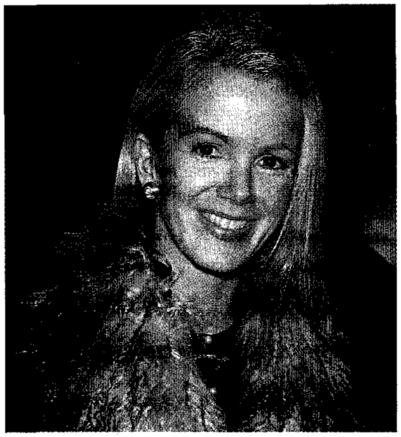


Relentlessly commercialized and propelled by aggressive publicists, the A-list party world is spinning out of control (and Mrs. Astor is spinning in her grave). Some charter members are even beginning to resist the hard sell. But what if they gave a party and no socialites came?

BY MICHAEL GROSS

Photographs: this page, Brown Brothers; opposite page, top to bottom, Ron Galella/Galella Ltd.; Sonia Moskowitz/Globe Photos; Gregory Pace/Sygma; Henry McGee/Globe Photos; Rose Hartman.

SOCIAL LIFE IN A BLENDER



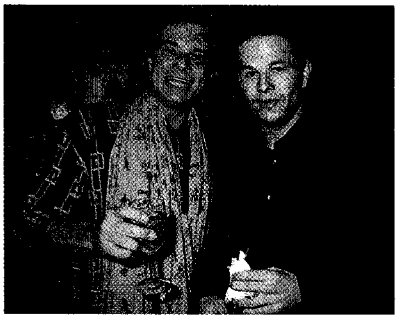
WE ARE THE WHIRL

Opposite, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, whose ballroom defined society before the turn of the century; this page, top to bottom, society writer "Suzy," a.k.a. Aileen Miehle; Pat Buckley, organizer of the Costume Institute Ball, and "her blondeness" Blaine Trump; publicist Peggy Siegal; *Vanity Fair* editor Graydon Carter.

By 10:30, the reopening party for the renovated Bulgari store on Fifth Avenue had degenerated into a Nathanael Westian night of the A-list. Futilely waving invitations, a mob was pushing toward the jeweler's doors, where a phalanx of list-keepers and security men held them at bay—barely. Near the curb, the policemen who'd just ordered the party's doors closed watched as Town Cars pulled up, their dark windows rolled down, and eyes flashed warily within before the big black cars sped away. ■ Meanwhile, inside the store, those who had managed to get in took one another's measure. Socialites in little black dresses brushed past drag queens while Sandra Bernhard danced, face flushed, for photographers, and TV camera crews pushed by, seeking out the celebrities—Sheryl Crow, David Lee Roth, Roshumba, and Kylie Travis—who were simultaneously looking for them. Here was Ivana Trump, all big hair and cleavage, with her latest boyfriend, Roffredo Gaetani, in a brown leather bomber jacket; there the Donald, hugging a model, while nearby, more mannequins whispered at a table littered with Heineken bottles and packs of Marlboro Mediums under poster-size blowups of Bulgari advertisements.

Jeffrey Jah, along with Mark Baker, had been hired by Bulgari's P.R. firm to produce "the thousand most fantastic people in New York" that night. Jah created the crowd by mixing Bulgari's guest list with names from his computerized database. It has about 8,000 entries. Jah ended up with a roster of 1,500 "movers and shakers—people with presence," he says in his small, invitation-stuffed office on Union Square. "When you see those people, you know it's happening." Especially when they're stuck outside, clamoring to be let in, as they're likely to be when 1,500 invitations yield maybe 3,000 guests.

Jah and Baker are among New York's newest A-list arbiters. In Jah's computers is a remarkably detailed taxonomy of New York's caste and hierarchy. It is categorized sociologically under rubrics like CELEBRITIES, UPTOWN SOCIALITES, DOWNTOWN SOCIALITES, MODELS, HARD-CORE GAY, PUBLISHING, FASHION, FINANCE, PRESS, and ART, then subdivided by social status and job description into five-star types ("Calvin, top models, rock stars, movie stars, editors-in-chief, Laura Steinberg, David Geffen, Diane Von Furstenberg—if they have room on their calendar"), AAA ("the best of the best people you know"), AA ("good but not the best; they're filler, they'll follow"), and mere A-types ("if you need to fill a stadium"). They don't want to name sub-five-star types. "There's a lot of politics and ego to deal with," Jah says.



THE A-TEAM
Left, David Lee Roth and Mark Wahlberg at the Bulgari party in 1997; right, Madonna, Donatella Versace, and Cher at the Versace Gala at the Met last December.

Jah and Baker's well-honed sense of hierarchy came in handy that night. "How do you say no to fabulousness?" Baker asks. "That's the pecking order." Ivana, Christy, and Claudia were stuck outside when the party was first shuttered. Jah managed to negotiate their entry (installing Schiffer with two drag queens in a roped-off VIP corner near the D.J. booth) before the cops clamped down again. Then, inevitably, more five-star types arrived. "I took them in through a storage room in the Crown Building," Jah admits. "There is always a way."

"WE'RE GETTING UP THERE," AS ANDY WARhol used to say. But where is there, exactly? The noisy, colorful chaos and randomness of Andy's world are still with us—social life in a blender—but lately, all this frenetic mixing hasn't always seemed like fun. "Some years ago, it all ground . . . not to a halt, but into a blur," says John Loring, design director of Tiffany & Co., who's been at A-list events for almost 40 years. People like Jah and Baker view themselves almost as artists, creating stunning new social tableaus on a nightly basis, but among the spectators and even some of the participants, a certain seen-it-all exhaustion has set in. "Nobody is watching the door right now," moans P.R. czar Bobby Zarem.

FOR MOST NEW YORKERS, THE QUESTION "Who killed society?" is of more or less archaeological interest, except in certain Jurassic provinces like Bedford or the boardroom of the Botanical Gardens. The social world now, party planners repeat like a mantra, is a meritocracy, and God Bless America for that. "Pedigree is archaic," says Peggy Siegal, the publicist and poster child for the excesses of the new A-list. "It's a new age with vast new fortunes that have nothing to do with the Roman numerals of the eastern aristocracy."

But it is slowly dawning on many of New York's boldface names that their place on the A-list is less a social order than a

Photographs: left to right, Robin Platzer; D. Pollard/Sipa.

marketing machine—an invitation to be leveraged and manipulated in the service of a movie, or a designer, or a magazine.

Public social life is now overtly and relentlessly commercial. Today's social arbiters and the people who underwrite them are usually advancing some cause or another, and not just philanthropy. Philanthropy is often a stalking-horse for what's being promoted, whether it's luxury goods, a magazine, the latest movie, or the arbiter's own social advancement. This process requires and subsidizes the kind of quasi-public events—ballet benefits, movie premieres, publicized "private" dinners at East Side restaurants, cocktail parties for the latest socially connected author's book on fashion or floral design—that one reads about incessantly in the columns.

And increasingly, people whose families made their money the old-fashioned way are shocked, *shocked*, to find mere commercialism spoiling their gavotte. "Parties, whether private or quasi-public, are about trophies now," says Michael Thomas, the curmudgeonly novelist. "You look around and realize it's not the pleasure of their company; it's the fact of their presence."

"You don't get invited to people's houses anymore without an ulterior motive," adds Patricia Hearst Shaw. "You have to call and say, 'What is this for?' "

Faced with this reality, onetime stalwarts of the city's charity circuit are jumping ship, "A lot of people don't like their lives written about and talked about," says Blaine Trump. "People did pull back. There are just as many extravagant evenings, but they're done privately. They're not willing to open their doors to show how they live. It's a different world. You have to think about security for your family. So you read about movie premieres instead, whatever's being sold."

Pat Buckley calls what's occurred "a philanthropic abdication." She is not referring to her own departure as chair of the Costume Institute Ball at the Met, where she had presided for seventeen years; she "decided the time had come to spend more time with my husband," she says. Rather, it's what's happening all over the charity circuit. Briefly, social observers banked on the emergence of a next generation of social leadership. But youngish A-list women like Annette de la Renta and Blaine Trump, who "were given the baton," as a society insider puts it, "gave it back. They didn't care. Annette didn't have the personality. Blaine walked away. She didn't want the pressure."

According to the insider, Trump and Buckley, long perceived as mentor and protégée, "had a falling out," which caused the museum to go "in search of new faces." They both insistently deny that. Trump says she decided to dedicate herself to one cause—the AIDS organization God's Love We Deliver, where she's helped amass a $7 million endowment. The Costume Institute party, which she co-chaired for two years, "was a lot of fun," she continues, "but I had to go where I was needed."

So in the past three years, the Party of the Year has been chaired by *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour, *Harper's Bazaar* editor Liz Tilberis, *W* chairman Patrick McCarthy, and two rookies, Clarissa Bronfman, who didn't return for a sophomore year, and Julia Koch, this year's social sacrificial lamb.

"It used to be based on the museum hierarchy," the insider says. "When Pat ran it, it was a very insular event. To get that invitation was a coup. Then they realized they needed more money and reached out to their natural support base, the fashion community. Now it changes every year."

More and more, the high-society A-list, the ones who chaired the functions and filled the coffers of New York's great public institutions, are dropping out of the social ballyhoo. "The names," says decorator Mario Buatta, "you don't see. They're at home, living like normal people. Once you achieve enough, you say 'Hell, who needs this?' Who wants to go out to dinner every night and sit next to two women you're never going to speak to again? How many of these things can you go to?" So they are begging off in droves from public events.

"No one wants to go," agrees a onetime regular. "The smaller the dinner, the more exclusive it is. Who can I get to my house for dinner? That's the new frontier."

Jonathan Marder, executive director of special marketing for Condé Nast, has developed a system for rating invitations. "The best party is hosted by someone very famous or very beautiful whom you know well, at their home," he says. Below that come parties hosted by "committees you know, committees you don't, and corporate entities," he continues. "You can also judge by place: A private home is best." Less appealing are apartment-building lobbies, studios, and other not-quite-public places, restaurants, hotels, and retail stores. At the bottom of the Z-list? "A party with no hosts in a disco."

Even Donald Trump professes to be fed up with the vulgarity of New York's A-list social world. "For people like me who work and work hard," Trump says, "there's nothing worse than to have to come home and put on a tuxedo and go out to an evening of complete bullshit. These people are far more vicious than ruthless killers in business. They want to be seen, and this is their only chance. I go to as few [A-list events] as possible. There is nothing as boring. But the harder I abuse these people as a group, the more I get invited."

BALL GAME

At Truman Capote's 1966 Black and White Ball, guest of honor Katharine Graham (left) shared the floor with Capote (center) and Lauren Bacall and Jerome Robbins (right).

It's not only Trump whose presence is cordially requested, and requested and requested; these days, invitations are flying around town like confetti. "We've had such a surfeit of balls," says one social lioness. "I must get eight invitations a week I don't go to. I write a check to some."

"I've cut out a lot of these parties," agrees Patricia Hearst. "My pet peeve is VIP rooms at benefits where a bunch of movie stars and models who probably haven't paid a penny to go are hiding and the people who paid $1,000 are bored. For me, they're paid performers and should be out there. It's so vulgar and insulting."

"We are all too aware we're in the computer," says Jonathan Marder. "It's all about herding bodies for marketing purposes. To attract a crowd, you need bait."

And the P.R. people themselves, the keepers of the list, are, when speaking anonymously, at least, aghast at what the A-list has become. "When you put together these parties, you're almost embarrassed to invite nice people because of the need to feed the publicity monster," an event planner admits.

Photograph from Archive Photos.

THE COSTUME INSTITUTE BENEFIT FOR THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, the so-called Party of the Year, is a case study of the changes that have swept New York's A-list. Once chaired by Jacqueline Onassis and attended by the crème de la crème of international society, the benefit was taken over by the fashion business in a bloodless coup three years ago. This year, eschewing museum-style timelessness, it honored the late Gianni Versace and, instead of old names, attracted single names like Madonna, Elton, Cher, and Sting. "Their job is to raise the most money possible," says a social observer of considerable standing. Indeed, they raised an unprecedented $2.3 million. "I have great regard for the people who did that by cynically manipulating that audience."

But more happened that night than the selling of some records, *Vogue, W,* Versace, or Julia Koch. A new A-list was asserting its preeminence, symbolizing a seismic shift in society. Some of the old social stars appeared—Pat Buckley, Oscar and Annette de la Renta, Senator John Warner of Virginia, San Francisco's Denise Hale, Barbara Walters, and Chessy Rayner, for instance—but they were overwhelmed by the new glitterati of designers, photographers, models, and film and music personalities.

And some of the A-list socialites were not shy about expressing their feelings.

"Who is that?" a couture-clad society landmark asked a friend, nodding disapprovingly at a sullen, bow-mouthed young woman in Versace.

"Lisa Marie."

"Who?"

"Elvis's daughter."

"I don't care," came the reply. "She's still common."

WARD MCALLISTER, OF COURSE, was New York's most famous list-maker, the Peggy Siegal of his time. The husband of an heiress, McAllister set himself the task of helping the nouveaus, whom he deemed Swells, sip the soup of the more established types he called Nobs. His successes emboldened him to contrive a definitive list of society, based on the "visiting lists" of prominent families and limited to 400 because that was the capacity of his friend Mrs. John Jacob Astor's ballroom. Four years in the making and relentlessly publicized, the list was published in the New York *Times* in February 1892, simultaneous with a ball at Mrs. Astor's. Needless to say, the list included one Ward McAllister.

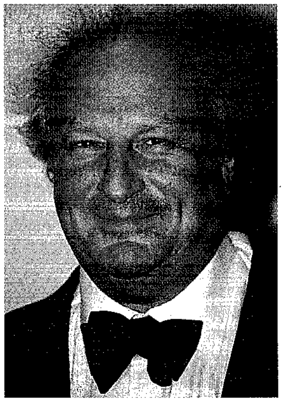
The age of the 400 lasted barely 25 years. In 1919, Maury Paul—who wrote the first daily social-gossip column, under the name Cholly Knickerbocker (in later incarnations, it would employ Liz Smith and be taken over by one Suzy Knickerbocker, a.k.a. Aileen Mehle, who now writes gossip for *W* and *WWD*)—stumbled on a then-unprecedented scene: a group of society types dining out in a restaurant. He pinned the name *café society* on them.

Publicity society was born. Henceforth, real social power would belong to the press and to P.R. handmaidens like party hostess and Peggy Siegal precursor Elsa Maxwell, whose career as a hostess was preceded by stints as a vaudeville performer, a press agent, and, finally, a society columnist. (Her ambitions exceeded mere acceptance; some social figures regularly gave her money.)

Not all hosts and hostesses are quite so crass. Some actually manage to pull off the trick of making business entertainment seem personal. P.R. man Benjamin Sonnenberg did it with style and grace in mid-century, and so does Realtor Alice Mason today. Sonnenberg is best—if at all—remembered as the owner of one of New York's last great private mansions: 19 Gramercy Park. (A perfect symbol of New York's social devolution, that house was built for Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish of the 400 and is now owned by fashion designer Richard Tyler). From the thirties through the sixties, Sonnenberg melded public and private in his 37-room home, conducting a salon that attracted the celebrated, the social, the rich, and the richly amusing—and, of course, journalists who would consecrate them all in print.

EXPRESS TRACK

Elton John and Ann-Margret at the 1975 premiere party for the Who's *Tommy* at the 57th Street subway station, organized by Bobby Zarem, bottom.



IN NOVEMBER 1966, TRUMAN CAPOTE TOOK IT UPON HIMself to redefine society with his Black and White Ball at the Plaza Hotel, honoring Katharine Graham. Like McAllister's 400, Capote's guest list—all 540 names—was printed in the New York *Times,* which described Capote's guests as "diplomats, politicians, scientists, painters, writers, composers, actors, producers, dress designers, social figures, tycoons and what Mr. Capote called 'international types, lots of beautiful women and ravishing little things.' " A businessman printed the guest list on toilet paper and gave it to his friends.

The party received mixed notices. In George Plimpton's new book, *Truman Capote,* A-list intellectual Norman Podhoretz is quoted calling the ball a "turning point in the cultural history, the social history of New York, even the United States in the sense that the confluence of the fashionable social world and the literary world and the world of political power was embodied in that guest list."

Gray Foy, the companion of the late Condé Nast publishing eminence Leo Lerman, remembers it differently. "That was a mess, one of the most boring events, nothing but people looking at each other, each in their own enclave," he says. "No doubt it *was* a watershed, bringing all those worlds together—De Ribes, Sinatra, Mailer—and proving they don't mix at all."

But mix they did—eventually—even if at first all were a bit uncomfortable about it. "We started to focus on achievement,

Photographs: top, Robin Platzer/Neal Peters; bottom, Mitchell Levy/Globe Photos.

not provenance,” says Loving & Weintraub principal Harriet Weintraub, a P.R. executive with 6,674 names in her event database. “We don’t have the same prejudices. We don’t have an elitist group anymore. We have a goulash, a stew, and New York is better for it.”

One of the first events that took the goulash ethic to its limit was the black-tie premiere of the movie version of the Who’s *Tommy* in the 57th Street subway station in 1975. Bobby Zarem, a son of Savannah, the same city where Ward McAllister was born, spent months working on the project, seeking the perfect site for a party that would mix society, movies, Warhol superstars, and the era’s raffish, raucous rock stars. “I never bought any list; I developed my own concept,” Zarem says. “It wasn’t conscious—I was scared shitless. What I did was combine a conventional sit-down dinner with a bizarre setting. And I invited Pat and Bill Buckley, D. D. and John Ryan, Marion Javits, everyone I felt meant something, based on quality, character, intelligence, culture, and class.” They rubbed shoulders with rock stars, rock critics, groupies, and dope dealers.

Around the same time as the *Tommy* premiere, Carmen D’Alessio, a Peruvian who’d worked for several couturiers in Europe, began hosting parties for other fashionable expats in New York at a club called Infinity. They were such a success that she was soon poached away by Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager to work at a disco they owned in Queens. “She combined straight people with hard-core gays,” Schrager says. “She created a sense of event. You died to get in. A nightclub with the best people. That’s what gives you bragging rights.” It wasn’t long before the trio returned to Manhattan to launch Studio 54.

“Everyone cooperated,” says D’Alessio. “Calvin Klein, Andy Warhol, Francesco Scavullo, Ford Models, and the Islanders”—an organization of gay men from Fire Island—“all gave me their lists, and I compiled the most incredible list you can imagine. We got them all on computer.” A beautiful woman was installed as ticket taker, “and if you were good-looking, had presence or charisma, we’d ask her to get your name and address,” says Schrager, now a hotelier. “The A-list is a moving target. In order to deal with it, manipulate it, we had to formalize it.”

Not everyone got the idea. “I always think, ‘This is as low as it will go,’ but it fools you,” says Gray Foy. “I went to Elizabeth Taylor’s birthday at Studio 54 out of morbid curiosity. It looked like the last act of *Salome*. You couldn’t talk, you couldn’t hear, you didn’t need to be intelligent. All you needed was a look. That was not A-list. It was more L.A. When society is a dressmaker, what is that? Hairdressers? They’re all up for hire. There are no standards. I don’t see any. Do you?”

“Studio was innocent and spontaneous,” says Schrager. “But it doesn’t take long for someone to see you can make money from this. It evolved into a cottage industry.” D’Alessio was joined by promoters who specialized in different types: Gays, yuppies, Europeans, and preppies all had their own arbiters. “Dallas, Jerry Rubin, Ludovic Autet, Baird Jones, you name it!” D’Alessio says. “It became too commercial for my tastes.” When all those promoters moved into Studio, D’Alessio moved on to Xenon, Regine, Club A, Limelight, Palladium, Tatou, and Gaugin. “But the crowd changed,” she says. “The glamour was gone.”

IN THE EIGHTIES, NEW SOCIAL VENUES APPEARED. THE METROPOLITAN Museum began renting out the Temple of Dendur to plutocrats who could afford to make hefty donations. And retail stores “emerged as a center of social life,” says Harriet Weintraub, who’d worked at Bonwit Teller. For a few years, the fall social season’s starting gun was Saks Fifth Avenue’s annual gala salute to American fashion; the honored designers all chose a charity and invited their A-list clients and friends to support it. As surely as night follows evening, Bergdorf Goodman and Bloomingdale’s invitations would arrive, too.

The paradigm of that sort of fashionable fête was a Bergdorf Goodman–sponsored fashion show and dinner-dance benefiting AIDS research at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Hospital, held a week after the stock market crashed in October 1987. Under the World Financial Center’s 40-foot-high indoor palms, chairs were tied with taffeta bows, forced roses swayed, a grand modern staircase twinkled with thousands of votive candles, and a new social style blossomed. Lauren Hutton’s date, rock impresario Malcolm McLaren, set off a chain reaction of placement nightmares when he took another guest’s chair next to the model. Bianca Jagger ate fruits de la mer Provençal with her satin-glove-clad fingers. Revlon paid for the fireworks. Not long afterward, Jackie Onassis told John Loring that she thought 1989 “was the final year where there was any hope of representing the American party as a glorious achievement of civilization.”

SOCIAL STUDIES

Clockwise from top left, Oscar and Annette de la Renta, Barbara Walters, *Post* gossip columnist Liz Smith, and “Page Six” editor Richard Johnson.

‘ONCE IN A LIFETIME, THERE’S A PARTY LIKE THIS,” Condé Nast owner S. I. Newhouse claimed one night in March 1988. It was the fifth anniversary of the second lifetime of *Vanity Fair* magazine and *tout le monde* was there to celebrate, from Alexander Godunov to Henry Kissinger to Jerome Zipkin. The venue was Billy Rose’s old Diamond Horseshoe nightclub under the Century Paramount Hotel, which had been used only one other time since its purchase by Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager—when it was the site of a memorial luncheon after Andy Warhol’s funeral.

That event had been sadly spontaneous; this one was not. “It was a strategic decision,” says a former Condé Nast executive,

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Rose Hartman; Freddy Baez/London Features; Rose Hartman; Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison.

"to revive the sense of cultural elitism that was part of the premise of *Vanity Fair.* Si had the intuition to understand that if he opened his pocketbook to Tina [Brown, the editor], it would pay off in cachet and status. That was the beginning of the elaborate expenditures." When Anna Wintour took over the editorship of *Vogue* a few months later, Newhouse opened his wallet for her, too. Then the spending escalated. Brown's 1990 pre-Oscar party, a benefit for Phoenix House in Los Angeles, and *Vogue*'s 100th-birthday party at the New York Public Library in 1992 "set everyone on their ears," says a P.R. man for a competing glossy. "People were stunned by the attention they brought the magazines."

At events like these public galas and private but well-publicized lunches and dinners, Condé Nast took a page from its founder, who tossed lavish penthouse parties and cultivated his own A-list crowd. Newhouse created "a new paradigm," the ex-executive says. "Suzanne Eagle [then head of the company's P.R. department] saw a vacuum and filled it with the notion of magazine editors as celebrities with carefully cultivated images and limitless budgets. Whether advertisers were at the party or only read about it, it paid off." Indeed, it sometimes seemed to pay off more if they weren't invited.

In the face of competitive pressure from magazine kingdoms like Hearst and Hachette, Newhouse decreed that Condé Nast's tradition of "elitism would save the day," the executive continues. "The articulation of that elitism came through well-cultivated arrogance, and it hit a primal urge in people who wanted to belong. It was a decision made not for fun or the joy of entertaining but for marketing goals." Ever since, magazine editors have shouldered aside traditional social figures at the pinnacle of New York's public life.

MIXMASTER
Steve Rubell (right) escorts two of his prizes, Brooke Shields and Calvin Klein, into Studio 54; nothing came between Rubell and celebrities.

Photograph by Betty Burke Galella.

SOMEONE ELSE WHO FILLED THE VOID WAS PEGGY SIEGAL, the screening queen, who has used her Hollywood connections to propel herself not only to the arbiter's Olympus but also onto the A-list, à la Ward McAllister. "Richard Johnson [of 'Page Six'] loves to call me Pushy Peggy, but I don't know any successful people that aren't somewhat aggressive," says Siegal, who has aggressively transformed herself into an exemplar of both the best and the worst of the new A-list's attributes. Raised in New Jersey, Siegal was a fashion-and-accessories designer before she turned to public relations. Just before the *Tommy* premiere, she went to work for Bobby Zarem.

"Peggy Siegal, the day I fired her, had keys and stole my black book," Bobby Zarem claims before dropping a couple of the names he had in it, both now conveniently dead. "I had to call Mrs. Onassis and Greta Garbo and tell them."

An ex-employee agrees: "She'd go in at 6 A.M. and Xerox his Rolodex." Siegal has denied this, but if it's so, there's justice of a sort.

"We've all stolen Peggy's lists," a competitor admits. "Of course, it's only good for ten minutes and then it needs to be updated."

By the mid-eighties, in business for herself, Siegal had begun to practice her special brand of social alchemy at the screenings and premieres that became her signature.

Siegal first manifested this talent when she was representing Michael Douglas and stage-managing his then-wife Diandra's brief stint in New York society. Then Siegal did P.R. for Paul Schrader's movie about Patty Hearst. "I started introducing her to friends and the rest is history," Hearst says. "It's the age-old Edith Whartonesque story."

Siegal raised her profile when she was first hired by HBO, charged with putting on an annual summer party in the Hamptons for original films like *Citizen Cohn, And the Band Played On,* and *Truman.* In exchange, she is given free office space.

HBO's then-chairman, Michael Fuchs, was a family friend; he, Siegal, and Claudia Cohen, now a TV gossipeuse, had once shared a house in the Hamptons. Fuchs, whose mother suffered from Alzheimer's disease, Siegal says, was planning a benefit for that cause when he learned that Princess Yasmin Khan, a friend of Patty Hearst and her sister Anne's, would be chairing a competing event. "Someone got them to combine forces," Siegal says. "He told me I'd be volunteering."

Siegal threw herself into the job and, with events like a Capote-esque Black and White Ball on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the original event, raised the charity's profile considerably. Those evenings, and the chits they earned her, also worked wonders for Siegal's private life. "The whole society thing really interests and impresses Peggy," Anne Hearst says. In return for screening invitations, "she's called me up to ask to be invited to dinner. One time I told her no and she yelled at me. I'd be embarrassed to call someone and say, 'Invite me to your party.' She does it with a lot of people." Why? "She wants to marry a wealthy man and be seriously social," says an amused Hearst.

Adds an ex-employee, "She wants to move up in the world. That's what it's all about with her."

Siegal doesn't deny her interest, only its extent. "I'd prefer the word *curious,*" she says. "I was very curious about it. I'd spent years understanding the social, political, and intellectual fabric of the film industry." When the proximity to the Hearsts brought a new social frontier into focus, "I was fascinated," she says, and set out to understand it as well.

Siegal admits that there's "a very fine line" between her private and professional lives. But she denies the oft-repeated charge that she's a social climber. "I just like to be around bright, successful, talented people," she says. "If the worst thing people say is that I'm a climber, I can live with that. I mean, really, do they look in the mirror? Who wants to be home alone all the time?"

Those who help her are rewarded with invitations—and more. "We called them the gray people," says an ex-employee. "They were invited to everything, but we could never figure out what they did." In the early nineties, Siegal adopted lawyer Michael Kennedy and his wife, Eleanore, who were in the limelight when they represented Ivana Trump in her divorce. They let Siegal rent their guest house in East Hampton's exclusive Georgica Association. "She was really pushing them," says Anne Hearst, "going on and on about how wonderful they are. If she's personally P.R.'ing you as a friend, you'll wind up at the right hand of God."

And if you don't, someone will feel Siegal's wrath. When she disapproved of Eleanore Kennedy's seat at a benefit a few years back, Siegal complained so loudly, one of the dinner chairs was forced to tell her to sit down and shut up. Incidents like that have slowed her progress. "She wants acceptance in clubs she'll never get into," a friend says sadly. "Anytime I see her in a private home, I think, *That person wants to go to movie premieres.*"

Though some complain that she doesn't always deliver the celebrities she promises, there's also grudging praise for Siegal's professionalism; she's perceived as someone who really knows how to throw a party. Says a movie publicist Siegal trained, "She doesn't have an A-list per se; she zeroes in and targets who's perfect for the event." Adds another, "She knows how to do it; she has the lists and she's not ashamed to badger people."

Loyalty is not one of Siegal's virtues, however. "She goes hot and cold with people," says a former intimate, who asks to be described as "one of the disposable people." Behind their backs, this woman says, Siegal regularly disparages her friends and the people she works for. "[Art dealer Larry] Gagosian was a pig. [Miramax co-chairman] Harvey Weinstein was a fat slob. The first time she saw Patty Hearst's house, she said it looked like a dentist's and was a tasteless mess. There's no friendship with her." (Siegal says her remark about Hearst was a joke. "I was naïvely expecting to walk into San Simeon," she explains. She acknowledges that she was angry with Weinstein, who demanded she work for him exclusively, but adds that she considers him "the most brilliant and tenacious filmmaker in the industry." As for Gagosian, she laughs and qualifies her remark: Gagosian is still a pig, perhaps, "but in hindsight, one with impeccable taste.")

THE NEXT WAVE

Left, the Miller sisters: Pia Getty, Alexandra Von Furstenberg, and Marie-Chantal of Greece; above, Julia Koch.

It isn't only clients and friends who get the Siegal treatment, however. She even disdains the journalists she depends on for coverage. When a female friend started dating one, Siegal first yelled at her, then dropped her from the A-list.

"I have no respect for writers," Siegal told her. "They never make money. They're like poor people looking in the windows."

Nostalgists still speak of the days when character, kindness, and manners all mattered. And some, at least, are hopefully predicting that they're ripe for a comeback. Though it's not the best thing for her business, Harriet Weintraub insists the private party has returned. Paul Wilmot, former P.R. master at Calvin Klein and Condé Nast, says that real A-list types know the secret of making themselves scarce.

For many on the A-list, agent Bryan Bantry's screenings have emerged as an alternative to Siegal's P.R.-driven pressure-cooker events. "I'm not a publicist," says Bantry, who arranges screenings of films he loves and thinks should be seen. There's no press, no cameras, and his audiences include everyone from top models to the lowliest assistants. "I think assistants are the most important people on the planet," Bantry says. "I don't believe in A-lists."

So how do you get on his? "It's just friends and colleagues," he replies, offering not a clue how to become one. But he does reveal how to get disinvited. "I always overbook," he says, "and the chicest people in the world sit on the floor if they have to." At a late January screening of *The Apostle,* however, four late arrivals refused. "Insecure self-importance!" Bantry raged the next morning. "That's an instant way to be thrown *off* the list."

A new generation of uptown A-listers even seem willing to play the part of high society—while sometimes indulging their taste for the lower life-forms downtown. Alex and Alexandra Miller Von Furstenberg, her sisters Pia Getty and Princess Pavlos, Carolina Herrera Jr., the Boardman and Bass girls, Samantha Kluge Cahan, and Tiffany and Louis Dubin—all born after the baby boom and free of its disdain for old conventions—are all contenders for the mantle of a new social leadership, should they choose to accept it.

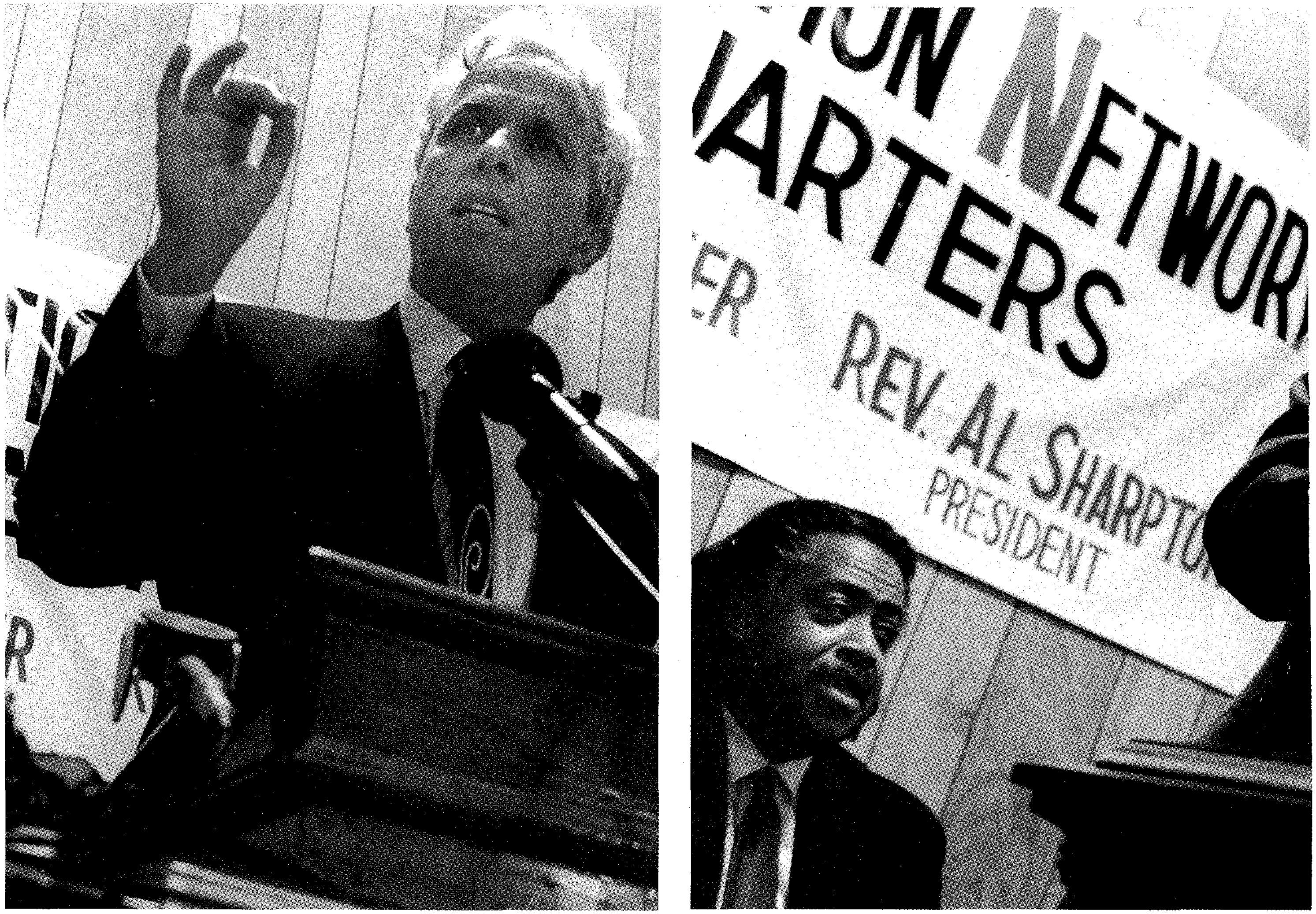
If they take up the challenge, *their* A-list will likely meld old values and names with the new. We've gone too far to turn back now. "You have to have diversity," says Mark Baker. "Like the time I saw Donald Trump with Marilyn Manson at Ted Field's in East Hampton. It's about inclusion." A smile. "You just can't include everybody."

ONE LAST THING. THERE WAS A NIGHT NOT long ago when I thought I heard the death knell sound for publicity society. It was Oscar Night, 1996. I was driving down Melrose in L.A., en route to have dinner and watch the awards before heading to several studio parties, when I went past Mortons, where *Vanity Fair* magazine's annual five-star A-list party was beginning.

Stopped at a light, I caught a glimpse of a blonde in a long red dress in the restaurant's driveway, holding a little pink pig by a leash, posing for what seemed like half the photographers and camera crews in the world. I assumed it was Babe, the porcine star of that year's surprise Best Picture nominee. And at the door of Morton's, watching, was Graydon Carter, who's traded smart satirical editing for his more rarefied social elevation as the editor of *Vanity Fair,* beaming like a proud father at the sight of his guest, the movie star. *This,* I thought, *is what the A-list has come to.* Little did I know.

A few days later, it turned out that the blonde and her charge had been sent by the *Star;* the pig was an impostor.

Photographs: left to right, Robin Platzer; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.



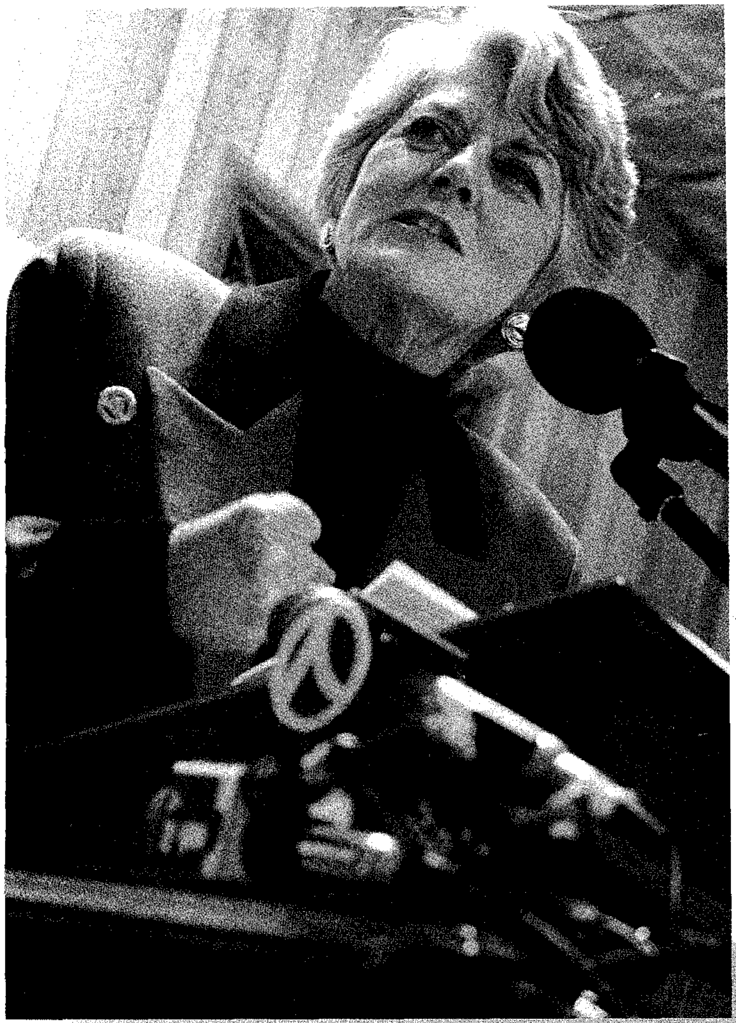
PRIMARY COLLEAGUES: From left, Public Advocate Mark Green, former vice-presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro, and Congressman Charles Schumer at last week's statewide candidates' forum.

BY MICHAEL TOMASKY

THREE-LEGGED

THEY ALL WANT IT BAD: FERRARO, FOR VINDICATION; SCHUMER, TO BREAK OUT OF THE HOUSE; AND GREEN, TO TAKE DOWN HIS ARCHENEMY. AT LAST, A NEW YORK RACE THAT SHOULD GET GOOD (AND MAYBE EVEN UGLY).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ACKERMAN



RACE

GIVEN WHAT'S GOING ON IN WASHINGTON, Democrats would probably like nothing more than a little peace and quiet right now. And while it may not have the drama of an impeachment proceeding, a race like this year's Senate campaign doesn't roll around very often. For color, ambition, and the size of the personalities involved, you have to go back to the 1980 Democratic primary for U.S. Senate, when the combatants included Bess Myerson, John Lindsay, and Elizabeth Holtzman (and, oh, yeah, John Santucci). ● This year's model features three contestants every bit as well known—a history- and soda-commercial-making woman, the city's most effective and cash-flush member of Congress, and a liberal consumer activist with friends like Carly Simon and Al Franken who's become a New York fixture.

Great political races are all too rare these days—witness last year's lugubrious mayoral election. But the Democratic Senate primary, though months away, already has the makings of a drama worthy of the pen of a Carlyle. It's not merely that the candidates are three of New York's top politicians. They're also three of the hungriest, each intensely motivated for his or her own reasons. This much collective ambition hasn't landed in one place since Bill and Hillary met in the law-school library.

And it will all be played out against the backdrop of a 1992 race that was the slummiest in New York's recent history. The candidates vow that it won't be repeated; the press, of course, hopes it will be. So, naturally, does the man waiting in the wings to take on the winner. Democrats worry that this election will leave their beleaguered party in worse shape than it's in now, but at least the next eight months should make being a Democrat fun again.

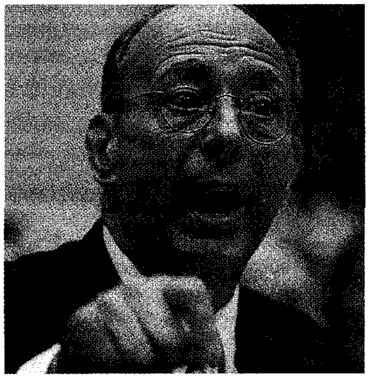
PERHAPS UNDERSTANDably, Geraldine Ferraro looks at the 1992 Senate primary and sees theft, victory stolen from her by foes who did her dirt. And that race appears to provide Ferraro's chief rationale for running this time: *I wuz robbed and I wants me revenge.*

From the point of view of Ferraro partisans, her political career is a series of bleak calumnies and indignities—the charges hurled at her in 1984, in part because she was a woman and because it's so hard to be The First anything, and the attack ads of 1992. We might call this the Woman Wronged by History school, which holds further that if she keeps trying, the gods are bound to do right by her.

But there's another way to look at Ferraro's career: the How Did She Get Here Anyway? school. A three-term member of Congress without any major legislative coups to her credit, Ferraro had nothing except her sex to recommend her as a vice-presidential candidate. There is a suspicion among the city's political insiders that someone who hasn't held office since 1984, and didn't accomplish a great deal when she did, doesn't have much of a rationale for being a senator, either. It might wash if she were running against a rich businessman and a leftie insurgent, whose qualifications she would easily match. But she's facing two smart, experienced candidates who can tick off accomplishments the way waiters at pricey restaurants recite the specials.

The suspicion has defined Ferraro's early coverage. Everything looked great—for about 48 hours. Ferraro and her family met at their Forest Hills home on January 4 with advisers Robert Shrum, David Eichenbaum, and Kate Lacey, and, by phone, pollster Celinda Lake. And the following day, before a frantic skein of local and national media in a ballroom at the Sheraton New York, she announced that she'd give it one last shot. The timing was perfect, and Ferraro surely thought things would be different this time, that the ghosts of the 1992 campaign would not rise up.

By the next morning, though, those ghosts were making noises. In the *Daily News,* columnist Jim Dwyer scorched Ferraro. Two days later, Bob Herbert wrote in the *Times* that she had everything—except an actual record of achievement. Later, a *Times* editorial knocked her. Then Maureen Dowd took the scalpel to her on the *Times* op-ed page. Last Sunday, Herbert was back into her again. And the *Post,* in the service of its man D'Amato, did its bit, tying her to a union leader suspected of mob connections.



INCUMBENT UPON THEM: Alfonse D'Amato.

Not even two weeks in the race, Ferraro had managed a rare trifecta: slammed in all three papers, from left, right, and center. This was indeed different from 1992: For all the nastiness Ferraro was subjected to that year, it didn't start until late August, just three weeks before the primary. This time, she's being hammered before she even gets her shoes laced up.

Eichenbaum argues that this is just the press correcting itself. The media studied the announcement coverage, he says, and thought, " 'Oh, my God, look at all the attention and all the positive press. That's crazy. We've got to bring her down a little bit.' That's primarily what it's been."

Ferraro, as you might guess, doesn't see things so negatively. "No, on the contrary," she says, "if you take a look at the press we've been getting since before the announcement, it's been mind-boggling. I really didn't expect this kind of enthusiasm." She got a couple of favorable columns, but in general, either she's spinning or she hasn't been reading.

It's true that any front-runner, which Ferraro has more or less been declared on the basis of early and meaningless polls that measure recognition only, will take more hits than the opposition. But there's more at work here. Time may prove that the people feel differently, but many who make politics their business don't trust her motives and just seem a little . . . tired of her. "She's already made major mistakes," says NYU's Mitchell Moss. " 'I don't want to debate, I got tired making phone calls.' She's looking more and more like Arthur Goldberg," the once-front-running gubernatorial candidate of 1962 whose name is now synonymous with political immolation.

Ferraro's fortunes can change—campaigns are long. And she insists that she has a strong record of achievement, highlighted by a pension-equity bill that Ronald Reagan signed into law in 1984. "We did a lot of good things in the short time we were down there," she says. "If I had not been picked to run in 1984—and it was a wonderful experience, and I was very happy to be able to open doors for women—I would probably still be in Congress."

In the end, what she's got that Green and Schumer don't is, simply, who she is—Ferraro can be very charming, and as a woman who has had to stand in the fire, she can make appeals to emotion and our common fallibility that her brainiac opponents can't. But "What have you done?" and "Why, exactly, are you running?" are questions she'll find it tough to shake.

Whether Ferraro does indeed fall depends on whether Green or Schumer can rise.

Green, the old Nader's Raider with his long history of consumer and cause-connected warfare, has lusted after the Senate most of his adult life, and it would fulfill his greatest dream to get there by beating D'Amato. Today the conventional wisdom has him finishing third, behind Ferraro's fame and Schumer's fortune. "Good," he says. "Been there. Done that. Since the conventional wisdom said that Hugh Carey, Liz Holtzman, Mario Cuomo, Mark Green, and Bob Abrams wouldn't win their primaries, I couldn't be happier."

His case is as follows: He's won citywide office twice in recent years, both times with more votes than Rudy Giuliani had. Nearly 60 percent of a statewide primary electorate is from New York City. He's the only one of the three to have won a statewide primary—he beat John Dyson in the Senate primary in 1986, when Dyson and his millions were heavily favored. If he's a touch more liberal than the other two—he's the only one against the death penalty, for example—that's just fine to primary voters, a highly self-selecting, overeducated, overopinionated vanguard

Photograph by Joe Marquette/AP/Wide World.

for whom Green is a good fit.

"Watch Green," says consultant Hank Sheinkopf. "Look at '86. He did it in the same kind of setting. Outspent ten to one, understands Democratic primaries."

Right now, Green's playing a little game, testing the limits of legitimate attack. This, of course, will be the race's Big Question: What's legitimate criticism of Ferraro, and what isn't? Green says that "recycling a slander about an opponent's family member is a late hit, out of bounds, wrong, and it won't happen, but clearly we should contrast voting records, positions, histories." Sounds benign enough. But there *are* ethics questions from Ferraro's past that she hasn't answered fully. Green sounds as though he might be more likely to raise them than Schumer, who hasn't even mentioned Ferraro's name yet. Depending on the circumstances, it might be entirely right and necessary to raise such questions, but there's political risk involved, too. Green can be too cutesy sometimes with his sound-bite-speak. If a pro-Ferraro backlash hits, it might hit him harder than Schumer.

For Schumer, the strategy is straightforward. Not many voters know much

GERALDINE FERRARO

- **Age:** 62
- **Public-Sector Experience:** U.S. House of Representatives (1978–1984), Human Rights Commissioner to the U.N. (1993–1996)
- **Private-Sector Experience:** Co-host of *Crossfire*, partner in the CEO Prospective Group

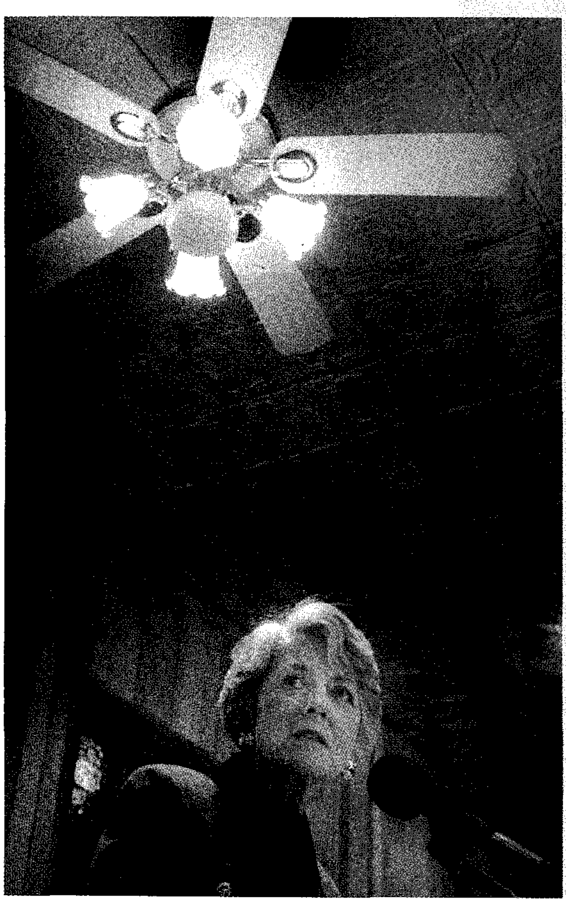
- **The High Points:** Gerry, resplendent in a white dress, stands on the stage at the 1984 Democratic convention and speaks five simple words: "My name is Geraldine Ferraro." The crowd, giddy over America's first female vice-presidential candidate, roars back, "*Ger-ry, Ger-ry*!" Women are literally weeping in the aisles. The obscure congresswoman from Queens, known to that point for making a few inroads into women's health, is at that moment granted mythic-heroine status, which fades soon after the race is lost. In the past few years, she's clawed her way back to respectability with a U.N. post. Ferraro has also stayed in the public eye by playing the foil to Pat Buchanan and John Sununu on CNN's *Crossfire* up until she declared her candidacy.
- **The Low Points:** After the ecstasy at the convention, the Goldilocks of the Democratic Party finds only lumps in her porridge. Allegations about the shady real-estate business of her husband, John Zaccaro, dog her for months. ("Answer the question!" one reporter famously calls out during a particularly evasive Ferraro press conference.) Ferraro and Walter Mondale lose to Ronald Reagan by the largest margin in U.S. history. She winds up hawking Diet Pepsi and fades out of the political scene.

When Ferraro finally does make another bid, in the 1992 Senate race, she finds herself dogged again. That summer, an article appears in the *Village Voice* reexamining the ethics allegations. One of her primary opponents, Robert Abrams, is a relative gentleman about the affair, but the other, Elizabeth Holtzman, runs with it. Brandishing the *Voice* piece, Holtzman stands outside the lower-Manhattan site that Zaccaro owned and accuses Ferraro of "collecting $340,000 from a child pornographer" who lived there. Ferraro loses the primary to Abrams by a painfully slim margin of one percent. A legend twice mistreated, twice abused, Ferraro leaves Democrats feeling guilty—a guilt that has mellowed into a galvanizing nostalgia in the 1998 race.
- **Campaigning Style:** The Eva Perón of Queens, Ferraro combines star charisma with a common touch, yet is chilly with her actual staff. Ferraro will learn the names of all the welders in the audience and pronounce them in a perfect Queens accent before she will learn the names of her volunteers. At the same time, she can also seem out of touch, including dreamy musings on a nuclear freeze and on peace-keeping in her 1984 stump speech. Her astral floats can be deadly when it comes to ethics allegations: Ferraro has a history of blithely dismissing the charges, to the horror of her staff, then stalling on releasing her tax forms. But Democratic insiders say she has mellowed into a humbler, wiser pol (one consultant likened her to "aged Scotch"). Her coming-out speech was a poll-tested beauty—tough on crime, soft on the environment, thoughtful on education.
- **Against D'Amato:** The latest trusty Quinnipiac College poll gives Ferraro a hearty fourteen-point lead over D'Amato in the race. If only men vote, D'Amato wins by 4 points; if only women vote, she trounces him by 30.

But psychiatrists could make fortunes from people who were polling ahead of D'Amato a year before the election. As Mark Green put it recently, "D'Amato is a fugitive from the law of averages." He is that rare breed of pol dog energized by low numbers. Ferraro polls high because she's a national celebrity, but after fourteen years out of office, she has few loyal toilers outside her home base in Queens. Ferraro also starts out with no money (although she recently said she had pledges of $1.1 million). That 86,000-name database she brags about is made up partly of star-struck ladies from Iowa, each worth about $25. Meanwhile, D'Amato is willing to play hardball. He smoothly leaked a single ethics charge to the New York *Post* as a signal that his sights are once again trained on the kneecaps.

HANNA ROSIN

FERRARO IS THE EVA PERÓN OF QUEENS—SHE COMBINES A COMMON TOUCH WITH CHARISMA BUT IS CHILLY TO STAFF.



about him, and he's never sought votes beyond a single congressional district, but $8 million finds a way of taking care of those problems. "When Schumer went on TV," says consultant Dick Morris, "that was the beginning of the end for Ferraro and D'Amato. He's buying 500 points a week, which means the average person sees five commercials a week. With $8 million, he can keep it up straight through November. While free media focuses on Ferraro, nobody focuses on Schumer, and he advertises his way to a win."

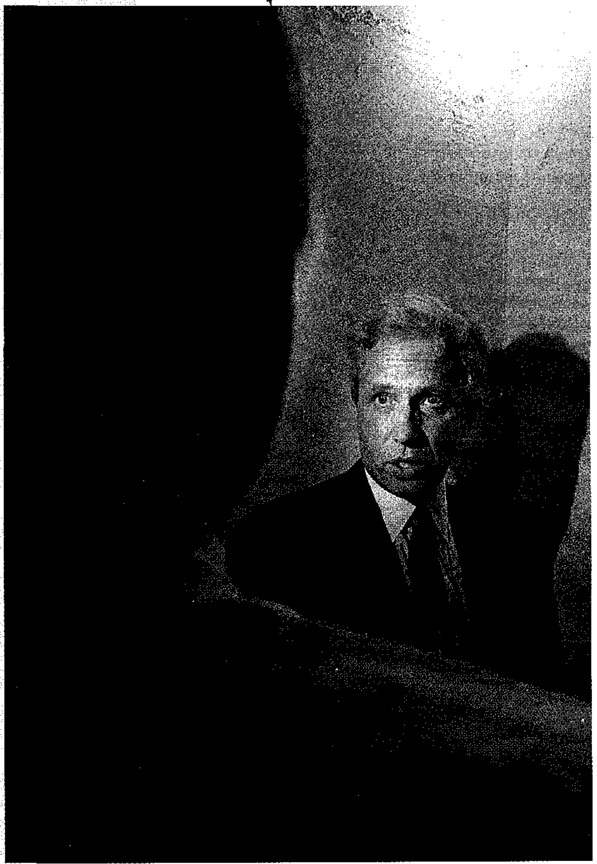
Money isn't Schumer's sole qualification. He's passed several pieces of major legislation, notably the Brady gun-control bill. He's sure that once people know these things, he'll vault. "I've done it the right way," he says. "I've worked hard. I've legislated. I've done things that have improved people's lives, and that's what a senator should do."

About this time last year, Schumer was talking to reporters about the things a governor should do. Early in 1994, the late Saul Weprin, then the Assembly speaker, called Schumer and asked him to think about running for governor if Mario Cuo-

MARK GREEN

- **Age:** 52
- **Public-Sector Experience:** New York City Public Advocate (1993–present); Commissioner of Consumer Affairs (1990–1993)
- **Private-Sector Experience:** Head of Congress Watch (1977–1980) and Democracy Project (1981–1990); speechwriter for Gary Hart, 1984; author and editor of fifteen books.

***OBSESSED* IS THE WORD MOST POLITICAL INSIDERS USE TO DESCRIBE GREEN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD ALFONSE D'AMATO.**



- **The High Points:** For once, the little guy did more than draw a few protest votes. Millionaire John Dyson, the former chairman of the State Power Authority, spent a then-record $6 million on the Democratic Senate primary in 1986. Mark Green, a writer-activist who had never held public office, spent just $800,000 and won, 54 to 46 percent. "Message beat money," proclaimed Green, although he couldn't repeat the trick when he ran up against D'Amato that November. Green, who then retreated to his public-policy group, the Democracy Project, had always had a knack for getting heard: As a recent Cornell graduate interning for Senator Jacob Javits, Green circulated an anti–Vietnam War petition among the congressional interns that made the Washington *Post*. In 1993, after three years as the city's consumer-affairs commissioner (appointed by Dinkins), Green won his first election, to the newly created post of public advocate. Last November, he was re-elected in a landslide (winning 70,000 more votes than Mayor Rudy), having adeptly mined his job as the city's ombudsman to appeal to middle-class voters: His office was the first to link the city's garbage business to the mob and has aggressively monitored HMOs in the state, among many other investigations.
- **The Low Points:** Green didn't just lose to Alfonse D'Amato in '86—he gave Senator Pothole his most decisive victory to date. D'Amato beat Elizabeth Holtzman by just 80,991 votes in 1980, and he beat Robert Abrams in 1992 by just over 100,000. But he trounced Green in '86 by 654,981 votes, a resounding 57 percent to 41 percent victory. Green's staff, largely composed of law-school students, spent the first three weeks of the general campaign mending fences in the Democratic Party. D'Amato quickly took the offensive, attacking his opponent as an extreme liberal who wanted to decriminalize marijuana. Green, a Yankees fan, lost his best shot when the Mets made it to the World Series in '86; the front-runner made sure that both of their debates aired during the series, to predictably tiny audiences. Money was tight, and Green didn't get much help from his fellow Democrats: Mario Cuomo, also facing re-election that year, actually quoted D'Amato in an ad. Although Green is an energetic consumer advocate, cynics say he is excellent at running an office that's of debatable use—a criticism that gains credibility when Green's office issues reports like one on the burning issue of minority representation in ads and Victoria's Secret catalogues. Green's style, says political consultant Norman Adler, "is big on talk and short on action—but it's great talk."
- **Campaigning Style:** Green doesn't just practice sound-bite politics; he's perfected it. He greeted Geraldine Ferraro's entry into the race by calling for "agenda politics, not gender politics." He has been calling D'Amato Senator PAC-Man and Senator Shakedown for more than a decade. Green has turned his problems raising funds from the business community into a positive, cultivating the image of the anti-politician who refuses to accept money from PACs. Mr. Integrity instead relies on celebrities to host fund-raisers (Rosie O'Donnell, Norman Lear, and his former Harvard Law roommate Bruce Wasserstein, among others). Besides his Rolodex, Green's secret weapon is his family: They are bright, telegenic, and have yet to do anything embarrassing.
- **Against D'Amato:** Green just might be the world's foremost expert on D'Amato: He filed the complaint in 1989 that led the Senate Ethics Committee to investigate the senator, resulting in a 1991 reprimand. Fighting D'Amato is personal for Green—but whatever happens on primary night, he'll still have a job with car and driver on September 16.

DEBORAH MITCHELL

mo didn't. Cuomo did, but Schumer kept thinking. He finally decided, he says, to do what he knows, but his dance has led some insiders to wonder about his commitment to this race; rumors persist that if he doesn't gain ground by the summer, he'll drop out. "Not possible," he says—for better or worse, this is his shot.

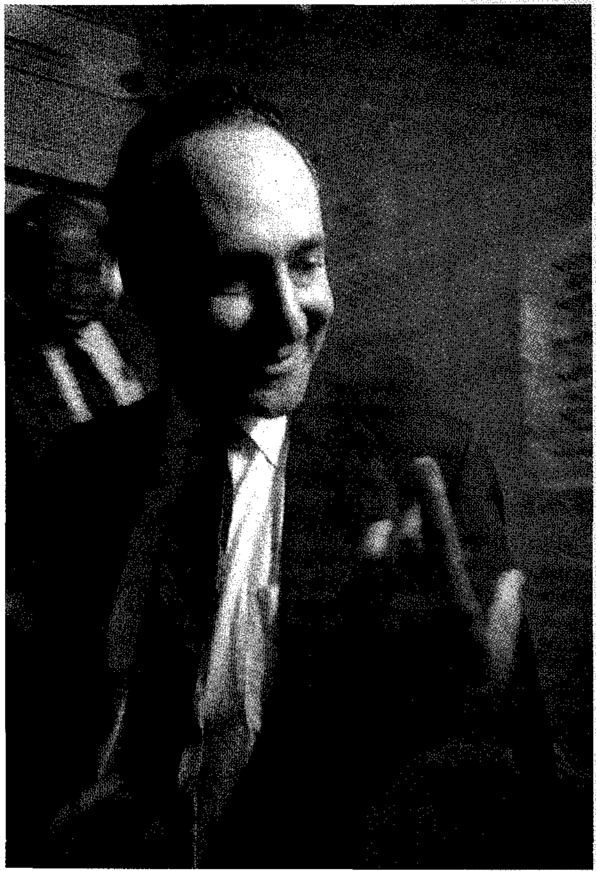
WHOEVER WINS, TWO LONG CAREERS WILL probably end here. Ferraro will be finished if she loses; Schumer will do something he's never done, i.e., find a job in the private sector; only Green might carry on.

Of course, three might end. The question of D'Amato's vulnerability is very much an open one, but he does seem to find a way. He will benefit, again, from the calendar—with a September 15 primary, the Democratic winner will have seven brief weeks.

But what happens after September 15 will be very much a function of what's gone down before. This could be a clean race. As the summer winds down, though, someone's going to be in third place. And given how badly all three ache for this job, whoever that someone is may be reaching for some mud to sling. ■

WILL SCHUMER'S COLLEAGUES—MANY OF WHOM HAVE TIES TO D'AMATO—GO TO BAT FOR A MAN WHO UPSTAGES THEM?

CHARLES SCHUMER



- **Age:** 47
- **Public-Sector Experience:** New York State Assembly (1974–1980); U.S. House of Representatives (1980–present)
- **Private-Sector Experience:** None

● **The High Points:** One evening in 1994, an aide, waving a cell phone, interrupted a Schumer press conference with those four beautiful words: *Sir, it's the president.* The congressman had just, against all improbable odds, pushed his assault-weapons ban through the lower chamber. A photo of the congratulatory phone call appeared on the front page of papers everywhere.

In the House of Representatives, where the threshold for learned discussion is as low as a missile silo, Schumer stands out as a refreshingly geekish presence. He's a fluent speaker of policy arcana. He's unusually productive: The Brady Bill, the abortion-clinic-access bill, and the 1994 crime package all bear his name. Plus, he has a flair for antagonism: He once shocked the bejesus out of House Republicans by brandishing an AK-47 during a committee hearing, hoping to prove a point about its availability.

● **The Low Points:** Schumer had to spend his first three years in Congress warding off charges that he'd used New York State Assembly staff and resources to get him there. In 1982, a U.S. attorney even recommended he be indicted for mail fraud, though the charges were ultimately dropped. Today, though, Schumer's failings aren't ethical; they're characterological. He can be abrasive and short-tempered, qualities he may or may not be able to conceal from the public. "Chuck Schumer is one of the most brilliant people I have ever met and would make an outstanding senator," says Steven Goldstein, a former top Schumer aide. "But is he a nice person? That's a very different question. And the irony of Washington is the two have nothing to do with one another." The congressman has also developed a reputation for pilfering the media limelight—a practice for which his cohorts have coined a verb: *to Schume.* "He'll latch on to anything and take credit for it and be in somebody else's picture," sniffs Ed Koch, who had a falling-out with Schumer in 1989. Granted, press hounds, if nothing else, play well with the media. But come the general election, will Schumer's colleagues—many of whom have developed a fine relationship with D'Amato—go to bat for a man who habitually upstages them?

● **Campaign Style:** In the early nineties, when the threat of redistricting loomed, Schumer discovered he couldn't use a focus group his campaign workers had just convened—because seven out of ten of them had recently seen the congressman at community events. An indefatigable fund-raiser, Schumer already has more than $8 million in his coffers and is undeterred by the prospect of hardball campaigning or ringing thousands of doorbells. But tenacity isn't always attractive. "He's tireless, yes, but also tiring," notes David Garth, a veteran New York political consultant. "He'll put you into a stupor if you let him talk too much. To revise a line my colleague once used about someone else: 'I spent a week with Chuck Schumer the other day.' "

● **Against D'Amato:** A race between Chuck Schumer and Alfonse D'Amato would be devilishly entertaining. Both are scrappy defenders of New York. (So neither could accuse the other of being ineffective.) Both carry the party banner in public but compromise behind closed doors. (So both can strategically package themselves as moderates.) Both are obsessive about media coverage. (So both will gobble the airwaves with innovative, attention-gathering stunts.) And both can wring campaign contributions from a stone. (So both will gobble the airwaves with expensive commercials.)

In a race against Schumer, D'Amato will surely have a hard time justifying certain aspects of his record, like his loony-tune filibuster of the 1994 crime bill ("President Clinton had a bill, E-I-E-I-O . . ."). Schumer will appear sharper and more senatorial in a debate. But he may also come across as a know-it-all—and, to the squires from upstate, as an irredeemable Brooklyn liberal.

JENNIFER SENIOR

His much-hyped *Shopping and Fucking* has a can't-lose title. But will a sexually contrarian English playwright

MARK RAVENHILL

survive the wrath of gay New York? By James Patrick Herman

TWO PAMELA LEE–ISH DRAG QUEENS HALT outside the dimly lit doorway of New York Theatre Workshop. "*Shopping and Fucking*!" they squeal in unison, reading a poster for Mark Ravenhill's new play. "Girlfriend," sighs the taller one, "this is the story of my life."

Well, not exactly. Unless she was once a 14-year-old "rent boy" begging to be sodomized with a knife. Ravenhill's shocking drama presents the most graphic and disturbing gay sex scenes ever seen onstage. Still, in London, it has played in two of the West End's best-respected—and, for this particular work, incongruously beautiful—playhouses (first the Gielgud Theatre on touristy Shaftsbury Avenue and now at the Queens Theatre right next door). It's been translated into ten foreign languages, and after a lengthy, heated debate, the British government agreed to subsidize an international touring company that has mounted productions of the play in Australia, Sweden, and Israel. It opens here at NYTW—the playhouse best known as the birthplace of *Rent*—on February 2.

"SO VERY WEIRD," WHINES the balding, six-feet-plus Ravenhill. "Why is German theater so weird?" It's nearly midnight on a typically wet and dreary Sunday, and Ravenhill is unpacking his bags in his revealingly tidy flat in North London's Camden Town. He's just returned from a weekend in Berlin, where he attended the splashy German premiere of *Shopping and Fucking* at the Deutsches Theater, where Brecht staged some of his early works. The trip was Ravenhill's first chance to witness his debut play's surprising international success.

"We, the English," he says grandly, "and the Americans, of course, are interested in character and psychology, but, well, those *Germans*. The Germans are interested in: 'Expressionism! Theatricality!' What they did was completely weird, like if your Wooster Group did my play. They added songs! These sort of Portishead-type of songs, and all this other stuff." Exasperated, he quickly returns to his luggage.

He'll have to start packing again soon, though, as he heads out across the Atlantic to attend his New York opening (which will be staged without musical intervention or Teutonic overkill). The six-week run of *Shopping and Fucking* was nearly sold out before previews began, likely owing to a buzz that characterized it as the next *Rent*. While both shows profile impoverished twentysomethings, that's where the similarity ends. "I hate people calling it the 'next *Rent*,' " says Randy Lichtenwalner, the NYTW's farm-boyish director of audience development. "For one thing," he continues, revealing his personal preference, "this is more realistic, which is why some people walk out. If Mark Ravenhill wrote *Rent*, Mimi would die in the end."

Several of the characters in *Shopping and Fucking* are gay men. But unlike their *Rent* counterparts—those much-praised positive representations of homosexuality who sing p.c. pop songs and for whom hugging is fulfilling sexual contact—Ravenhill's men do, as the title strongly suggests, have sex. The actors are discreetly covered, but there's nothing discreet about the encounters, which are violent, nasty, and meaningless. For these characters, sex is less akin to love than to shopping—just another transaction.

"I want to capture where we're at now," says the 31-year-old playwright, who's trying to expose the "dirty, desperate" things unemployed British youth do to survive: phone sex, prostitution, selling Ecstacy. His mission is to create accurate gay characters, not prettied-up paradigms. "I introduced gay shame into theater," he brags.

"Hey, listen," Ravenhill explains, "gay people have had enough positive images. What those nellies need is some negative images to shake them up." He suspects that New York gay audiences will not embrace the play. He calls himself a "post-gay" man. "I've been laughed at for saying this before, but if you can have post-feminism, why can't you have post-gay?"

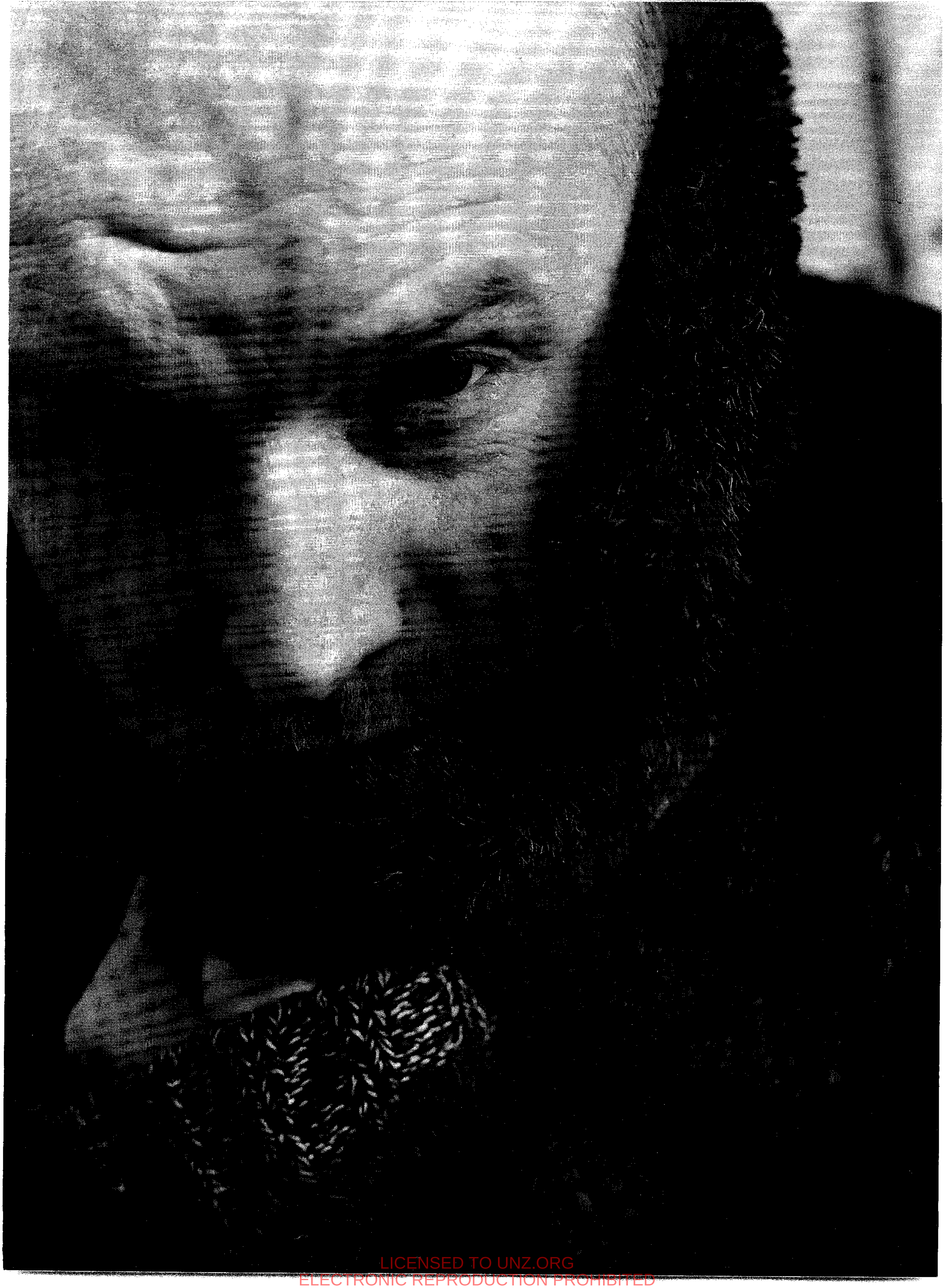
His straight characters don't fare a lot better. One's a hopelessly deluded actress in love with her gay roommate and the other's a homicidal mobster. Both are involved in a power play worthy of David Mamet, a man who sends Ravenhill into a rapturous frenzy: "He's my hero. He writes so honestly about masculinity—real men, the kind who wear lumberjack shirts and go into the woods with David to shoot fish. Oooh," he coos, "I want to have his love child. He has such gorgeous hair."

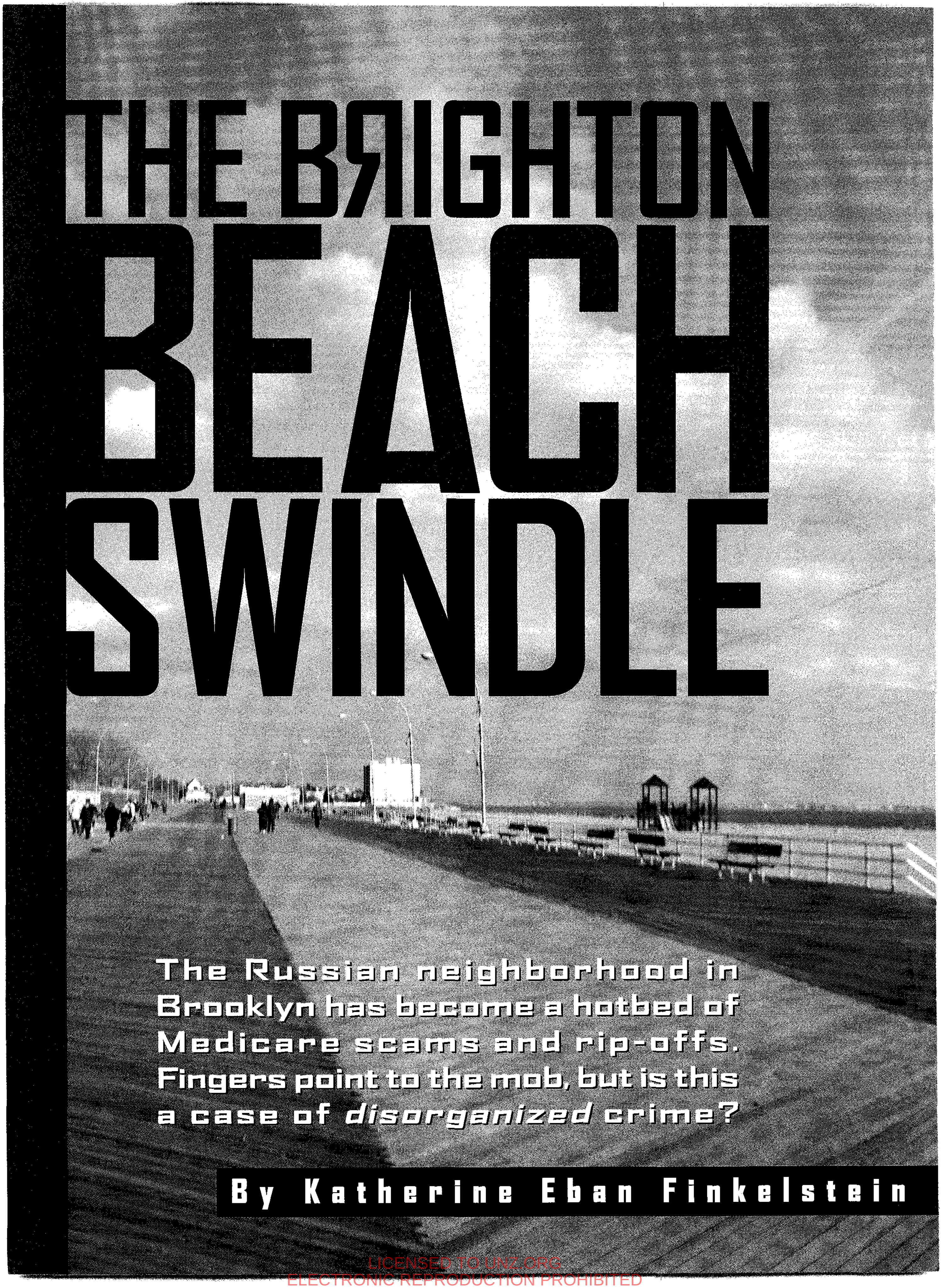
RAVENHILL'S OWN CHILDHOOD IN A SUBURB SOUTH OF LONDON was more idyllic than his play might suggest. He grew up in lower-middle-class Haywards Heath, among the kind of people "Mike Leigh writes about." His father is a draftsman and his mother is a secretary. Ravenhill graduated from Bristol University in 1987, with a degree in theater and English, and was immediately hired by the Soho Theater Company. After freelancing as a director for three years, he was offered the job of literary director for Paines Plough, one of England's most respected independent theater companies.

While the extreme fascinates Ravenhill as a writer, his personal life is considerably more mundane. "He's the least-fucked-up writer I've ever met," says David Johnson, the producer who brought *Shopping and Fucking* to the West End as well as the stage version of Irvine Welsh's *Trainspotting* (during *Trainspotting* kids were shooting heroin in the bathroom stalls): "I worked with Irvine after his first novel and Mark with his first play. Irvine is a complete maniac fuck," he says affectionately. "Mark is not like that at all. He hardly drinks, doesn't take drugs, doesn't club."

Ravenhill didn't travel much either, but *Shopping and Fucking* has certainly changed that. Though he claims to be "fairly indifferent to success in New York," he's eager to visit the home of his idol, Woody Allen. "I love Woody," he exclaims. "I want to be Diane Keaton, but with better teeth. Poor Woody, he finally finds a nice girl and Mia dumps all over him." He's also pleased his play is happening on the same block as one of the city's remaining hard-core gay sex clubs. "It'll be interesting to see how many people go from one to the other," he says with a laugh. "Hopefully, they'll take in both." ▬

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAKE CHESSUM

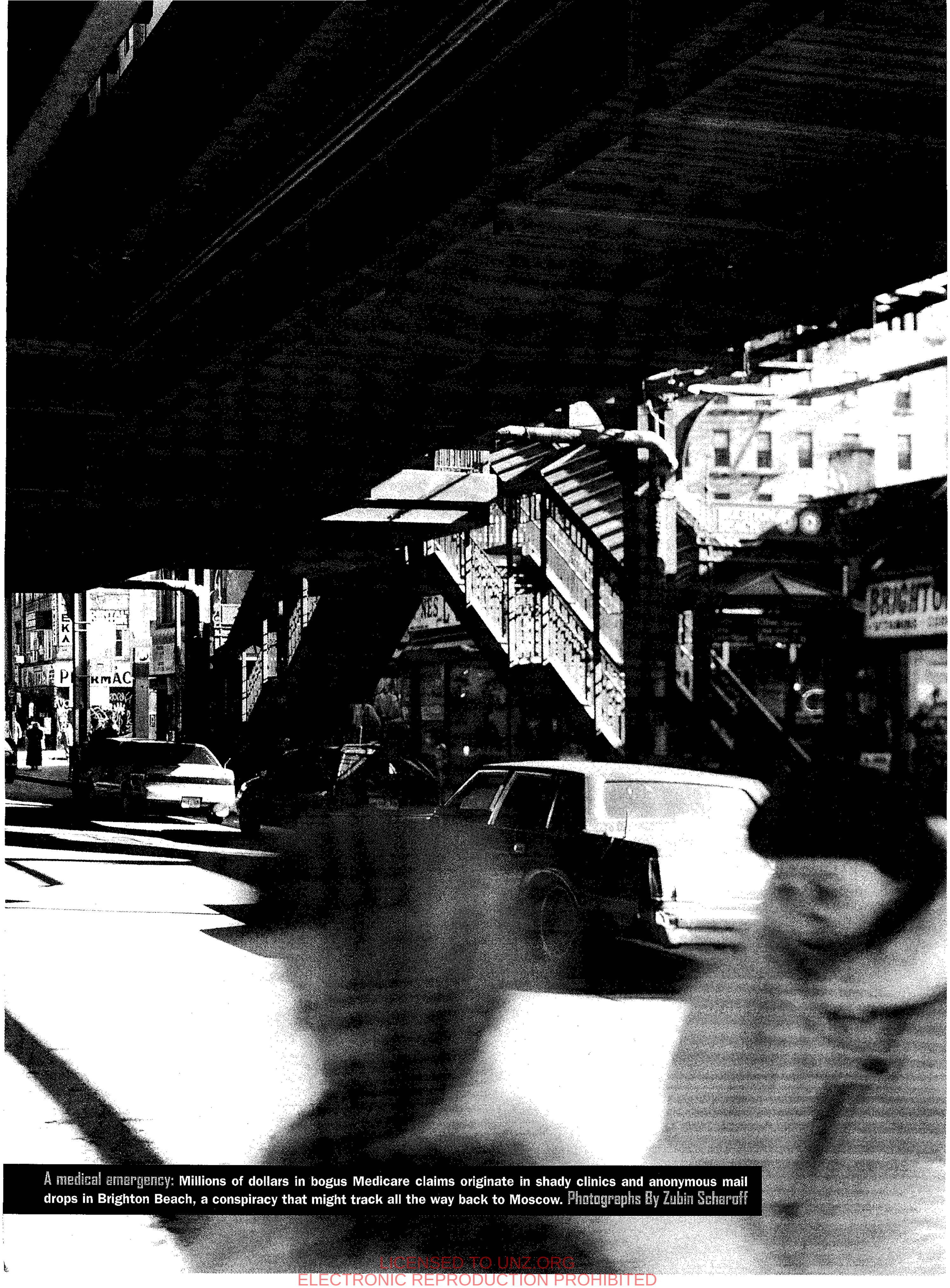




THE BЯIGHTON BEACH SWINDLE

The Russian neighborhood in Brooklyn has become a hotbed of Medicare scams and rip-offs. Fingers point to the mob, but is this a case of *disorganized* crime?

By Katherine Eban Finkelstein



A medical emergency: Millions of dollars in bogus Medicare claims originate in shady clinics and anonymous mail drops in Brighton Beach, a conspiracy that might track all the way back to Moscow. Photographs By Zubin Scharoff

IT WAS A CLEAR AFTERNOON LAST APRIL WHEN MIKHAYLO Goldenberg entered a Citibank branch at 250 Broadway. Slim and unobtrusive, he wore a suit and moved in an unhurried way. He had the tattoo of a ring around one finger. In a voice ragged from smoking unfiltered cigarettes, he told a clerk that he wanted to withdraw $34,000 from his account. Goldenberg had opened the account less than a month earlier under the name of a woman he identified as his girlfriend, Diane Montella. He had presented a signed and notarized form, in which she'd given him power of attorney over her finances. A known Citibank customer, a Russian attorney, had accompanied him and vouched for his identity. Within 21 days, he had deposited $67,598.71 in checks made out to Montella, a Pennsylvania doctor. They had all come from Medicare, the federal health-insurance program for the elderly, as reimbursement for services rendered. They had been sent to Montella's medical-X-ray company, Seliko International Group, in Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, on Avenue U.

As the clerk processed Goldenberg's request, bank employees noticed that the man in front of them, cool and sympathetic as he seemed, resembled the John Doe on a flyer circulated by Citibank security. It featured the passport photo of a Russian émigré with hooded eyes and sunken cheeks. His real name was unknown, but he used four aliases. The Office of the Inspector General at the federal Health and Human Services agency suspected him of perpetrating $27 million worth of health-care fraud and had been seeking him for more than a year.

Russian cons gave out air conditioners and TVs to elderly ém

HOT
BAGELS
& LUNCHEONETTE
PRIVATE MAIL BOXES
NOW AT LAUNDROMAT

Checks and imbalances: $640,000 in Medicare reimbursements was sent to a single private mailbox in Brighton Beach.

In January, John Doe had walked away from $33,000 in a Charles Schwab account that he'd opened just six days earlier using Medicare checks made out to a radiologist named Karin Eckertt Shinn. After the Social Security number he supplied proved to be false, a manager from the brokerage house phoned him up to ask a few questions: Did he have a medical license number? Did he know what the acronym AMA stood for? John Doe quickly hung up and vanished into the tight-lipped world of criminal émigrés.

Since then, John Doe had been trying to collect over half a million dollars deposited in various bank accounts around the city, as HHS agents, police officers, and bank officials watched and waited. John Ryan, a New York City police detective, was canvassing the Russian-émigré community of Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, looking for a suspect who used the alias Yakov Dubinsky. As it turned out, the telephone number John Doe gave to Charles Schwab rang at the Brighton Beach home of a Yakov Dubinsky. But it was not the right man. The suspect had melted into the bustle of storefront culture there.

While his tracks have led investigators from a Brighton Beach Laundromat to a Florida health clinic and may yet dead-end in the Siberian woods, John Doe was finally caught in Manhattan, just blocks from the HHS regional office at 26 Federal Plaza. The Citibank clerk had signaled a security officer, who in turn called Detective Ryan. Ryan then radioed a police officer, who made it to the bank and cuffed the suspect, who was waiting for the cash.

John Doe turned out to be 52-year-old Yuri Bizayko, a Russian émigré with a twelve-year history of counterfeiting and forgery in the former Soviet Union. He was charged with grand larceny (and marijuana possession) and pleaded guilty. But he refused to answer questions and cooperate with investigators (and, through his attorney, declined to speak to *New York*). On December 18, he was sentenced in federal court to two and a half years in prison, to be served concurrently with a two-to-four year sentence imposed by a state court. But his conviction and recent sentencing have not settled the bigger question of who Bizayko really is—and whether he was giving orders or merely following them.

On April 2, before his aliases were peeled away, Bizayko gave a statement to detectives in which he claimed to be Goldenberg. He said that he had become acquainted with a Russian named Volodya, who gave him Medicare checks and directed him to open bank accounts in exchange for a cut of the money. He said he had intended to take the $34,000 from the Citibank account and use it to gamble in Atlantic City.

Bruno Varano, assistant regional inspector general for HHS, is convinced that Bizayko is a foot soldier in a confederation of émigré criminals who are being bankrolled by Russian businessmen. "These are individual Russian groups who are organizing in such a way that they are able to perpetrate health-care fraud that alone they would not have the finances or muscle to pull over," says Varano, who is trained as an accountant and carries a 9-mm. Sig Sauer. "They are known to be very physical, with a lot of direct intimidation that makes the Wild West look Girl Scoutish." This theory of grand conspiracy has always been attractive to law enforcement. The reality, however, may be even more ominous, a case of not organized but *disorganized* crime. In this scenario, Bizayko is little more than a random felon, one who learned that Medicare was an easy mark and who was able, almost effortlessly, to steal millions from the American government.

BIZAYKO'S STORY AND THOSE OF COUNTLESS OTHER SCAM ARTISTS will be brought before the United States Senate when it hears testimony, now scheduled for January 29, about the growing cost of health-care fraud. According to a 1997 General Accounting Office report, fraud eats up anywhere from 3 to 10 percent of America's $1 trillion in health-care spending—or as much as $100 billion (a staggering amount of criminal activity when you consider that annual narcotics sales in the U.S. are es-

Photographs by Julie Johnson.

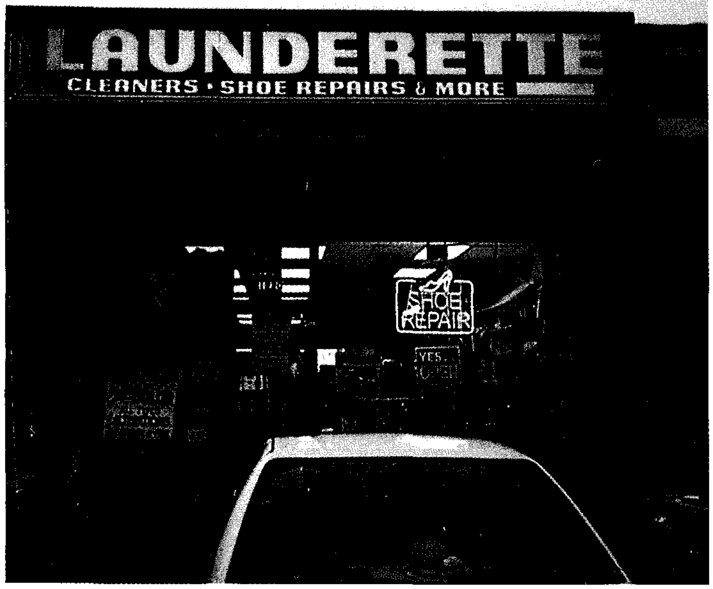
timated to be only $65 billion). And it could be even higher: A new HHS study pegs health-care fraud at 14 percent.

"There are people who say if we can solve the health-care-fraud problem," says Lewis Schiliro, FBI special agent in charge of New York City's criminal division, "we can pay off the national debt."

To law-enforcement and government officials, Bizayko represents the possibility that larger and more sophisticated crime syndicates are getting involved in health-care fraud. "In the eighties, it was garden-variety doctors and medical-service providers inflating bills," says Bill Mahon, executive director of the National Health Care Anti-Fraud Association, which provides training and information to law enforcement and private and government insurers. "Now the most sinister development is the move of professional criminal entrepreneurs onto the health-care-fraud landscape."

By the traditional standards of organized crime, however, health-care fraud is a paid vacation. When Medicare was first designed, the government wanted to woo doctors to join the program, so there was little red tape. To become a Medicare provider, until recently, all you really needed was a Social Security number, a computer to generate bogus bills, and a post-office box to receive the checks. Safeguards have been instituted, particularly in the last year, but many observers don't believe they're sufficient. "If you want to steal $1 million, there's probably no easier way to do it," says Dr. Malcolm K. Sparrow, a lecturer at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government and author of *License to Steal: Why Fraud Plagues America's Health Care System.* In South Florida, drug traffickers have diversified into health-care fraud, finding it safe and potentially more lucrative than their usual line of work. They've brought violence with them—one Miami physician who resisted recruitment efforts had his Acura firebombed in his driveway.

és who in turn handed over their Medicare numbers.



In 1995, the federal government launched an all-out war against health-care fraud. Under the federal initiative Operation Restore Trust, an array of special task forces within the Justice Department, the FBI, and HHS, as well as local police forces and district attorneys, investigates everything from itinerant crooks to pharmaceutical giants. A total of $1.2 billion in fraudulent claims was recovered by the government last year. Most of that has come from corporate settlements. Using information provided by whistle-blowers, the government has prosecuted fraud in high-prestige corporations like SmithKline Beecham laboratories. But criminals like Bizayko make financial recoveries all but impossible.

"You couldn't find a system more conducive to keeping your fraud inconspicuous," says Mahon. "You have the whole population to exploit. You have the whole gamut of treatments to say you provided. The classic M.O., if you're smart enough, is to spread the targets and bill 60 payers at a time. It doesn't hurt," adds Mahon, "to be a sophisticated criminal."

By means still unexplained, Bizayko had no problem getting his hands on doctors' Medicare-provider numbers and the Social Security numbers of patients—investigators presume that he must have had informants inside insurance companies. He created bogus medical companies, such as Best Health Surgical Supplies and G&Y Orthopedic Shoes, then generated phony bills and submitted them to Medicare. He also changed the mailing addresses linked to the provider numbers, redirecting the Medicare checks to P.O. boxes he rented out at mail-drop companies throughout Brighton Beach. Then, using different aliases, he opened up bank accounts to cash the checks.

Diane Montella, his supposed girlfriend, is an internist who runs a Florida health clinic for uninsured patients. Not only is Montella not Bizayko's girlfriend; she had never even heard of him before he was busted. Her Medicare-provider number had not been used since 1993, when she worked as a resident at a Pennsylvania hospital. Bizayko picked up her inactive number—how is not clear—and used it to bill Medicare for $688,000 in magnetic-resonance-imaging services.

"A Social Security card had been forged in my name, a Russian passport had been forged, a power of attorney over my financial accounts had been obtained. An account in New York City had been opened in my name, and checks from Medicare were deposited," says a still-stunned Montella. "Feeling violated is such a cliché term, but boy, *did* I."

By the time Bizayko walked into Citibank on April 2, investigators believed he was involved in at least twenty bogus companies that had billed the government for $27.3 million. He had managed to collect $1.5 million of this.

WHEN HHS SPECIAL AGENT JANE F., A TOUGH, diminutive 24-year-old, was first assigned to the Bizayko case in 1996, she had little to go on. There were complaints from patients whose insurance companies had been billed for services they'd never received, in states they'd never been to. Reimbursement had been mailed to improbable locations—for example, $640,000 destined for a Neptune Avenue Laundromat that also offers shoe repair, video games, and 120 private mailboxes that can be rented for $10 a month.

The same day Jane and her colleagues began to stake out a mailbox connected to Bizayko at various locations, the suspect stopped showing up. Instead, he sent a car service at odd times to pick up the checks. Brighton Beach, says Jane, turned out to be a sinkhole: "From an investigative point of view, how many mailboxes can we sit on?"

So she began to track the checks instead. With the help of the New York State Banking Commission, she collected the identification John Doe had used to open up the multiple bank accounts. "When I lined them all up," she says, recalling a eureka moment, "they were all the same person." At least his face, if not his name, had come into focus.

It took her more than a year to track Bizayko, and when he was finally arrested near her office, she happened to be in Brighton

Beach questioning a doctor in an effort to find him. Even with Bizayko behind bars, the search for his associates continues. Investigators, however, are having trouble getting information from an insulated community with no incentive to cooperate.

On a recent winter day, she and her boss, Varano, drove out to Brighton Beach in an unmarked government car with a siren under the dashboard and a two-way radio crackling. With the afternoon sun shining over the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, they talked about the girlfriend Bizayko left behind.

"The girlfriend was bawling her eyes out. She's full of crap, a typical Mafia wife," Jane told Varano. "Last Friday, we interviewed her again: 'Did he leave any personal belongings?' Yesterday, we went over there and everything had been cleared out."

"Sanitized," Varano remarked dryly.

Almost, anyway. Jane described how she lifted an ink blotter on the desk of the emptied apartment and found a fake I.D. under it, bearing the name of William Levy, a Brooklyn doctor whose identity Bizayko had assumed. She recalled the moment of discovery: "I could see [the girlfriend's] face. It was funny."

To these investigators, the Bizayko case confirms a marked shift in Medicare-related crime. "People ask, 'Why do you need guns to protect against health-care fraud?' I say, 'Are you kidding me? I got a source who was a former Soviet-intelligence agent,' " says Varano. "This kind of crime is no longer what people think it is. It has metamorphosed into a criminal crime."

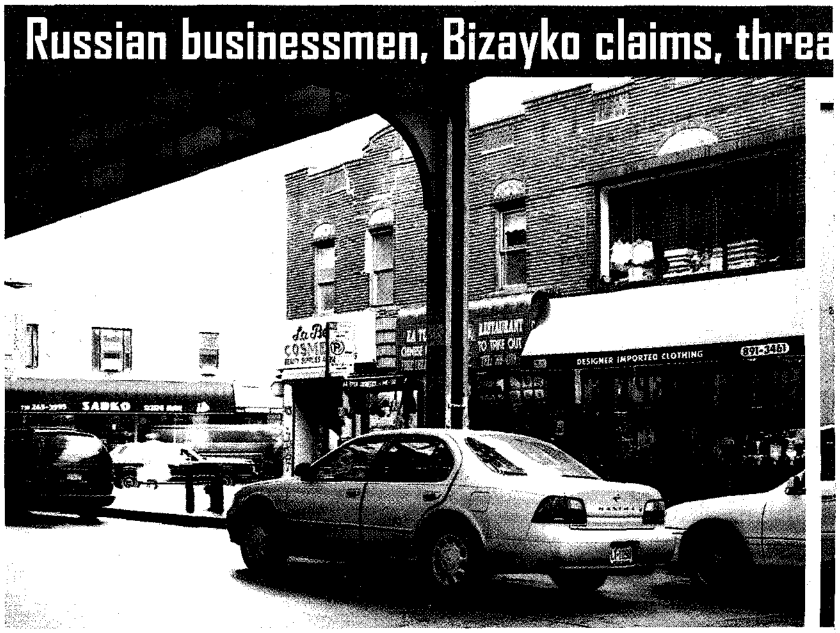
ACCORDING TO NUMEROUS ÉMIGRÉS AND LAW-ENforcement sources, the Brighton Beach medical community operates as a web of referrals, kickbacks, and bogus billing. Medical storefronts dot the Brighton Beach horizon and seem to gain business overnight. "It's often businessmen who open these places and hire doctors at hourly rates," says Jay Shapiro, Kings County deputy district attorney and head of the rackets division. When they make enough money from one storefront, they close it down and open another.

One Russian businessman with investments in a medical-equipment company, who declined to be identified, says that drivers routinely use vans to round up patients at senior-citizen homes and receive a bounty of $40 a head to deliver them to clinics. The patients are then given phony diagnoses, and Medicare is billed for unnecessary treatments that may not even be performed. "The U.S. is a huge market, and you have to find real merchandise," the businessman explains. Patients are the merchandise for a medical community that makes its own rules: "A lot of people think they're in a legal business. They're not."

When it comes to durable medical equipment, for example, the Brighton Beach community is a hotbed of fraud, according to Timothy Delaney, FBI supervisory special agent in charge of the New York City health-care-fraud squad. Normally, doctors must write prescriptions known as certificates of medical necessity [CMNs] for equipment like wheelchairs and prostheses. Patients then present these certificates to companies that provide the items, which in turn bill Medicare. Last year, the FBI busted up a Brighton Beach scheme in which Russian cons gave out air conditioners, TVs, blankets, and pillows to elderly émigrés who in turn handed over their Medicare numbers and agreed to visit certain doctors, who then wrote CMNs for them. (During the winter, another group was bartering with angora-wool long underwear.) The FBI got twenty convictions, including six doctors.

The largest health-care fraud in American history, known as the "rolling labs" scheme, was committed in California in the mid-eighties by two Russian-immigrant brothers, David and Michael Smushkevich. They teamed up with a Yugoslavian physician, invented more than 500 bogus laboratories, and stole tens of thousands of patient identities. They did this in part by offering free physical examinations to health-club members, requesting their insurance information as background, and then stealing their identities. Over the course of a decade, they billed the state of California for over $1 billion, collecting $50 million before they were caught. The fraudulent billing spiked health-insurance premiums for consumers throughout California.

Though Michael Smushkevich was sentenced to 22 years in prison (his brother got only 41 months), the money was never recovered. Some was sent to Tijuana; some was transferred offshore. "No one talked at that point of Russian organized crime, but the Smushkevich case was very much a forerunner," says Mahon. "Today, you need to look no farther than Moscow itself to understand how that phenomenon is transferable."


Russian businessmen, Bizayko claims, threa
SADKO
RESTAURANT TO TAKE OUT
DESIGNER IMPORTED CLOTHING
891-3461

EVEN BY THE STANDARDS OF BRIGHTON BEACH, WHERE Medicare-provider numbers are traded like baseball cards, the audacity of Bizayko's scheme—as well as his apparent willingness to victimize his own fellow émigrés—set him apart. In December 1995, he (or perhaps his associates) placed a small advertisement in *Novoye Russkoye Slovo,* the largest Russian-language newspaper in the U.S., looking to purchase a medical-equipment company. The ad was answered by the wife of an Azerbaijani doctor, who ran a small storefront practice in Brighton Beach, as well as a company we'll call Star Medical Equipment. Star had been a way for the doctor, who asked to be identified only as A.W., to piece together a living during seven years of medical training here. Bizayko set up a meeting with the doctor's wife, L.W., a statuesque woman who works in a beauty parlor.

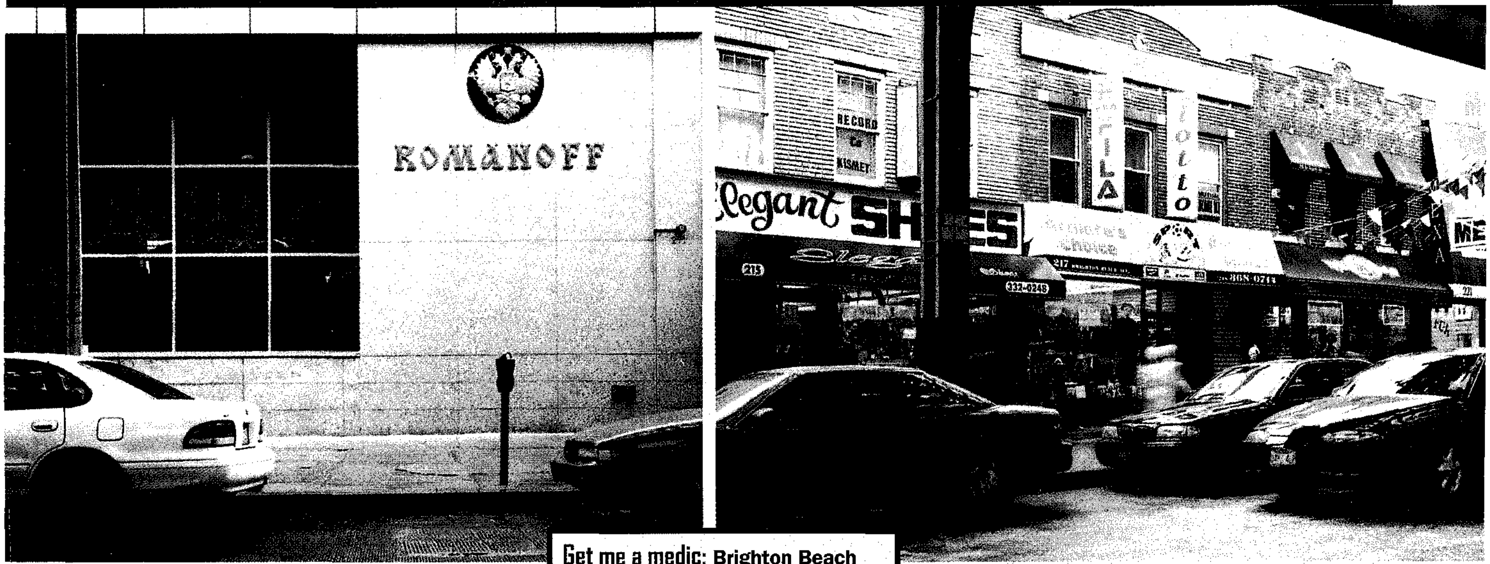
They met in her husband's office, a dank box of a clinic with an almost choking smell of mildew. Bizayko identified himself as Arkadi Osvoski, using a driver's license, the counterfeiter's equivalent of a business card. She recalls his saying, "I would like to buy medical equipment or be a partner." She wanted nothing more than to get rid of the business. At that point, Star Medical Equipment consisted of a few boxes of back braces and neck pillows, $1,000 in a checking account, and a history of frustrated ambitions that the couple hoped to erase with their low-budget medical practice.

Osvoski seemed legitimate. He had a notable smoker's voice, she said, but "he was elegant, clean-shaven." He arrived in a suit and long black coat. He said he would need to show the company papers to his lawyer, who could then evaluate the merits of the purchase. L.W. gave him photocopies. Several days later, Bizayko called to inform L.W. that his lawyer advised against the investment. Dutifully, he returned the papers. "He left. I forget it. He never call again," says L.W.

Almost a full year later, she and her husband were preparing their taxes and realized they had not received a bank statement for Star in months. They called the post office and, according to L.W., were told, " 'Your son came over and asked to change the address of your company.' Our son [the real one] hates this business. In the moment we realize this, I start to call FBI." In December 1996, Jane F. came to her office and showed her photographs. She recognized Bizayko immediately.

"He's one of us," says L.W., seated in the HHS office with her attorney on a frigid November day. "Coming from my community, I never even think about it. It is very bad not to trust." But to trust in what? By offering to sell their Medicare-provider number, the doctor and his wife may have committed a federal offense—unused numbers must be discontinued, not sold. By the logic of L.W., however, Bizayko violated an unspoken code in the Russian community, that of casual and communal fraud. He brought major criminality to a friendly neighborhood system.

ned to hurt his family unless he worked for them and opened up accounts.



Get me a medic: **Brighton Beach entrepreneurs pay doctors hourly rates to make phony diagnoses and submit false Medicare claims.**

WHEN VARANO'S AGENTS TRIED TO RECOVER THE MONEY—EXACTLY $1,560,354.80 of it disappeared—Bizayko claimed to have only $100 in his personal bank account. Yet the émigré retained high-priced criminal defense lawyer Samuel Racer (who last February joined Barry Slotnick on the team that defended Russian crime godfather Vyacheslav Ivankov). On December 18, at Bizayko's sentencing in Brooklyn federal court, Judge Reena Raggi pursued this discrepancy. "I consider this representation that he's got $100 to his name in a checking account to be ludicrous," Raggi exclaimed. "How has he managed to secure retained counsel in the case?"

Racer, wearing a dark double-breasted suit with his hair slicked back into a ponytail, consulted briefly with Bizayko. He then reiterated part of what his client had already told investigators, some of which he had stated in a written confession. Bizayko had not been acting alone but was hired as a mule. Wealthy Russian businessmen had threatened to hurt his family members in Russia unless he worked for them and opened up bank accounts. He described the boss of the scheme as a Russian man named Volodya, five feet nine, 180 pounds, with a "wide black mustache." Bizayko's account was bolstered by another Russian immigrant, Mikhail Pasekov, who was arrested for participating in a similar scheme and sentenced to six months' home detention. Pasekov, who lived within blocks of Bizayko, also identified Volodya as his boss. He declined to speak with *New York.*

Racer told the court, "[Bizayko] was receiving 5 percent of the proceeds for doing these tasks, opening up the accounts, acting as the front for an individual by the name of, I believe, Vladimir, who is at present, to his knowledge, in Russia." By this explanation, Bizayko is a small fish, which is why Varano's people, particularly Jane F., continue to pursue his associates ardently.

Martin Coffey, the assistant U.S. Attorney who prosecuted Bizayko in federal court, concludes, "Too much money was moved too fast for this to be a loose group of individuals operating independently." He explains that agents did ultimately seize a little over $200,000 from a variety of accounts. "But there's a tremendous amount of money missing. I don't think Mr. Bizayko has the whole million, but it was moved to other people."

In court, Bizayko appeared chastened. His face was sunken, and he wore shaded glasses in addition to pale-blue prison garb and slip-on sneakers without laces. In his raspy voice, he told the judge, "I apologize for the acts I committed. It was a pure accident. I got involved in it by other people, and I'm very sorry. I can assure Your Honor that this will never happen to me again."

Of course, this is a useful explanation for Bizayko to make if he acted alone and happened to stash away, or somehow spend, the $1.5 million. It is also useful for the numerous agencies seeking funding to expand organized-crime task forces; the threat of mob involvement helps them ratchet up the drama of their work and gain political, and financial, support.

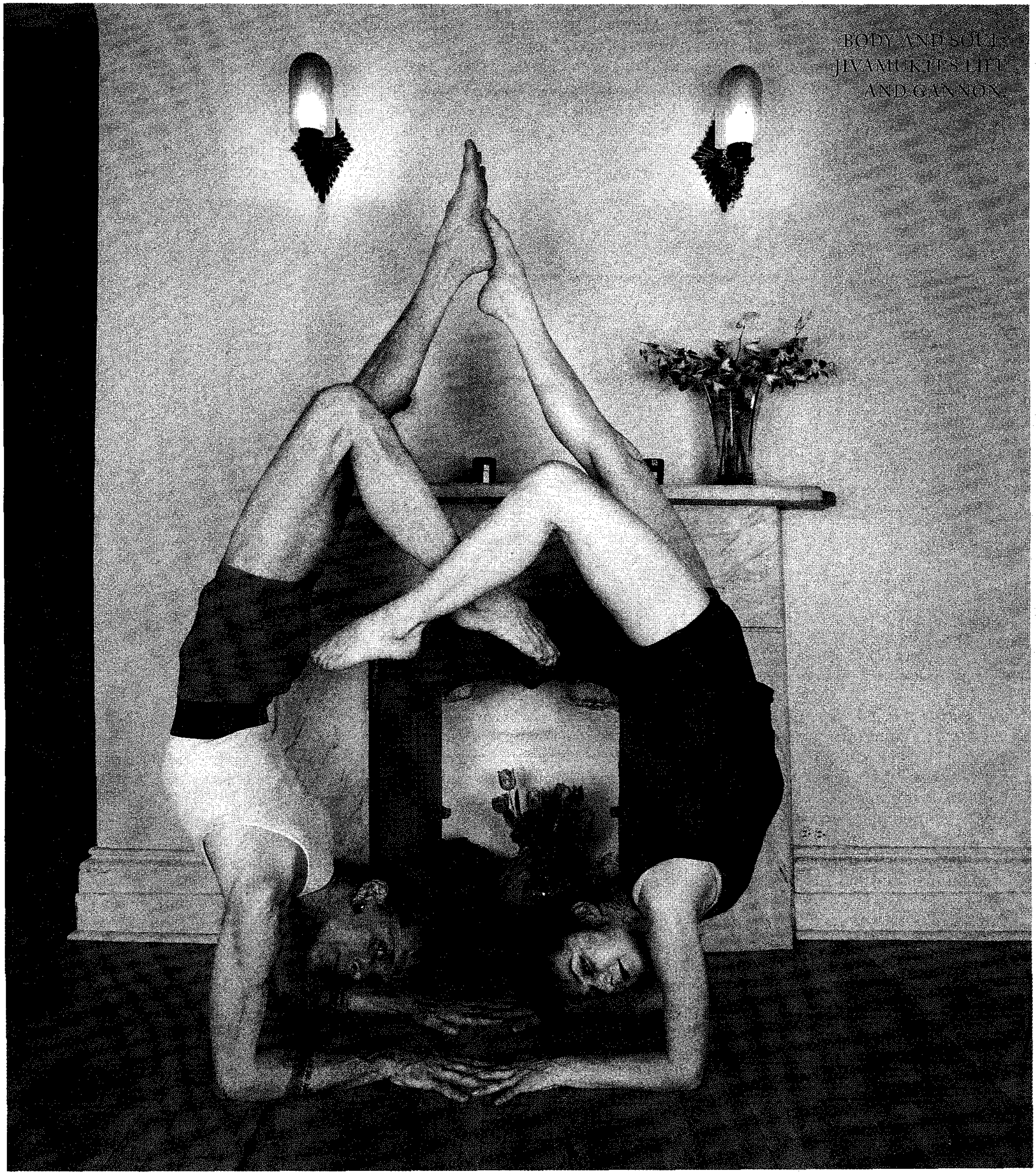
But many believe that the mob threat is overrated. "Everyone's got an organized-crime task force," says Louis Parisi, vice-president of fraud investigation and detection at Empire Blue Cross Blue Shield. "But you can count on your left hand the [mobsters] they've caught for health-care fraud."

The FBI, which has run a New York City squad devoted to health-care fraud since 1992, similar- *(continued on page 78)*

Photographs by Julie Johnson.

These days, Manhattan's two top yoga studios, JIV

YOGA'S BIG



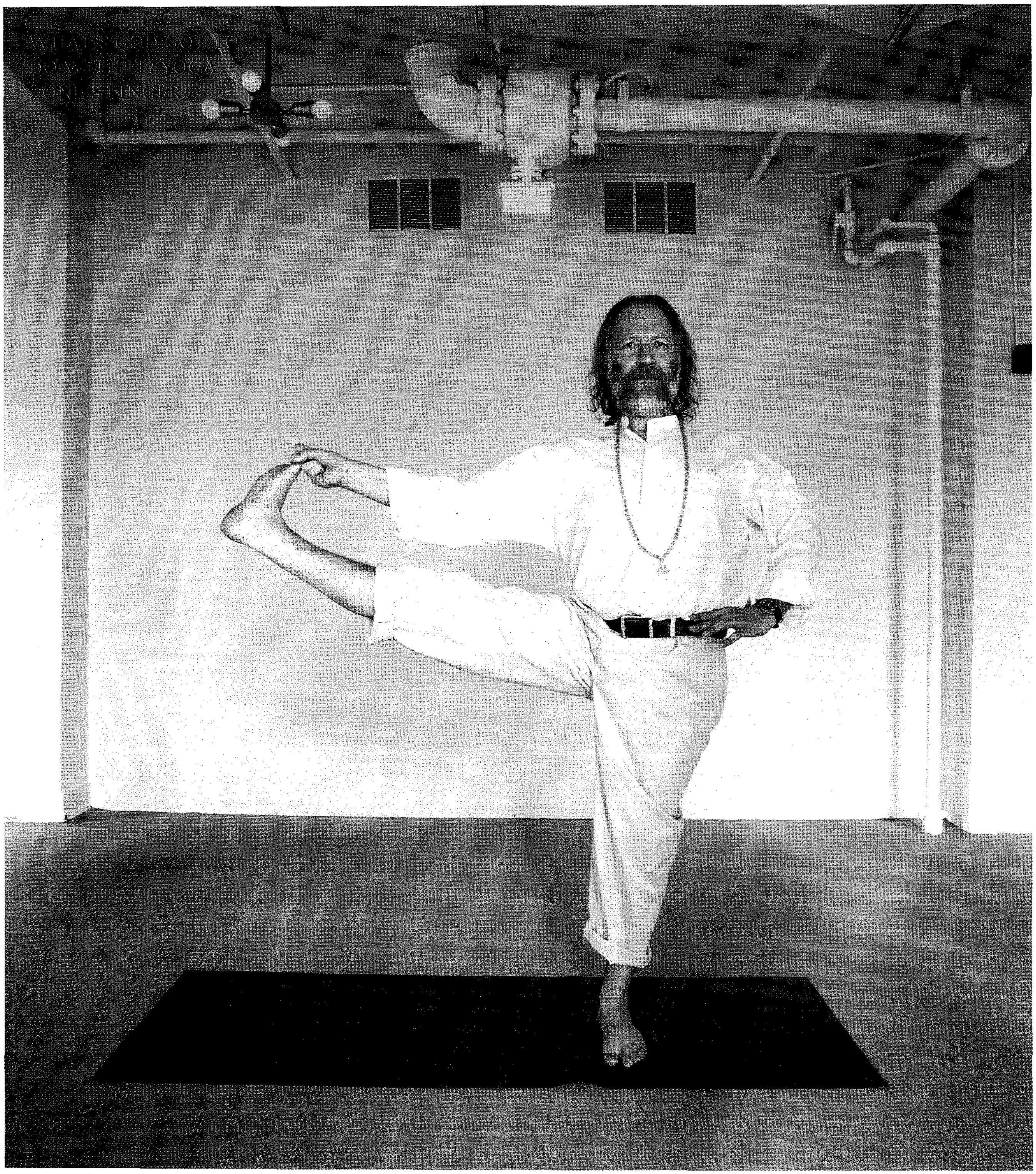
BODY AND SOUL: JIVAMUKTI'S LIFE AND GANNON.

expansion—hiking fees, moving to bigger digs, opening bo

UKTI *and* YOGA ZONE, *are chanting the mantra of*

STRETCH

Photographed by David Barry



WHAT'S GOD GOT TO DO WITH IT? YOGA ONE'S FINGER

iques. Just don't call them competitors. BY MARK JOLLY

IN AN AIRLESS, LOW-LIT ROOM ON SECOND AVENUE that's painted in purple and turquoise, Sharon Gannon snakes her way among the closely parked, partly pierced, mostly beautiful, all-white young people contorting their bodies in impossible-seeming ways. More than once during the one-hour-35-minute session, she reminds them that this is something "normal people" don't do.

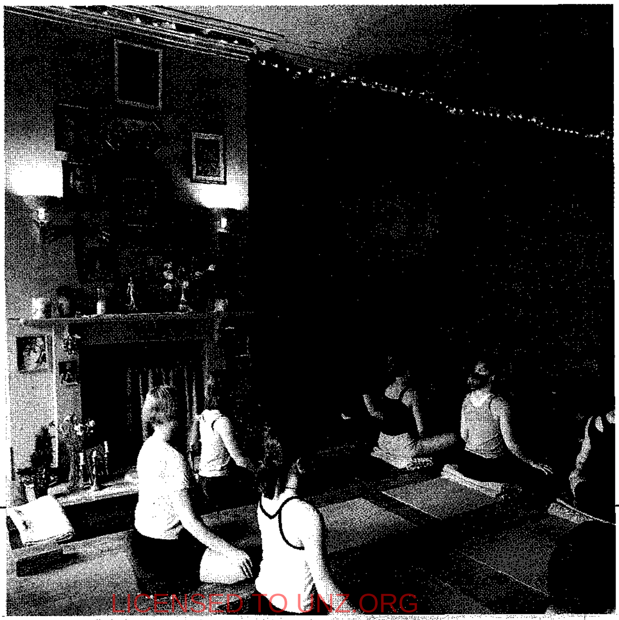
"Shift your identity toward the immortal," she urges softly. "We're tuning in to the cosmic station." Jangly Indian music gives way to Van Morrison. Communal sweat fogs the windows. At one point, as 30 people exhale slowly in unison, it feels like Darth Vader has joined us. By the end, Gannon, who appears to have perfected the jet-black-hair-dark-eye-shadow-gold-nose-stud look, has me lying down in the dark, joining in the meditation mantras. She is rubbing what smells suspiciously like Vicks VapoRub on the back of my neck, and I am thinking: *They could do with a bit more space around here.*

Space—9,000 square feet of it—is exactly what the Jivamukti Yoga Center is getting when it moves next week to new digs on Lafayette Street. Gannon and her co-director, David Life, describe it as the biggest yoga studio in America, an interdisciplinary, interfaith gathering place where one can take classes in Sanskrit and the *Bhagavad-Gita* as well as yoga, or see dance performances, all in one building replete with an entrance-hall waterfall, a meditation room, and a huge studio.

Jivamukti's new downstairs neighbor happens to be Crunch, which, like most other fitness centers, has begun offering its own yoga classes. Nevertheless, Gannon and Life appear to have turned the holistic-health-care bandwagon to their advantage. Several Jivamukti teachers already give classes elsewhere—including at Crunch, whose CEO, Doug Levine, is himself a student of Gannon and Life's and has welcomed them despite a lease that allows him to bar competing businesses from the building.

The real battle for minds and muscle is taking place within several yoga subcultures setting up ever-bigger shops around town. Now that the practice has reached a critical and spiritual—not to mention celebrity—mass, yoga has become big business for those very people who practice disconnection from the material world. People like Yoga Zone founder Alan Finger, a 51-year-old South African whose two Manhattan studios together equal Jivamukti's new center. He, too, plans to open a big new space, in midtown, this year.

PRETZEL LOGIC: AT JIVAMUKTI, SPIRITUALISM AND PUSHING YOURSELF BEYOND YOUR LIMITS.



Tutored by his father, Kavi Yogiraj Mani Finger, Finger left Johannesburg in 1976 to start his own studios in the States, first in Washington, D.C., then in Los Angeles, where twelve years ago he opened up Yoga Works, teaching Barbra Streisand, Robin Williams, Bob Dylan, and other celebrities. But having sown the seeds of L.A.'s yoga boom, Finger packed up and moved east in 1988 because of his students' relentless fixation on who was showing up to stretch. "Your merit as a teacher in L.A. is judged by who's in your class," he says. "In New York, there was less glamour. Yoga is the star, not these people."

Of the handful of credible yoga centers in the city, each fills its own niche. Sivananda, which set up shop here in the early sixties, is perhaps the most respected of the old-guard studios, with ashrams around the world. Patanjali is the place for *ashtanga* purists, who practice a highly aerobic form sometimes referred to as power yoga. Iyengar, the first to develop the use of belts and blocks, has been dubbed furniture yoga.

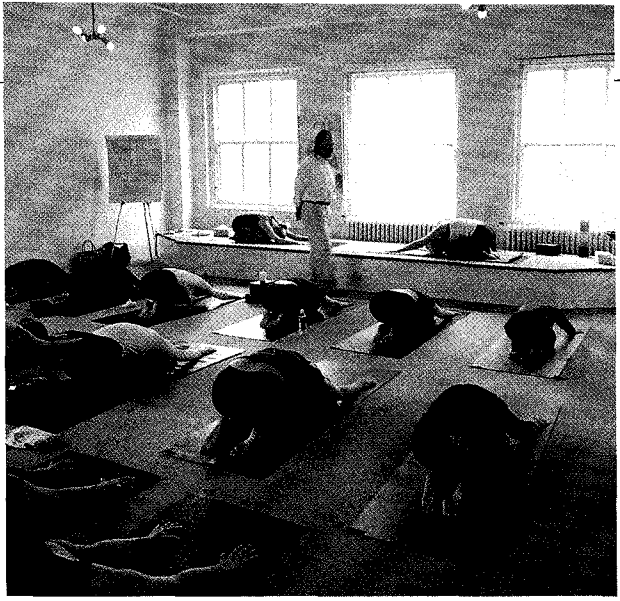
The most commercialized contenders—Jivamukti and Yoga Zone—are amalgams of styles and cater to distinct clientele, as reflected by their locations and, to a lesser extent, their prices (they both charge more than most gyms). Jivamukti, whose fees recently jumped from $750 to $1,200 a year, regards itself as a youthful, downtown beacon for seekers (more than 300 a day, which may well double at the new center) of the light. Yoga Zone's midtown mothership attracts a higher quotient of stressed-out suits (Finger refuses to discuss numbers). The school even operates a "yoga at work" program, offering sessions in your own office. Membership runs to $1,480 a year.

Jivamukti and Yoga Zone both lay claim to the title of top studio in New York—even as they vehemently decry any suggestion that they might actually be in competition with each other. The very notion of rivalry, I am told emphatically, is essentially non-yogic (the word *yoga* does, after all, mean "union"); both add that they make a point of encouraging their students and teachers to seek out other schools. "We don't want them to be kept in the dark," Gannon says. "That doesn't promote yoga; that promotes fear, and we don't have anything to be afraid of."

"I don't even consider Jivamukti in my mind as anything, I just teach my teachings," says Finger, a barrel-chested grizzly bear of a man with small, kind, hooded eyes and an ever-present necklace of meditation beads. "Where did we all get our techniques, Jivamukti and us? They were handed down from the seers of yoga through the centuries. They are tools, and they can't be claimed. It's not for someone to say, 'My hammer is better than your hammer'; it's how you use your hammer."

Notwithstanding centuries of magnanimous hammering, the fact remains that within only months of each other, both centers are (a) opening megaspaces, (b) increasing their merchandising (Jivamukti boasts a new boutique; Yoga Zone has launched a mail-order catalogue that includes a line of clothing designed by Finger's wife and co-founder, Greta Finger), and (c) producing their own videos (Jivamukti has enlisted devotee Willem Dafoe; Yoga Zone has joined forces with Buns of Steel maestro Howard Maier). In 1996–97, there was a 26 percent decrease in exercise-video sales, according to VideoScan, Inc., which tracks retail sales of videotapes. Yet *Yoga Journal*'s "Yoga for Beginners" was 1997's seventh-best-selling exercise video in a pack of around 100 on the market.

FOR THE PAST NINE YEARS, GANNON and Life have been trying to change the face of yoga in the West through their unapologetically God-centered



BE HERE NOW: AT YOGA ZONE, BEGINNER-FRIENDLY STUDIOS—AND LOTS OF STARS.

method (Jivamukti comes from *Jivanmukti,* Sanskrit for "liberation of the soul").

"Our project from the very beginning has been to respiritualize the practices," says Life, whose deep, narcotic tones and hollowed cheeks lend him something of an Iggy Pop mystique. "Yoga is a tool for realization of the self, not for creating big muscles."

Despite their cramped East Village studios and despite—or perhaps because of—their take-it-or-leave-it attitude, Gannon, 46, and Life, 47, have attracted a following that verges on the cultlike. Boldface acolytes include Dafoe and Christy Turlington; Sting and his wife, film producer Trudie Styler, recently hosted a ten-day Jivamukti retreat at their new villa in Tuscany, and are traveling with Gannon and Life to India in March.

"Someone said they're the wild children of yoga, but if anything they're the most traditional exponents in New York City because they teach it as a religious concept," says Sting, who has practiced *ashtanga* for seven years and claims—tongue loosely lodged in cheek—that it enables him to make love for as long as seven hours at a go ("that's counting dinner and a movie").

Three years ago, however, he became a Jivamukti convert. "I'm pretty fit, and I was humiliated by the whole practice because I simply couldn't do it," says the 46-year-old king of pain, who these days commutes from his English country estate to New York more often than he does to London. "There are some people there who can twist themselves into a pretzel."

Gannon and Life began their own tantric journey in 1983. He had been running Life Cafe on Avenue B since the late seventies; she was waitressing there and had broken a vertebra. After considering surgery and deciding it was too great a risk, she sought out yoga classes, which she credits with saving her. Life tagged along, too; four years later, they founded Jivamukti.

In 1992, despite his misgivings, Life became a monk at the prompting of his guru. After two and a half years of poverty, celibacy, and sartorial surrender, he renounced his vows, having found that instead of making life simpler, monkhood had made him a celebrity—"the most sought-after bachelor in Manhattan," Gannon says. Their own on-again, off-again relationship, they say, is "sort of" back on these days. "There's a little bit of romance on the odd weekend," Life quips, "but most of the time we work."

Life says his years of celibacy were simply part of an overall commitment to Jivamukti's principle of transcending the material world. As Christy Turlington puts it: "When you're standing on your head, you can't think about what you've just done or what you're going to do, these little details in life that drive us all crazy. You shut yourself off from the outside world, and when you leave, you're, like, floating."

Transcendence is one thing; jeopardy is another. All but one of the six Jivamukti students I spoke with said they had been injured as a result of the center's work-through-the-pain philosophy. One student claimed that different teachers taught contradictory moves. Several other students were hurt because of aggressive hands-on assisting when teachers trying to correct their posture had pushed them beyond discomfort. Another student confided that she had damaged her back: "I was so addicted to that place, it destroyed me. You want to know something really psycho? I went back and reinjured myself. The whole time, I was in pain, looking like an idiot, with these people who could be in the circus." And, she says, she can't wait to go back.

"This one woman was saying, 'This is too much for me,' but it was her head that was saying it," says Marni Task, a Jivamukti teacher of a year and a half. "How do you grow in your mind if you're constantly saying you can't?"

That attitude is, in fact, part of Jivamukti culture; danger, Life tells me, is what Jivamukti is all about. "The practice of yoga is intended to be extreme," he insists. "It's not intended to make the body more healthy. The intention is to put your personality at risk."

Jivamukti's yearlong teaching program involves 2,000 hours of training. Nevertheless, Yoga's safety problems today, says pioneering yogameister Mark Becker, who started out with Serenity in 1975 (perhaps best remembered for the nude, coed sauna), lie in the absence of a certification process. "I certified only 10 percent of all the people who wanted to teach," says Becker. "It's great that there's more and more people teaching it these days, but I see more and more injuries."

Having built a 36-year reputation fronting the most beginner-friendly schools around, Alan Finger recognizes the dangers, too. "You *can* hurt yourself very much from yoga," says Finger, who sits on an advisory board at Oxford Health Plans, a health-maintenance organization that will subsidize some of the cost of yoga work with accredited schools and teachers. "We're more concerned with the individual's growth than with putting you through a gymnastic class."

HAVING NEVER TAKEN A YOGA CLASS IN MY LIFE, I recently attended an advanced-intermediate gathering at Yoga Zone's Fifth Avenue studio. First I signed a release form absolving the place from responsibility for any injuries I might sustain (a convention of most centers and gyms). The instructor, Charles, introduced himself to the class of twenty, most of whom would not have looked out of place at Jivamukti. Unlike the Jivamukti leaders, he actually demonstrated the postures himself and, in between some of the more challenging ones, he made us run around, loosen up, and "get silly."

Whereas Sharon Gannon had prodded her students to "go past what you think you can do," Charles emphasized the importance of stretching within one's limits. "Don't strain," he repeated, beaming a permanent smile—but not one of those hologram smiles you see on NY1 anchors. "Relax. Find your strength through your breath." His approach, though lacking the electric exuberance of Jivamukti's, made me feel safe. I even managed to keep up with two

(continued on page 78)

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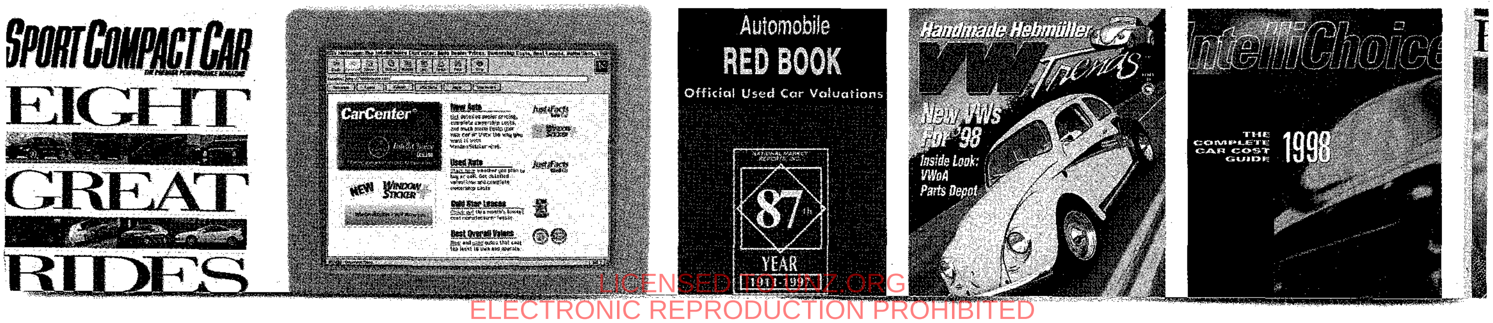
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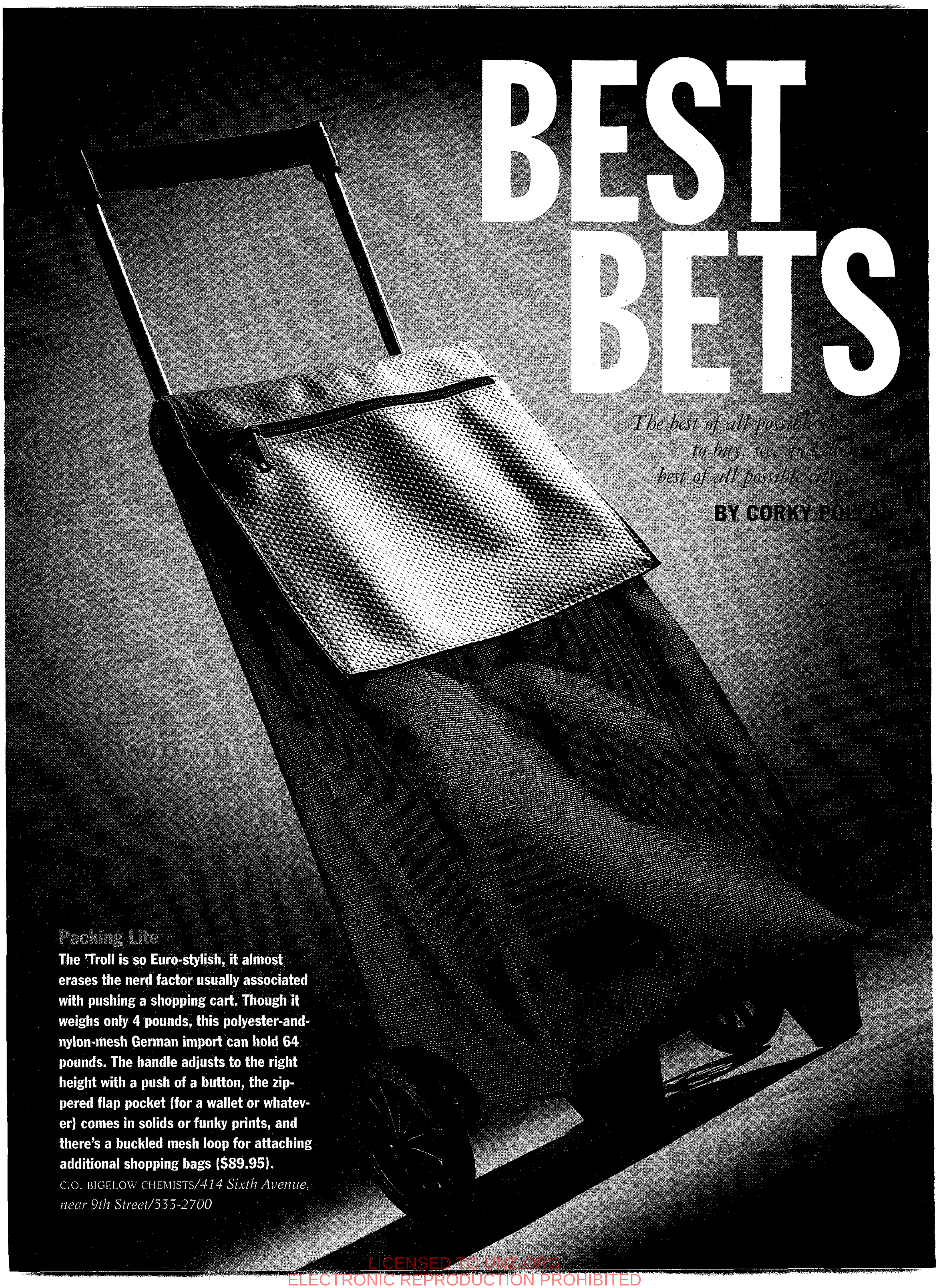
BEST BETS

*The best of all possible things
to buy, see, and do in the
best of all possible cities.*

BY CORKY POLLAN



Packing Lite

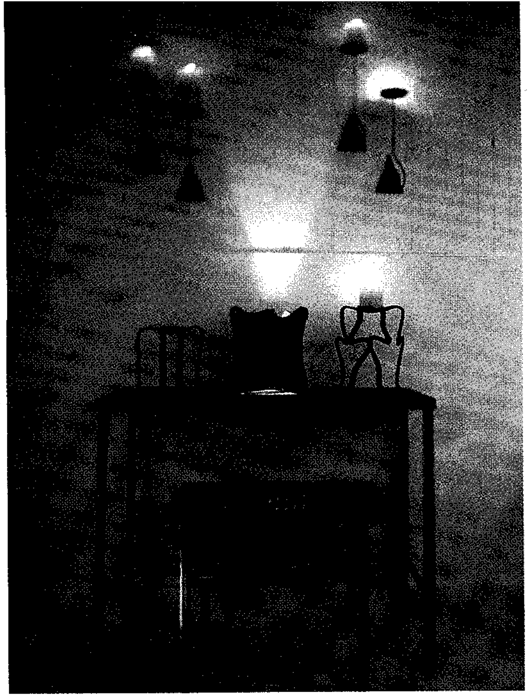
The 'Troll is so Euro-stylish, it almost erases the nerd factor usually associated with pushing a shopping cart. Though it weighs only 4 pounds, this polyester-and-nylon-mesh German import can hold 64 pounds. The handle adjusts to the right height with a push of a button, the zippered flap pocket (for a wallet or whatever) comes in solids or funky prints, and there's a buckled mesh loop for attaching additional shopping bags ($89.95).

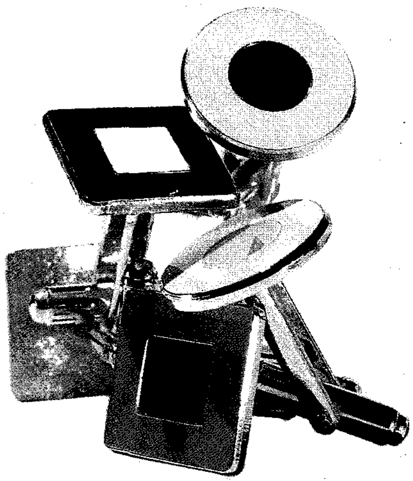
C.O. BIGELOW CHEMISTS/*414 Sixth Avenue, near 9th Street/533-2700*

Machines for Living

Synchromesh—what an apt name for this crowded depot for handmade metal furniture. Many of the pieces in Felisa Dell's jam-packed store were inspired by industrial or farm machinery (like David Gelfman's console, which uses gearshifts to open drawers). Dell is a painter herself, but she's created a haven for local metalworkers, many of whom live in the meatpacking district. At Synchromesh, you'll find Peter Haas's holey stainless-steel chairs, Michael Daniel's rolling shopping-cart tables, David Boyajian's elongated candlesticks, and Sam Kretschmer's "trough" tables (from $50 for a wall sconce to $450 for an end table to $7,200 for a convertible futon sofa bed).

SYNCHROMESH/*26 Ninth Avenue, near 13th Street/989-8856*





Cuff Guy

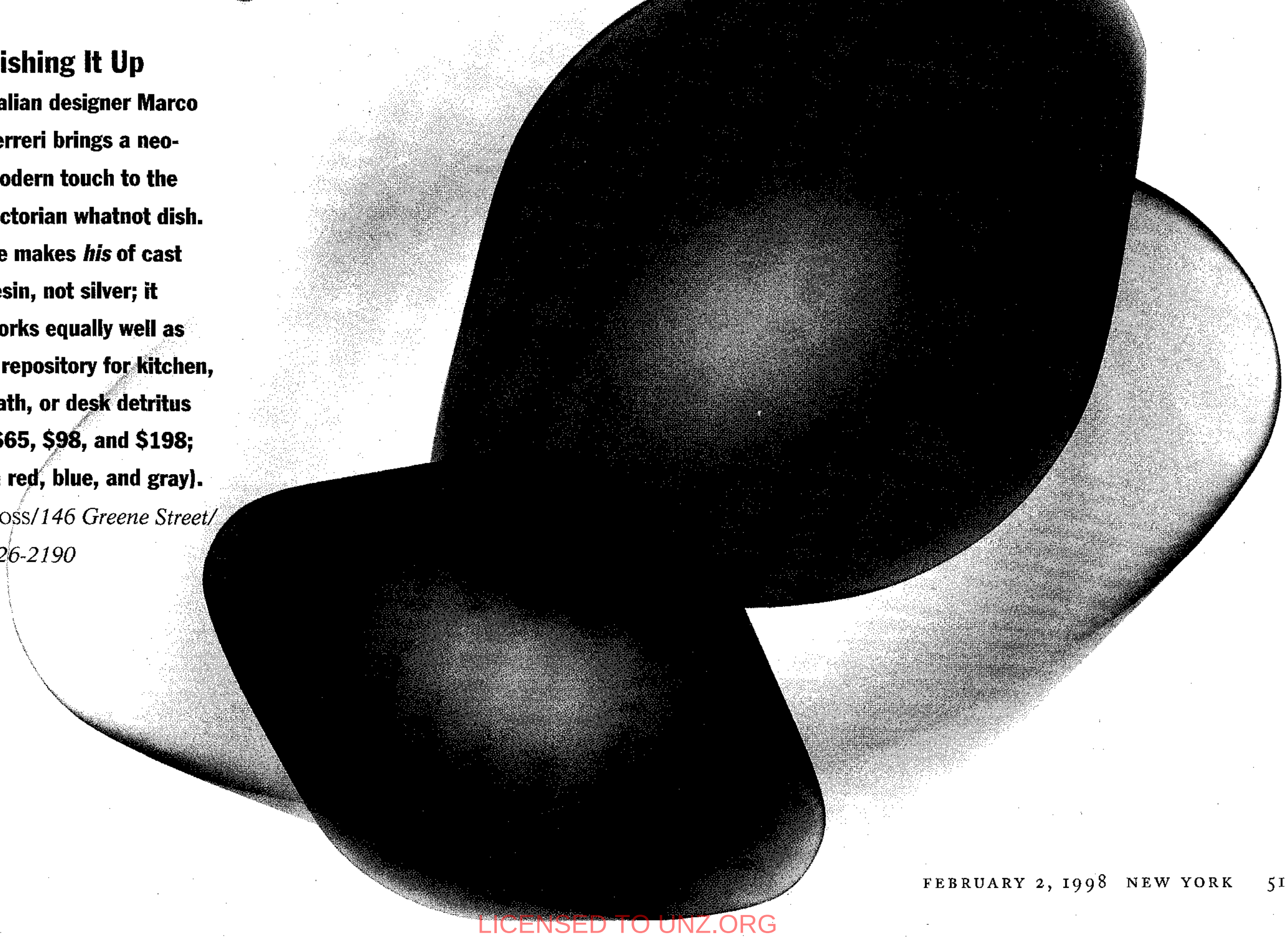
Jekyll & Hyde, known for men's clothing that's heavy on cheeky Brit style, adds sass to shirting with these geometric cuff links. They're the latest from Simon Carter, an Englishman who gave up a career in medicine for one as an accessories designer: His cuff links are handmade in South London of enamel with silver or gold-plated fittings ($50).

JEKYLL & HYDE MENSWEAR/*93 Greene Street/966-8503*

Dishing It Up

Italian designer Marco Ferreri brings a neo-modern touch to the Victorian whatnot dish. He makes *his* of cast resin, not silver; it works equally well as a repository for kitchen, bath, or desk detritus ($65, $98, and $198; in red, blue, and gray).

MOSS/*146 Greene Street/ 226-2190*



Photographs: left and bottom right, Nedjeljko Matura; center, Joshua McHugh; top right, Kenneth Chen.

SALES & BARGAINS ONDINE COHANE

Private Sweets

Hidden from **the storefront mêlée,** *Miss Pym's little-girl finery; floral arrangements by subscription; and a Far East jeweler at* **far below retail.**

THE IDEA OF COUTURE FOR CHILDREN might sound over-the-top. But the designs at Miss Pym—makers of dresses, suits, and coats for girls—come off as exquisitely constructed and simple, not precious. At its sample sale (sizes for 3- to 10-year-old girls): velvet swing coat, was $485, now $215; sleeveless duppione-silk dresses with matching jackets, were $280, now $135; miscellaneous cotton and silk samples, were $165–$445, now $80–$225. *Miss Pym, 1025 Fifth Ave., near 83rd St. (879-9530); M.C., V.; Thurs.–Sat. 10–7, by appointment only; 1/29–1/31.*

Roses Fall

FINDING AN OUTSTANDING ARRANGEMENT of flowers is no easy feat. But Arthur Brantley's stand out from the rest. Valentine's specials: one dozen roses, were $107, here $70; two dozen roses, were $200, now $125; one year of weekly flowers, was $5,000, now $3,370; one year of monthly flowers, was $975.24, now $780. *Arthur Brantley Fine Flowers, 117 W. 28th St. (947-2963); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 8–5; through 2/13.*

Perennial delivery: Arthur Brantley's weekly bouquets.

Fabric of the Neighborhood

RICHARD HARARY HAS THE MARK OF A MAN who owns his own business—he knows every bolt of material in his store. Imported fabrics, were $19.95–$125, now $10–$62.50; custom-made sofa, was $3,100, now $1,900; custom balloon and Roman shades, were $18–$20 per square foot, now $12; custom-upholstered headboards, were $495–$695, now $295 and $375 (shade and headboard prices exclude fabric and installation); custom upholstery and slipcovers, 25 percent off. *Richard's Interior Design, 1390 Lexington Ave., near 91st St. (831-9000); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, Thurs. till 7, Sat. 10–5, Sun. 11–5; 1/26–2/28.*

Trio Brio

ONE OF THE SMALL FUN-TO-browse shops on Elizabeth Street, orio.trio sells a great selection of collectible china and glassware. At its sale, everything in the store will be 10 percent off and there will be $1–$5 baskets filled with odds and ends from sets. In addition, items like Russel Wright American Modern dinnerware set in pink, was $250, now $175. *orio.trio, 248 Elizabeth St. (219-1501); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sat. 12–7, Sun. till 6; 2/1–2/15.*

Waterworks

ONE OF THE STORES CAUGHT IN the Flatiron "flood," 10/10 Optics is having a sale to make up for the days of business it lost. l.a. Eyeworks, Kata, Bada, Mossimo, DKNY, and others that we can't mention will be 50 to 70 percent off. *10/10 Optics, 168 Fifth Ave., near 21st St. (366-1010); 1010 Second Ave., near 54th St. (753-7733); 187-10 Union Turnpike, Jamaica Estates (718-454-0770); A.E., M.C., V.; call for hours; 2/1–2/28.*

Miss Pym's confectionery couture.

Second Shifts

FOR THE BRIDES-TO-BE WHO DON'T MIND A wedding dress that's been worn before, a wide selection of Michael's gowns (including Vera Wang and Scaasi) is going on sale. The dresses originally retailed for $500–$2,500; here, they're $199 apiece. *Michael's Consignment Shop, 1041 Madison Ave., nr. 79th St. (737-7273); cash only; Sun. 12–5; 2/1.*

Heart of the Deal

TO ENCOURAGE PEOPLE TO BUY MORE THAN flowers as a present on Valentine's Day, the third-generation Japanese jewelry company Kazto is having a sample sale. For example: gold-and-diamond heart pendants with chain, retail $1,250, here $547; gold-and-diamond stack rings, retail $400, here $175. *Kazto, 136 E. 57th St. (308-5081); checks accepted; by appointment only; 2/4–2/6.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

BOOKS WALTER KIRN

Tough Chaps Don't Dance

In 'Night Train,' Martin Amis wanders into a dark alley: His novel about hard-bitten American detectives is a stiff.

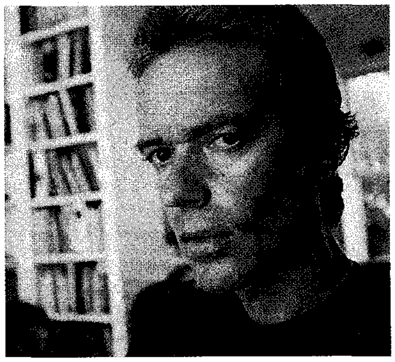
Night Train
BY MARTIN AMIS
Harmony Books/Crown; 175 pages; $20

IF WRITERS, LIKE COMEDIANS OR SINGERS, COULD ONLY hear themselves bombing as they worked, it's likely that certain books would be cut short after the first few leaden sentences. Such might have been the case with Martin Amis's **Night Train,** in which the hip and witty British novelist gives us his deadly serious impression of a jaded American cop and ends up sounding a bit like Elton John attempting gangsta rap.

Just have a listen: "You were losing her, weren't you, Trader. She wanted out from under you, Trader, and you could feel it. Maybe she was already seeing someone else. Maybe not. But it was over. Oh, come on, man. It's everyday. You know how it is, Professor. There are popular songs about it. Get on the bus, Gus. Drop off the key, Lee."

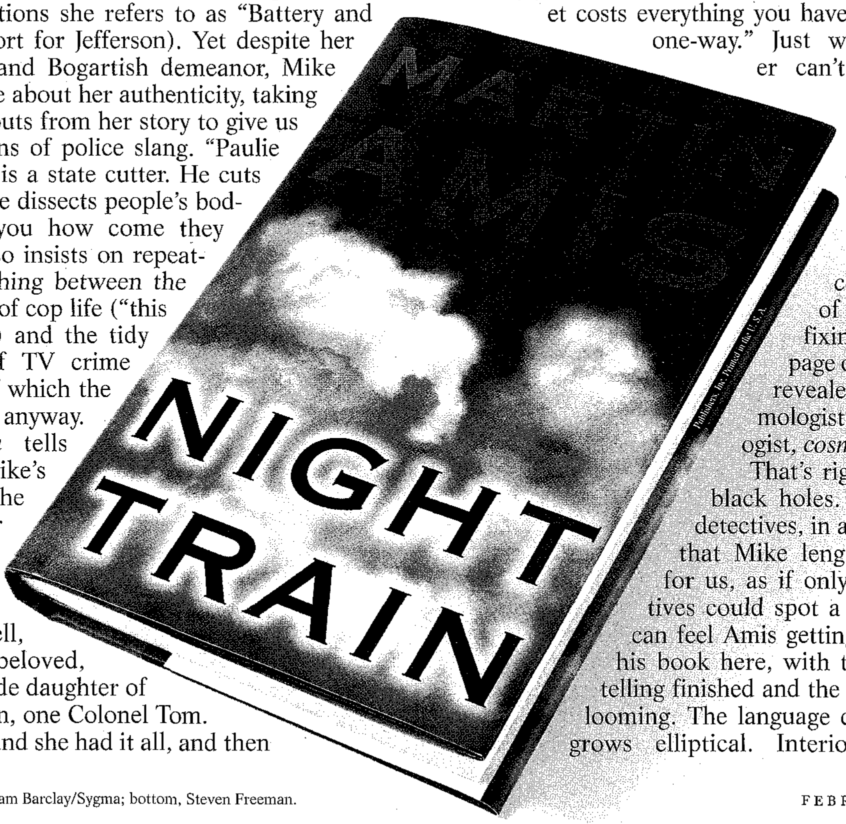
That's homicide detective Mike Hoolihan talking, and don't you forget it, bud. Amis—whose artistic curveballs announce their flight paths the moment they leave his hand—makes Iron Mike a woman for novelty's sake, but otherwise she's a central-casting tough guy. She's a chain-smoker (check) and recovering boozer (check) whose "pale blue eyes" have "seen everything" (check). She works in a nameless coastal metropolis, one of whose intersections she refers to as "Battery and Jeff" (that's short for Jefferson). Yet despite her gritty résumé and Bogartish demeanor, Mike seems defensive about her authenticity, taking frequent time-outs from her story to give us quick definitions of police slang. "Paulie No, as we say, is a state cutter. He cuts for the state. He dissects people's bodies and tells you how come they died." Mike also insists on repeatedly distinguishing between the raw actualities of cop life ("this is reality, pal") and the tidy conventions of TV crime shows, most of which the book falls into, anyway.

Night Train tells the story of Mike's "worst" case, the suicide—or was it murder?—of a certain Jennifer Rockwell, the brilliant, beloved, beautiful, blonde daughter of a top policeman, one Colonel Tom. "She had it all and she had it all, and then she had some more," Mike says of Jennifer, trying on her best Philip Marlowe drawl. (Maybe there's a literary joke here: Amis, a Brit, is writing a "real" American who talks at times like a fictional American created by Raymond Chandler, another Brit). What puzzles Mike about Jennifer's suicide, besides the fact that she had everything to live for, is that she managed to shoot herself three times. Still, Mike is reluctant to investigate. In one of her life-vs.-television spiels, she assures us that making a murder look like a suicide is virtually impossible. She takes the case because Colonel Tom is a loyal friend; he let her withdraw from liquor in his spare room.



A stretch of routine detective work comes next. Mike interrogates suspects, checks out tips, interviews witnesses. The action hardly seems worthy of Amis's gifts (at least as we've come to know them from earlier novels), and the *noir* atmospherics are strictly stock-footage, even though Amis treats them like epiphanies. "Suicide is the night train, speeding your way to darkness. . . . You buy your ticket and you climb on board. That ticket costs everything you have. But it's just a one-way." Just when the reader can't take another bite of these hard-boiled leftovers in a can, things turn philosophical, however, and *Night Train* becomes the novel of ideas it's been fixing to be since page one. Jennifer, it's revealed, was a cosmologist. Not cosmetologist, *cosmologist.*

That's right, she studied black holes. As do murder detectives, in a sense—a sense that Mike lengthily interprets for us, as if only trained detectives could spot a metaphor. You can feel Amis getting excited about his book here, with the basic storytelling finished and the fat abstractions looming. The language compacts itself, grows elliptical. Interior monologues



Elton John does gangsta rap: Amis's new book has its moments, but the author's ear fails him.

Photographs: top, Graham Barclay/Sygma; bottom, Steven Freeman.

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crowd out straight descriptions. Symbols crash from the sky like burned-out booster rockets. The question becomes not whether Jennifer killed herself but why she did. And what about the Big Bang? No, not the sound of a gunshot in the night, though that's significant, too—but the sound of space-time itself being born. "The universe was still the size of your living room until the big telescopes came along," discourses Jennifer's boyfriend, a fellow cosmologist. "And I believe, as Jennifer did, that when all this kicks in, this information that's only sixty or seventy years old, we'll have a very different view of our place and purpose here. . . . The revolution is coming, Detective."

The revolution comes too late. The story has already imploded by this time, disappearing up its own black hole. Amis has so mishandled the small stuff—people, places, voices—that he's forfeited his right to handle the large stuff. His leap into spacey existentialism lacks a solid platform. Worse, he underestimates the genre he's supposedly paying tribute to. The American detective novel doesn't require lectures on cosmology to spook and alienate the reader any more than British drawing-room comedy needs panel discussions of class and gender roles to make an audience laugh at social mores.

The book has an element of cross-cultural posturing, as if Amis were trying to wow the folks back home with his insights into all things stateside: "American cities like to fix it so that their seats of learning are surrounded by war zones." Unfortunately, the America Amis captures might as well be South America. Mike's speech is peppered with antique swinger talk ("he balled the wife"), and the TV series that he cites—*Perry Mason, The Defenders, Car 54, Where Are You?*—have mostly vanished, except in Third World reruns. For a book so concerned with tweaking popular culture, its sense of what's shaking in Hollywood these days is pretty limited. Every "quality" cop show since *Hill Street Blues* has traded in the same ironies, ambiguities, sarcasms, and ambivalences that Amis behaves as if he'd just invented. Mike's jab at TV-addled jurors—"They want commercials every ten minutes or it never happened"—isn't exactly breaking news. Nor is calling alcoholism "suicide on the installment plan."

Night Train has its moments. There's an autopsy scene with startling acoustics, a hotel barroom that reeks of real martinis, a paragraph of description here and there that rises above ordinary pulp. Plus, the book is short, its pacing swift enough to carry us through the mucky ruminations on Being and Nothingness. The little things that Amis gets right, however, can't redeem the one big thing he gets wrong. His arty cop talk just doesn't cut it, man. ■

SHORTS

IF YOU ARE FEMALE, UNDER 30, WORKING IN the New York media, and have been or expect to be dumped, Laura Zigman's **Animal Husbandry** (Dial Press; $22.95) is about your life. Zigman turns your heartache into a scientifically explainable behavior pattern. Her New Cow Theory is the answer to late-night cries of "Will I ever love again?" Only after you find a Bull for whom you are New Cow. Once you are known (in the Biblical sense), you'll henceforth be Old Cow to him. Zigman gets the details right: the West Village studio, the best friend who has her calls held while you commiserate, the queasy disgust on a man's face when you eat Häagen-Dazs out of the container. What her snappy dialogue can't fix is the lonely inter-Bull period.

ALEXANDRA LANGE

IN THE PRECISE, PRETTY FIRST PAGES OF Alice McDermott's **Charming Billy** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $21), friends and family at the protagonist's wake consider his life from the ends of a long banquet table—*a terrible failure,* they whisper, *what a shame.* The lyrically tender novel explores the key events in Billy's downward plunge—the job and house and girl he couldn't get, the drinking habit, the expectations for his own life that diminished to a speck. To add the sense of a myth in the making, McDermott chooses a narrator who barely knew the man and is simply relating tales she heard and making up the rest. And though she's expert at dispensing gloomy, dismaying wisdom about life, she often underimagines Billy: Someone would "turn to see Billy bobbing through the traffic, heading [over]. 'How are you?' 'How's things?' Shaking hands and slapping their fresh newspapers on each other's back. 'Good to see you.' " Not exactly a fireside anecdote for the grandkids.

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

FOR A REVIEW OF DAVID BOWMAN'S **Bunny Modern** (Little, Brown; $21.95) to avoid the words *pistol-packing nanny* would be an insult to the spirit of Bowman's futuristic farce. His nannies pack Glocks, Colts, even sawed-off shotguns, all in the name of baby protection. Conception has become so rare, in the book's darkened America, that the few babies there are squall under constant threat of kidnapping. The hardened child-care providers snort Vengeance, a drug designed to produce tough-love schizophrenia: While they will lay down their lives for their charges, these nannies hate the sight of a nappy. It gets zanier, and more cutting, from there, as Bowman introduces Lit Wear (best garment: an "I Could Not Stop for Death" blouse); the dancing Lindy family; and a mind-meld technique known as sheldraking. Like Mark Leyner without the dirty jokes, or Mark O'Donnell without the camp, Bowman is spinning a future out of our worst nightmares of pretension.

A.L.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Maple Leaf *Rag*

Toronto impresario Garth Drabinsky opens his new Broadway palace with 'Ragtime'—a musical based on a novel as American as jazz.

A MOSAIC, MADE OF TESSERAE, USUALLY TELLS A story. A crazy quilt, made of rags, does not. *Ragtime,* the novel, tried to be both. It interwove the stories of three groups—Wasp, black, and Jewish immigrant—against a background of early-twentieth-century America: eccentric, bumptious, chaotic. **Ragtime: The Musical** attempts to be mostly mosaic: connect, make sense, tell a story. But also keep some of the eccentricities and extremes—Evelyn Nesbit, Harry Houdini, J. P. Morgan, Henry Ford, Emma Goldman—visible in the interstices. What E. L. Doctorow just about managed in the greater space of the novel, the show can't carry off: It is a mosaic that keeps slipping into a crazy quilt.

Doctorow had the bold, gallant idea of writing in a style equivalent to ragtime. The simple, declarative sentences avoid hypotaxis. But they do, syncopatedly, tell about the Wasp family with generic names (Father, Mother, etc.). Intercut with this are references to famous or notorious individuals, as well as grand generalizations; this, in a way, represents the stride bass. To be sure, Doctorow is eventually forced to relax so rigid a schema, but its spirit hangs in.

There is an allegorical purpose. The beautiful Wasp Mother, widowed, marries the formerly penniless Jewish immigrant Tateh (not a name, merely Yiddish for Daddy), now a successful filmmaker and self-styled Baron Ashkenazy. Her Little Boy and his Little Girl become affectionate siblings, even potential spouses. And there is another, tiny, black child in this new family.

This is Coalhouse Walker III. He is the illegitimate son of Coalhouse Walker Jr., a jazz pianist who impregnated and abandoned a young girl, Sarah. She hid her newborn in the soil of the Wasp family's garden. Mother discovered it, and adopted both Sarah and her child while Father was off with Admiral Peary seeking the North Pole. Then Coalhouse came looking for Sarah, but she wouldn't leave her attic room to meet him. Yet, after many a Sunday call from her suitor, she finally relented, and a wedding was in the offing when disaster struck. Their child is the third ingredient in Doctorow's melting pot; the musical ends as Tateh, Mother, and the three kids go off happily into the sunset or to California, which is pretty much the same thing.

In between comes the tragedy of Coalhouse, an updating of the famous novella by Heinrich von Kleist, *Michael Kohlhaas,* about a horse trader whom "the sense of justice turned into a robber and murderer." Coalhouse merely turns killer when racist bullies wreck his beloved Model T Ford and indirectly cause Sarah's violent death. This makes him the leader of a small band of murderous rebels.

Such a basically serious, yet also sardonic, work demands a deft book-writer, and Terrence McNally, who did well with *Kiss of the Spider Woman,* has done so again here. He lopped and chopped skillfully, and preserved all the essentials except the ironic tone. He came up with the device of having characters relate their further experiences in the third person, an alienation effect that fits in with Eugene Lee's scenic concept. Lee combines unrealistic towers on the sides of the stage with a wooden stage floor that can sprout a bit of a garden here, some boardwalk there. A life-size living room contrasts nicely with a miniature house, a full-size segment of a ship downstage with the entire ship in miniature upstage. Three-dimensional pieces fuse with computerized background images as construction smoothly embraces projection. Atlantic City is especially ravishing.

But there are oddities. Why, for instance, is Evelyn Nesbit's red velvet swing neither red nor especially velvety? Why do we switch to vaudeville for the shooting of her famous lover, the architect *(continued on page 69)*

Umbrellas of New Rochelle: A scene from the opening triptych in Drabinsky's *Ragtime: The Musical.*

Photograph by Michael Cooper.

PETER G. DAVIS

Troy Again

The American Symphony Orchestra's 'Die ägyptische Helena' can't quite save this lovers' tale from itself, despite the score by Strauss.

NEVER ONE TO TREAT RECEIVED INFORMATION with anything less than close scrutiny and healthy skepticism, Leon Botstein has vigorously played the role of Great Revisionist during his tenure as conductor–music director of the American Symphony Orchestra. His programming over the past five years has mainly focused on music New Yorkers would otherwise never hear, all of it accompanied by urgent, often eloquent special pleading, along with appeals to audiences to reconsider their prejudices. A stale concert-and-opera repertory, Botstein suggests, has channeled our musical receptiveness into a deep rut, and it is high time that we pulled ourselves out of it.

Each American Symphony program translates Botstein's words into deeds, most recently a concert performance of Richard Strauss's **Die ägyptische Helena,** the fifth of the composer's six operatic collaborations with Hugo von Hofmannsthal—"the voice of an elderly man babbling his reminiscences," wrote W. J. Henderson scornfully when the Metropolitan produced the piece in 1928, the same year as its premiere in Dresden. And critics have mostly agreed ever since—not only about *Helena* but about the low quality of everything else Strauss produced between the two world wars. Attempts have been made to reassess and upgrade his work of this period, but many will still tell you that Strauss had written himself out after *Der Rosenkavalier* (1911) and did not fully recover his creative powers until the decade before his death in 1949.

Botstein disputes that theory. He even goes so far as to argue (in *Richard Strauss and His World,* an essay collection edited by Bryan Gilliam and published by Princeton University Press) that "the work from 1912 until 1941 was not regressive but innovative in ways both comparable to and divergent from the paths taken [during the same years] by Schoenberg and Stravinsky." For Botstein, not only is Strauss's music of this period valuable in itself, but it also prefigures today's postmodernism—i.e., a seemingly regressive style masking a wide range of innovative techniques that eventually became the hallmarks of a new movement. Much of what Botstein says is worth pondering, especially now that Strauss's long-neglected middle-period scores are being heard more frequently. They, and works by other once-despised composers from those years, suggest that the course of twentieth-century music was not necessarily fated to follow a historical imperative, as the party line handed out at mid-century had us believe; there were many valid directions to take other than those mandated by the politically correct and globally influential Schoenberg-Stravinsky axis, and Strauss indicated just one of them.

Meanwhile, we have *Die ägyptische Helena* to consider, and as much as I admire many Strauss scores written around the same time, this one still strikes me, some 40 years after I first encountered it in Munich with a radiant Leonie Rysanek in the title role, as an interesting failure. Like all the Strauss-Hofmannsthal operas, *Helena* had a complicated genesis, and the final product scarcely resembles the lighthearted operetta à la Offenbach that the composer had originally wanted to write. Instead, Hofmannsthal presented him with a strange tale of how Helen and Menelaus, shipwrecked in Egypt on the way home after the fall of Troy, repaired their broken marriage. The couple arrives at the palace of an enchantress named Aithra, who offers to *(continued on page 69)*

Debra Voigt as Helena, with conductor Leon Botstein.

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

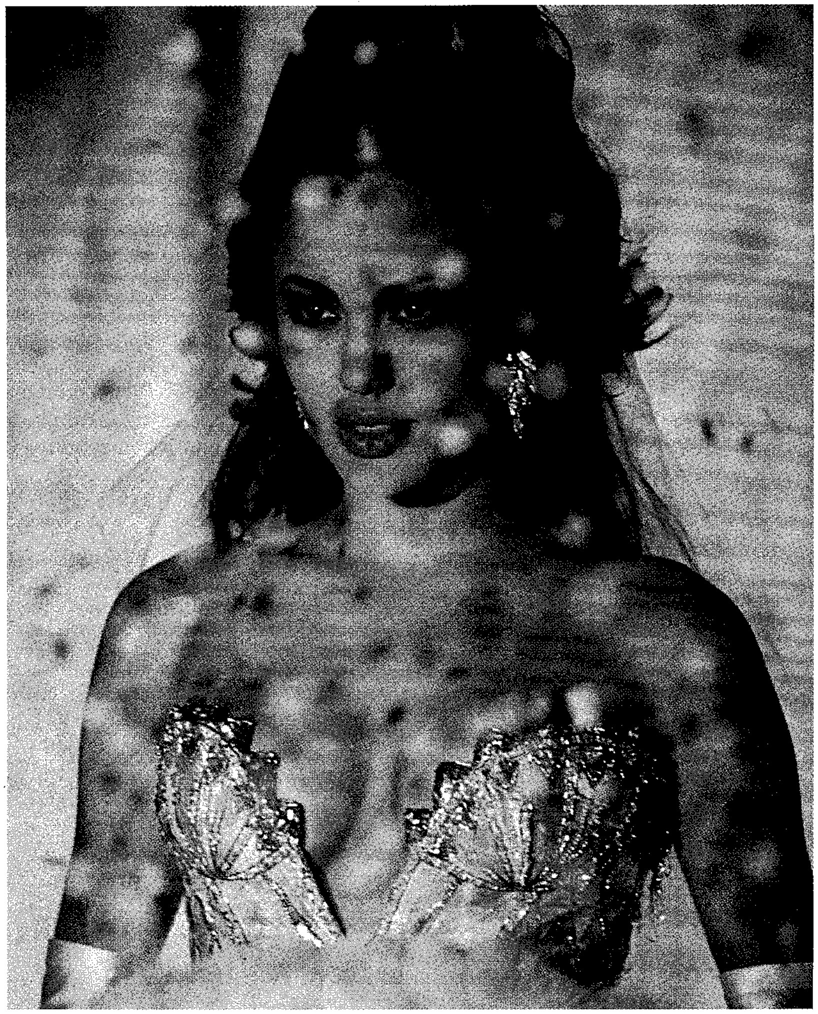
Mannequin Depressive

On HBO, Angelina Jolie burns, then crashes as doomed seventies It girl Gia Carangi. But what a drag that ABC sanitizes NBA bad boy Dennis Rodman.

GIA CARANGI CAME AND WENT—A DISPOSABLE delectation of the late seventies and the early eighties, a hood ornament on the glossy grilles of the British, French, and American editions of *Vogue,* the domestic and Italian *Cosmopolitans,* in and out of Versaces unto pills, spoons, needles, Studio 54, and Kaposi's sarcoma—without my noticing. Which is nothing to be proud of; to leave space for what we want to pay attention to, all of us ignore whole categories of the human comedy. In my case, in order to read books and box scores, go to movies and AA meetings, watch grandchildren and VH1's *Pop-Up Video,* I have abandoned any interest whatsoever in cars, real estate, stock quotations, ice hockey, crossword puzzles, haute cuisine, and fashion. So I can't tell you if Angelina Jolie actually resembles the doomed supermodel she plays in **Gia** (Saturday, January 31; 9 to 11 P.M.; HBO). But I can tell you that she's more than incendiary. Like Ava Gardner or a plutonium isotope, she's radioactive. She glows in her own dark.

Early on in *Gia,* we are told: "Fashion isn't art. It isn't even culture. It's advertising." In this slick and cynical cable-TV movie, directed by Michael (*The Shadow Box*) Cristofer from a screenplay by Cristofer and *Bright Lights, Big City* novelist Jay McInerney, some glamour-racket talking head will always interrupt the action, like a witch in *Macbeth,* to tell us something gnomic or smart-ass. (For another instance: "Every photograph is a promise, and the promise is never kept.") The style is bedpan, skin-pop, and smirky-hip, from a broken home in an Italian neighborhood in Philadelphia to the spiky shores of downtown punk, from soft-core nudie pix to Eurotrash modeling agencies to Paris (and Munich and Milan) location shots to needle parks and AIDS wards. Like Jolie's needy Gia—"This is meat," says a packager, looking at a picture of her; "this is sirloin"—it's all attitude, dressing up a wound.

It's also the usual Grimm cautionary tale, like *Bird* or *Lady Sings the Blues* or "Little Red Riding-Hood." Not having gotten enough love from a mother, Mercedes Ruehl, who walked out on an abusive marriage when Gia was 11, she will look for surrogate gobs of it from Faye Dunaway, a modeling-agency madam who's seen everything; for a compensatory substitute in a lesbian relationship with her makeup artist, Elizabeth Mitchell, a nonplussed innocent with a very confused boyfriend; in go-go coke and cuddly heroin. "Your nose looks like nuclear fucking winter," she's told on one occasion. On another, when she's "taking the dragon" and tricked out as Madame Butterfly among enigmatic pumpkins, her whole face looks like medieval death. But her bared breasts, on which the camera and the director are fixated, remain firm and perfect till she's dead. At age 26.



Function follows form: Jolie on HBO as Wilhelmina's top model, Gia Carangi, before the fall.

Jolie's been a knockout from the energetic *Hackers* (1995), a sort of cyberpunk *Grease,* to *George Wallace,* in which she played a sexually deprived Cornelia, to the Rolling Stones' video "Anybody Seen My Baby." I was about to say that, all by her ripe self, she redeems *Gia* from its pandering—from the fact that it ends up being a commercial for all it purports to deplore. To say this, however, is lazy and unfair. So knowing is *Gia,* so in love with its own slick decadence, that it does the job Robert Altman didn't do in *Ready to Wear.* From Altman, one expected the cameras mounted like machine guns on both sides of the strobe-lit runway to strafe the anorexic models and savage the glad-rag scribblers under the glitterdome at the Paris freak show where the chic designers disclosed their spring collections. Yet even with his concluding parade of French lamb chops without their paper panties, Altman was more amused than appalled by those who torture women as Giacometti tortured metals; who fold, spindle, mutilate, and

Photograph by Larry Watson/HBO.

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ordain that they look like Hebrew prophecy, Egyptian plague, industrial noise, acid dreams, or abused children; that they smell like coconuts, transistors, asparagus, credit cards, or the guts of a sperm whale.

AT LEAST DENNIS RODMAN REBOUNDS. Which is to say, he's marketing something else besides his own wayward looks. **Bad As I Wanna Be: The Dennis Rodman Story** (Sunday, February 1; 9 to 11 P.M.: ABC) could have used some of the Pirandellian pizzazz—the originality of conception and production—that seems only to be found these days on cable. If only *Bad* had been made by the folks who gave us Ving Rhames's Don King, talking back to HBO even as it docudramatized his many insults to our intelligence, or Holly Hunter's Texas cheerleader-murdering mom, watching and criticizing ABC's movie about her even as somebody else was making another movie, we might have got the Rodman story as a rap musical. Or a Madonna-like *Truth or Dare.* Or been allowed to read the minds of teammates on the Chicago Bulls as Dennis the Menace was tossed out for another double technical. Or eavesdropped on basketball opponents as temperamentally various as David Robinson and Grant Hill and Allen Iverson and Shawn Kemp. Or listened in as merchandisers in the league office and on Madison Avenue try to figure out how to capitalize on this latest three-card-monte switcheroo in the difficult game of black identity.

But except for the occasional on-camera comment by Rodman himself—"Do I make you nervous?" is one of them; "I like working hard. Ain't that wild?" is another—ABC has settled for the standard network biopic. Dwayne Adway stars as "Worm" (so-called because, even as a child, he could never sit still), growing up grumpy in Dallas projects; pushed by his mother (Karen Robinson) and his coach (Daniel Hugh Kelly) to accept a scholarship to a small Oklahoma college; befriending a troubled little white boy (Michael Coloz) and thus being welcomed into his white-bread farming family (Dee Wallace Stone, John Terry); drafted by coach Chuck Daly (Art Hindle) of the bad-boy Detroit Pistons; divorced by a gold-digger wife (Heidi Mark) and deprived of his daughter Alexis (Isys McKoy); reinventing himself on the court in San Antonio (the gaudy hair, nose stud, and tattoos) and in the arms of Madonna (Terumi Matthews, again!); landing with Chicago for not only another championship ring but also the endorsements and the yak shows.

For some reason, ABC omits what I consider to be the pinnacle of this performance art—Rodman's appearance on the very first *RuPaul Show* on VH1 in October 1996, where, with green hair and multiple piercings, he was asked by "the Queen of All Media," a six-feet-four-inch, platinum-blonde drag star in a miniskirt, "Would you kiss me?" Upon thinking about it, he did so, and was told, "Oh, your lips are so big and juicy," after which they shot some hoops. It was, as I reported here, a television moment right up there with the *Challenger* explosion.

But before we hurt our heads thinking too much about *Yentl, Tootsie,* and *Mrs. Doubtfire,* about *Some Like It Hot, M. Butterfly,* and Joan of Arc, about cross-dressing in Shakespeare and the "socially constructed" subjectivity of gender, we're entitled to wonder why the Rodman we meet in this TV movie is so relatively tame, and the Rodman we have seen on the basketball court this season has been so comparatively well behaved. The answer will be found in the details of his one-year contract with the Bulls. Over and above a base salary of $4.5 million there are incentives of $185,783 for every game played after the fifty-ninth, meaning another $4.25 million if he plays all 82. Plus an extra $1 million for playing every playoff game. And another $500,000 for leading the league in rebounding—which he was when I saw him last Sunday against the Houston Rockets, never mind his leopard spots.

"Nobody is paying you to hear what you think, Dennis!" the owner of the Detroit Pistons shouts at him. Nor did they pay Gia to be a puppy. They pay for the beauty, and they pay for the bounce, and, if you're lucky, they make a movie about you before you're dead.

SPEAKING, AS I DID IN PASSING, OF HOLLY Hunter, you may remember that she played Norma McCorvey in *Roe vs. Wade,* the 1989 NBC TV movie about the Supreme Court case. Amy Madigan played Sara Weddington, a lawyer who'd never been to court before she challenged abortion law in Texas. And their producer was director Gregory Hoblit, who in *Fallen* has just sent Denzel Washington off to war against a demonic serial killer with a bathtub fetish. When documentary filmmakers Meghan O'Hara, Ilene Findler, and Shannon Malone Descarfino set out in 1994 to tell the story of the real McCorvey, they doubtless thought they were making one sort of statement. But before they were done, McCorvey was making another, having switched from pro-choice activism to a born-again role in Operation Rescue. To their credit, they persevered. The woman we meet in **Roe vs. Roe: Baptism by Fire** (Wednesday January 28; 8 to 9 P.M.; Cinemax) is not in the least a Holly Hunter. She needs constant attention and constant approval, and seems not to care where she gets it as long as she can count on her longtime companion, Connie, to render the important truths. ■

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET PETER KAMINSKY

The Spice Boys

At SoHo's Denizen, original eats that don't try too hard; with Totof, Murray Hill finally has the intimate French restaurant of its dreams.

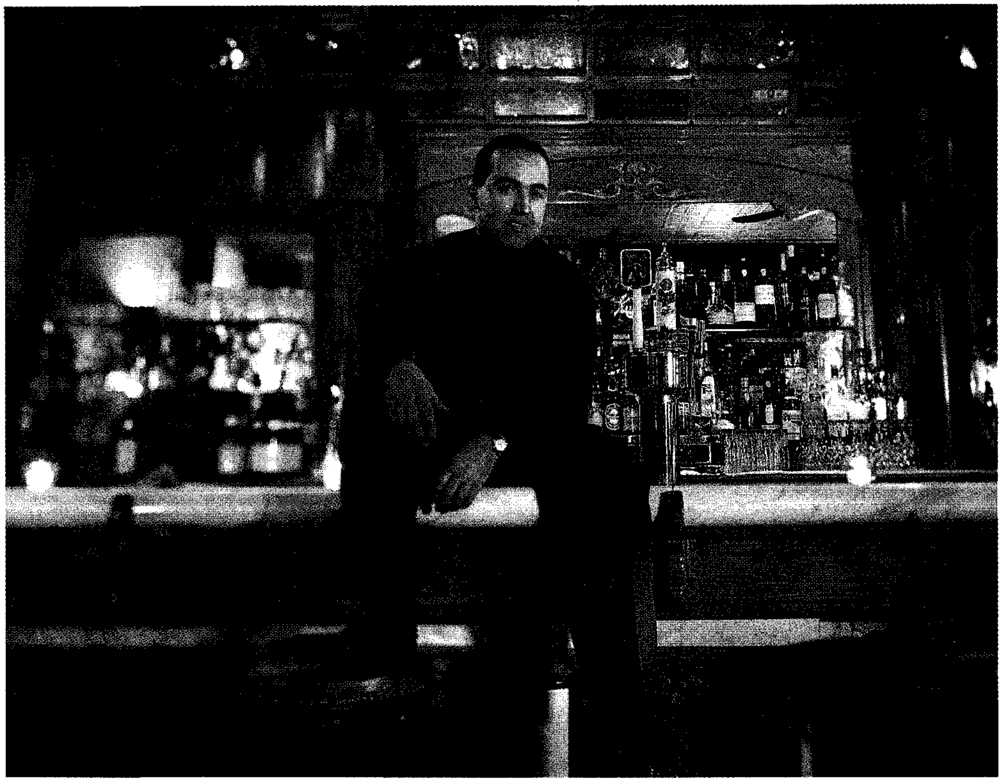
IT'S NOT AS IF NEW YORK HAS EVER LACKED FOR IMAGinative food that seduces even the most pampered palate. But it's rare to find it offered as affordably as it is at the elegantly cozy **Denizen** (73 Thompson Street; 966-7299). Consulting chef Hans-Trevor Gossmann, who has cooked at Le Cirque, Osteria del Circo, and Cellar in the Sky, has devised a well-thought-out and equally well-executed menu for this charming SoHo boîte. Although its prices nuzzle up against the outer limits of the Underground Gourmet, Denizen's food is on a level rarely found outside the priciest listings in the Zagat canon.

The fancifully ornate bar, built by owner (and former sculptor) Mustapha Hadg-Arab, has cherrywood columns that support an oaken frieze of nine lions. Pay attention to the eyes and mouths of their carved heads and you may see the wraithlike undulations of curling smoke, as vents whisk away fumes in an ingenious marriage of form and function. Style abounds in the overall space but never supersedes comfort—once you plunk yourself into Denizen's buttery-smooth banquettes of real leather, you'll quickly find yourself feeling territorial and in no hurry to leave.

Eric Bagbeni, a Zairean who came to lower Manhattan via Belgium and India, presides over the room with elegant efficiency. A former captain at Bouley, he makes clients feel appreciated as members of the food-loving sodality rather than as life-support systems for their Visa cards.

The food is enjoyably inventive but not mindlessly novel—too often the result when chefs strive for originality. "At Le Cirque, you were called upon to develop your own specials," recalls Gossmann. "Portay [the former chef] would tell you the fish of the day, and you would have to come up with a special from what you found in the walk-in." Among my favorites: Spice-roasted flounder is covered with a paste of almonds, coriander, cumin, orange zest, and lemon juice, further brightened by a touch of sumac, the lemonlike condiment that is a staple of Turkish and Arab cuisine. Steamed snapper is served with a highly reduced sauce of onion, garlic, fennel, and thyme given a fresh herbal kick by basil and marjoram. Crispy but not deep-fried calamari are strewn around the plate to add texture and another seafood taste to this herbaceous recipe. The lobster brushed with mustard and served with shiitake and bok choy sounded promisingly modern, but the evening we tried it, our rather lethargic langousta had that faint iodiney cast that can compromise the taste of shellfish.

Sliced venison is served with pillowy bone-marrow dumplings in a richly complex sauce of red wine flavored with orange peels and herbs. These last ingredients are boiled down until all that is left in the pan is a crust that is then air-dried, pulverized, and mixed back into the cooking stock. Too many game sauces treat food from the forest and the field as an excuse to ladle out the port wine, shallots, and garlic, but Gossmann's is powerful without being brutish.



Owner Mustapha Hadg-Arab at Denizen.

Finally, it was a pleasure to watch my physician brother break a ten-year meat fast inspired by his benighted embrace of a meatless health ideology. Rack of lamb in a tomato-olive crust inspired in him a look of eyes-to-Heaven beatitude that I have come to recognize in overacted biblical epics as direct contact with The Divine.

Denizen serves dinner only 5 P.M. to 2 A.M. daily, drinks till 4 A.M. Entrées, about $17. There is a small, well-cho-

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

sen wine list that goes from moderate to moderately expensive. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED WHY MURRAY Hill, which must have its share of food-loving residents, supports so few good restaurants. Perhaps its nearness to both the gustatorily burgeoning Flatiron scene and the established dining destinations of midtown have left it neither here nor there, with restaurant fare that's more Manhattanville than Manhattan.

Where some see a dining desert, the enterprising entrepreneur sees opportunity. Case in point: **Totof** (163 East 33rd Street; 779-2771), an inviting little bistro that offers, as any real bistro should, warmth, hospitality, good food, and a staff that's willing to do what it takes to give you a good meal in a comfortable atmosphere.

Its logo of a smiley face alongside the sun and a little flower projects the kind of cheerfulness that puts me on guard in a get-well card but suits the sunny Gallic personalities of owners Christophe Gauthier, owner of SoHo's La Bouche, and Beatrice Bellanger. Their informal, easygoing attitude shows one how far good vibes can go toward transforming an otherwise forgettable space into a *haimish* bistro with more urban cool than this neighborhood has seen since the day Jack Kerouac mistakenly got off the IRT at 33rd Street.

Gauthier and chef Bruno Lebordais are both natives of Brittany, as is reflected in the rib-sticking items on the menu. But Lebordais and Gauthier both spent a number of years in Hong Kong, which explains how a shellfish-rich stew with curry, coconut milk, and lemongrass found its way among the nightly specials recently. More traditionally Breton, a codfish-rich brandade with garlic confit was creamy and steamy and pleasantly salty.

I was also interested in an entrée the menu listed as "Anger Steak." Angry or no, what turned out to be hanger steak was perfectly prepared, assisted by an intense wine sauce with bite-size shallots that attained real puissance through long roasting. Pot-au-feu, a fine bourgeois dish that is the French antidote for a raw winter day, did not seek to surprise or break new ground, which is just the way I want my pot roast to behave.

On the room-for-improvement side, I would have liked the crème brûlée with a crisp caramelized crust rather than the tepid sugar topping on the one we were served. But this is a minor gripe for a welcome and sorely needed addition to the neighborhood.

Totof is open Tuesday through Sunday. Lunch, noon to 3 P.M.; brunch, Saturday and Sunday 11:30 A.M. to 3 P.M.; dinner, 5:30 to 11 P.M. Entrées, about $15. Special early-bird prix fixe, Tuesday through Friday, $16.25. Wine license pending; b.y.o. for now. Cash only. ■

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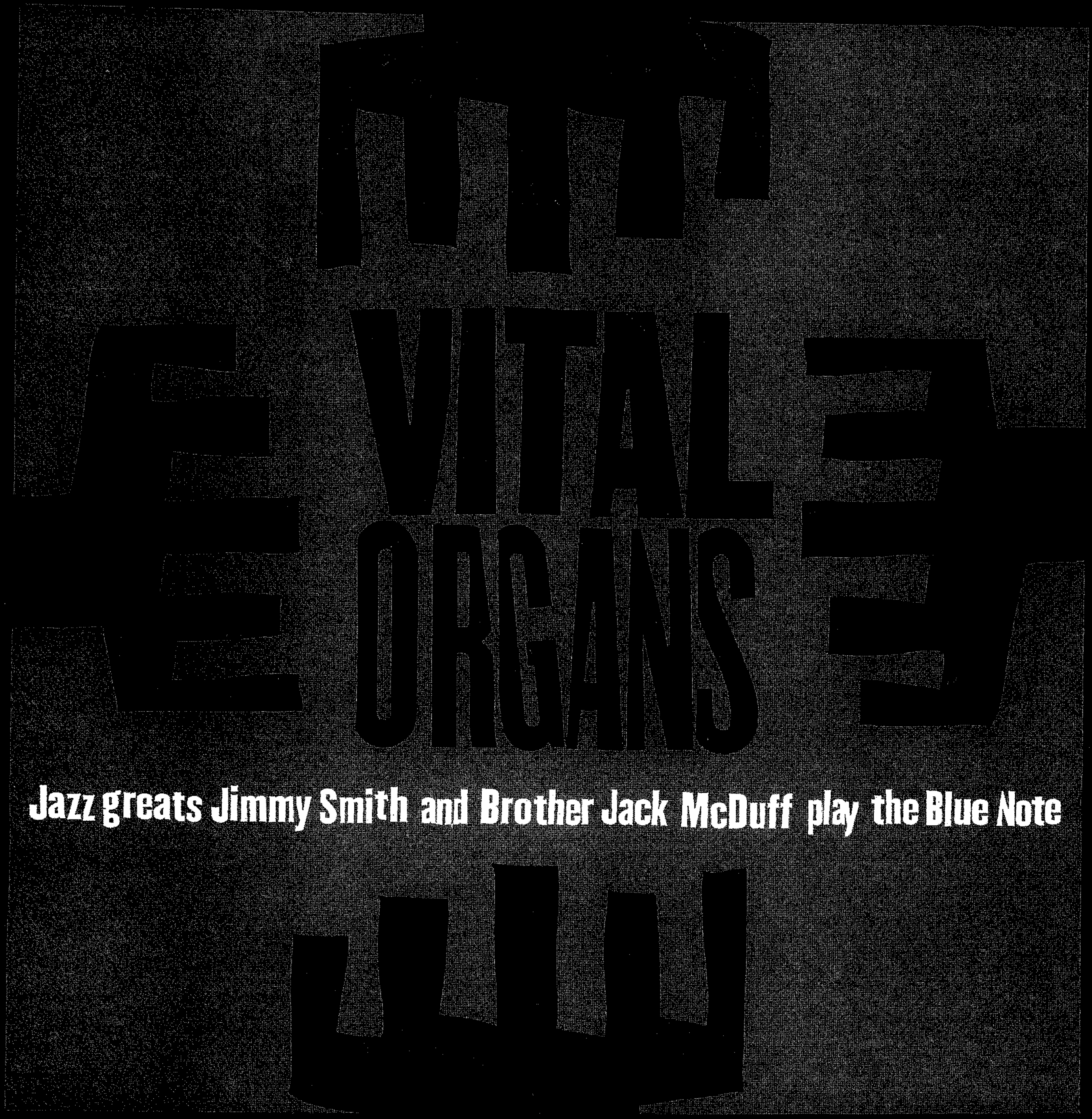


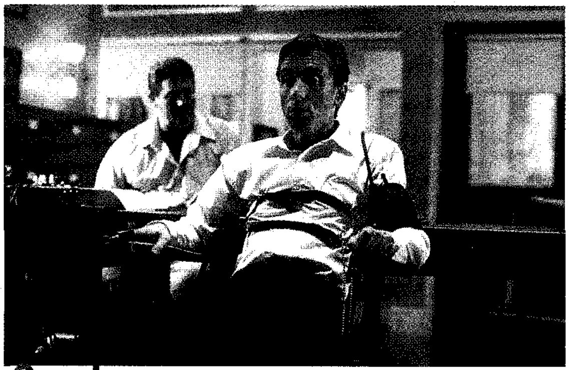
VITAL ORGANS

Jazz greats Jimmy Smith and Brother Jack McDuff play the Blue Note

art 74 bars 87 concerts 92 dance 92 kids 91 the mix 88 movies 62 nightlife 85 radio 88 restaurants 79 sports 90 television 88 theater 70 the written word 89

movies

Alan Arkin...*Great Expectations*...New Egyptian Film



Opening
Perp Fiction

In 'Deceiver,' Tim Roth (above, with police interrogator Chris Penn) is a Charleston-born, Ivy League–educated freak suspected of murdering a prostitute. Problem is, once the silver-tongued Southerner submits to a few lie-detector tests, even the cops aren't sure what they know anymore. Opens Friday, January 30.

Photograph by John Bramley/MGM Pictures.

New Films

Afterglow—Two marriages hit the skids, and, seeking comfort, the unhappy spouses unknowingly swap partners. With Nick Nolte, Julie Christie, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Jonny Lee Miller. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Regency.*

An American Werewolf in Paris—Julie Delpy is a French werewolf whose efforts to stop a more sinister breed are assisted by an American on vacation. With Tom Everett Scott. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–3.*

★**Amistad**—Steven Spielberg has made a stiff but powerful film about an actual revolt aboard a slave ship in 1839 and the constitutional struggle that followed in its wake. The best thing in the movie is very violent indeed, though it's not the revolt itself, which appears right at the beginning of *Amistad.* The Africans slaughter most of the crew, ordering the two Spanish survivors to take them back to Africa. But the Spaniards trick them and steer the *Amistad* north, and the ship is finally intercepted off the coast of Connecticut by the American Navy. Put on trial for murder and piracy, the Africans are defended by abolitionists, who hire a real-estate lawyer, Roger Baldwin (Matthew McConaughey), to try the case. The question arises: Were they born as slaves—on a plantation, say, in the West Indies—or as free men in Africa? Silent until then, Cinque (Djimon Hounsou) finally speaks (through a translator) and recounts the entire horrible tale. The filmmakers' point of view is that the *Amistad* incident was a central way station between the imperfectly executed Declaration of Independence and the inevitable Civil War. Many of the players are conscious of the significance of the moment. The opportunistic, cunning President Martin Van Buren (Nigel Hawthorne) wants the Africans returned as property to Queen Isabella of Spain. The abolitionists, both white (Stellan Skarsgård) and black (Morgan Freeman), see the *Amistad* affair as Armageddon in the New World—the trial of Christian faith, of humanity's right to be saved. Just when *Amistad* is about to perish from nobility, Anthony Hopkins, as John Quincy Adams, saves the day. There are, I suppose, less sensational ways of doing this material, but Spielberg's way is astonishing, and the shock for us lies both in the images themselves and in the realization that we have never really seen this primal American story. By contrast, the comparable passages in *Roots* are no more than genteel. (Denby; 12/15/97) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Anastasia—The animated adventures of the Romanov princess. Voices by Meg Ryan, John Cusack, and Angela Lansbury. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Ziegfeld.*

★**The Apostle**—This is the best movie ever made about a man of God—which is to say, the most honest and morally the most ambiguous. Robert Duvall—who plays Sonny, a Texan Pentacostal preacher—wrote and directed the picture himself. And he's completely on top of what he's doing. One night, on the road, Sonny has a vision: His wife (Farrah Fawcett, who is perfectly good) is sleeping with a handsome young minister. He returns home in a drunken rage, and, with half the town watching, takes a baseball bat to the minister's head. Sonny has to disappear fast. After deep-sixing his car, his past, his identity, he hits the road and emerges as a newborn itinerant man of God, a preacher without a congregation. Sonny finally settles into a bedraggled but pleasant Louisiana town, where, identifying himself as "E.F., The Apostle," he joins forces with a retired black minister and builds a congregation from the ground up. *The Apostle* gets at something authentic and challenging—the insistent goodness of a man never free of dishonesty or sin. (Denby; 1/12/98) (About 1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Opens 1/30 at Lincoln Plaza.*

★**As Good As It Gets**—In James L. Brooks's new picture, Helen Hunt plays Carol, a straight-talking single mother obsessed with the care of her severely asthmatic young son. Carol has neglected herself, and she falls into the one thing in the world that she needs least—a relationship with a matchlessly rude writer, Melvin (Jack Nicholson), who suffers from obsessive-compulsive disorder. Ferociously intelligent but mad as a hatter, Melvin needs two bars of soap to wash his hands and hates to be touched or even spoken to. Melvin torments his neighbor in Manhattan—a gay artist (Greg Kinnear)—but the movie, as we can tell early on, is a Scrooge story. The question is not when Melvin will melt but how. Brooks avoids commonplace sentiment by cultivating his idiosyncratic sense of character and a series of unstable moods. He lets the scenes play at length, giving each of the actors plenty of time to develop a mood. Helen Hunt, holding the screen at times in silence, has never seemed more powerfully sane. She virtually stares the ridiculous Melvin into becoming a man. A superbly written and acted tearjerker. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Kingsway; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

★**Boogie Nights**—*Boogie Nights,* the second feature by 26-year-old writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson (*Hard Eight* arrived earlier this year), is a kind of ragamuffin epic about the San Fernando Valley porn industry. Much of the film is funny and touching, and even rather sweet. It's a good but not great movie—a movie conceived realistically, without falsifying glamour, but without great insight or excitement either. Burt Reynolds plays an avuncular producer who likes to have people hang out at his house. Mark Wahlberg is a busboy in a Valley club with something in his pants. In Wahlberg's scenes with Julianne Moore—who plays Amber Waves, a female porn star—Moore does most of the work. Moore, a great actress, has red, red lips and lambent flesh, yet her eyes are anxious; she's a kind of neurotic siren, always available but frantically unhappy. *Boogie Nights* is made up of many vignettes, and while Anderson is a good observer, he hasn't really shaped the screenplay. He reports on the porn industry, but he doesn't satisfy our curiosity about this pleasure-driven but pleasureless, fascinating but wan way of life. (Denby; 10/20/97) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *Eastside Playhouse.*

★**The Boxer**—An IRA man, Danny Flynn (Daniel Day-Lewis), comes out of prison after fourteen years and no longer feels hatred for anyone. Danny wants to get back into the ring, where he was once a promising Irish fighter. The movie's acts of violence and betrayal may be familiar, but the filmmakers' obvious contempt for people given over to fanaticism is enormously welcome—a call for the most elementary kind of sanity. Even in the smallest roles, the acting is exceptionally strong. As long as such English and Irish powerhouses as Emily Watson, Brian Cox, Gerald McSorley, and Ken Stott are ready to make these movies, they will continue to be made. (Denby; 1/12/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Beekman; 84th Street; Kingsway.*

Deconstructing Harry—There are some excruciatingly funny moments in Woody Allen's new movie, but scandalously entertaining as parts of it are, the picture still left me in the foulest of foul moods. Ostensibly, it's about a selfish writer, Harry Block (Woody Allen), who travels to his alma mater in order to accept an honorary degree. Harry is at an impasse in both his creative and his personal life, and as he tries to get someone to accompany him on his trip, various women show up and tear into him—he has cheated on them, he has used their experiences with him in his novels and stories, he's a shit, a twerp, a betrayer, and so on. Woody Allen stages the fictional version of various marital events, drawn from Harry's books, and then he shows us the people that the fictions are based on—often very different from the originals. Since Harry is self-serving, dishonest, and weak, the literal-minded may also be induced to see the picture as Woody Allen's mea culpa. But "mea gloria" might be a more proper description. Harry may be an utter dog, but he attracts and disappoints one beautiful young woman after another—and what could be a greater ego blast than that kind of "self-criticism"? It's getting a little creepy to watch a short, pale 61-year-old man kissing (in one movie) Elisabeth Shue, Judy Davis, Hazelle Goodman, Amy Irving, Kirstie Alley, etc., etc. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Sutton; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Don't Look Back—D. A. Pennebaker's classic on Bob Dylan. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Dress—A thin summer frock, enlivened with a pattern of golden leaves against a blue background, passes from one person to another and destroys, or nearly destroys, the women who wear it and the men in love with these women. *The Dress,* which was written and directed by Alex van Warmerdam, is based on a mysteriously whimsical idea: We never know why the garment has been cursed, or what the curse means. The movie, though fascinating, is marked less by magic than by perversity. *The Dress* takes some unusual twists and turns, and the way the story just passes from one vignette to the next is deft, but I can't help feeling that the movie's conceits are at the service of a remorseless—a meaninglessly remorseless—view of life. (Denby; 1/27/98) (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Fallen—Denzel Washington stars as a detective who put away a demonic serial killer, only to find that there's an evil copycat on the loose. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

Fallen Angels—Wong Kar-Wai's latest frantic fantasy, about a hitman who's ready to wind things down and the two women who keep him in the game. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

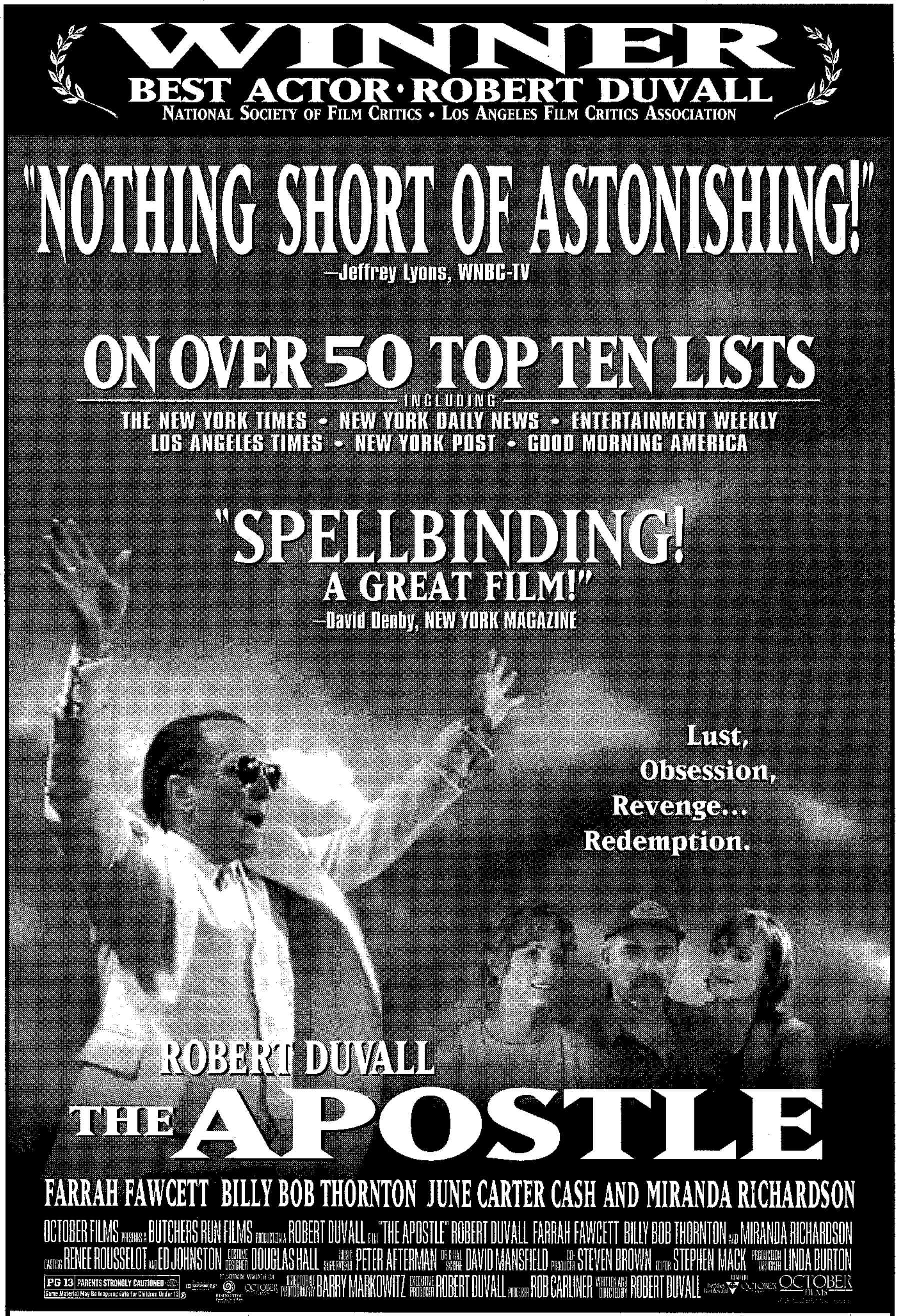
Firestorm—A smokejumper fights a forest fire *and* a convicted murderer posing as a fellow firefighter. With Howie Long, William Forsythe, and Suzy Amis. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Movieworld.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Screening Room; Sutton.*

Full Speed—A young writer becomes successful and uses his friend's life story for his follow-up project. Directed by Gaël Morel. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Gingerbread Man—Shakespearean actor Kenneth Branagh plays a Savannah attorney (a drawling Famke Janssen plays his ex-wife) who gets involved with a trashy waitress (Embeth Davidtz) and her crazy old man (Robert Duvall). Story by John Grisham; directed by Robert Altman. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Coronet; Lincoln Square.*

★**Good Will Hunting**—What if an extraordinary mind was put into the body of an orphaned, abused South Boston blue-collar worker, a boy contemptuous of career and status, a boy with a violent streak—even a bit of a thug? Mopping up at M.I.T., Will Hunting (Matt Damon) casually solves problems left on the blackboards, problems intended to stump the best mathematical minds in America. The formidable Professor Lambeau (Stellan Skarsgard), recognizing Will's uncanny talent, takes the boy under his wing, keeping him out of jail by agreeing to get him into therapy. Will lands in the office of Lambeau's old friend and rival Sean McGuire (Robin Williams), a bit of a screw-up himself but perhaps the one shrink in Boston who can understand Will. The boy doesn't want to be "saved." He wants to be left alone. At night, Will and his buddy Chuckie (Ben Affleck) drink with a couple of friends at a neighborhood pub, and the four of them, a white-boy gang—Southies—drive around in an old car, egging one another on to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brilliant flights of profanity. People turn themselves inside out trying to help him, but he repels them all. Affleck, Damon, and director Gus Van Sant don't condescend to the Southies, but they don't sentimentalize them, either. This movie has wit and temperament to burn—there isn't a dead scene in it anywhere. In the end, however, the script takes a disastrous turn toward conventionality. What I will always remember is an edge of temper. The film persuades us that genius is of incalculable worth but utter hell to live with. (Denby; 12/8/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea West; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas.*

Half Baked—A band of guys who smoke too much dope sell stolen medical marijuana to get a buddy out of jail. Starring comedian David Chappelle, who co-wrote the script. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Kingsway.*

Hard Rain—Morgan Freeman and Christian Slater do battle over $3 million while riding Ski-doos in a flooding midwestern town. With Minnie Driver and Randy Quaid. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

The Ice Storm—It's the early seventies in Connecticut and two families are falling apart. The husband and father (Kevin Kline) in one of these families, the Hoods, is having a tepid affair with Janey Carver, the wife and mother (Sigourney Weaver) in the other. At the same time, Hood's 14-year-old daughter, Wendy (Christina Ricci), who likes to expose herself, is fooling around with Janey's two sons (Elijah Wood and Adam Hann-Byrd). Paul Hood, Ben's 16-year-old son, is the narrator. Paul's bemused face and hapless attempts to bed a prep-school girl are, in the performance by Tobey Maguire, about the movie's liveliest elements. For a while, we hope the film will be funny. The Hoods, the Carvers, and their friends would be swingers if only they knew how. At a wife-swapping party, husbands and wives exchange partners without much excitement, the scene acutely observed and unutterably depressing. *The Ice Storm*, perceptive as it is, feels pained and embarrassed. These people are just pathetic; they behave badly, and they don't even get any fun out of it. The actors are a talented group, but they look haltered. One wants to embrace Kline's Ben Hood, but one loses patience with the character, just as one loses patience with his wife, Elena (a masklike Joan Allen), who knows that Ben is straying and expresses her anger in bouts of shoplifting. Why doesn't any of them do something? Or at least say something? Director Ang Lee's touch is very delicate, and the movie's perfection of bleakness offers a refined pleasure (of a sort). But the material doesn't quite play. If, at one end of the spectrum, *The Ice Storm* is like Mazursky without the laughs, at the other it's like Bergman without the anguished brilliance. (Denby; 10/6/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

illtown—Lili Taylor and Michael Rapaport are narcotics traffickers whose lives fall apart when an old partner gets out of jail. With Kevin Corrigan, Tony Danza, and Isaac Hayes. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East.*

Jackie Brown—Quentin Tarantino has written some scandalously funny lines for Samuel L. Jackson, who plays one Ordell Robbie, an egotistical L.A. gun seller. Ordell keeps a number of people in his employ, including a libidinous white surfer girl (Bridget Fonda); a mangy ex-con (Robert De Niro); and a stewardess, Jackie Brown (Pam Grier), who carries cash for Ordell back and forth between Los Angeles and Mexico. The movie is about Jackie's attempt to break free of Ordell and fleece him of his money. The picture is actually an elongated and ambitious B movie—a dogged homage to the kind of atmospheric minor crime picture that Tarantino, having grown up in a video store, enjoys more than he does prestige movies. He has built the movie around Pam Grier, the strapping, bodice-spilling star of early-seventies black exploitation movies, yet she's a limited performer, and she can't really bloom in the realistic, matter-of-fact framework that Tarantino has constructed for her. Most of the time, Tarantino pairs her with another B-movie actor, the somber, stone-faced Robert Forster. When Forster acts with Grier we realize what Tarantino is getting at. These two actors, sitting across a table in some dim bar, don't open anything up; they're not particularly expressive. Perhaps Tarantino is saying that this is what people in the crime world are really like—sly, mean, and limited. The plot is enormously complicated and never speeds up. At the climax, in fact, it slows down: Tarantino shows us the same sequence of events three times consecutively, each time from the point of view of a different character. So it may turn out that Quentin Tarantino is not, after all, the American Godard, not a mall-rat pop genius eager to transform pulp into formally demanding art. He really likes pulp for its stiff, repetitive, bullheaded qualities. He likes it so much, he's made his own sober version of it. (Denby; 1/5/98) (2 hrs. 34 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–3; 86th Street; 84th Street; Metro Cinema.*

Kundun—Unlike the fatuous, conventional *Seven Years in Tibet*, this movie has been made with love. It has an assured beauty and an exquisite formality that honor the subject. And yet, lovely as it is, *Kundun* is of very little dramatic interest—it's an extremely beautiful, boring movie. A boy grows into a gracious and modest young man, a man not always sure that he's up to the role of leader; but still, he has no great spiritual crisis, no awful time of testing, and everyone in Lhasa gathers around and tutors and protects him. Approaching an alien tradition, Scorsese is entirely respectful, and the respectfulness dulls out the movie. I can't escape the feeling that Buddhism is an impossible subject for the movies. After all, great movie characters are men of overbearing will—Charles Foster Kane, or Vito and Michael Corleone, or Scorsese's Jake La Motta—not characters who renounce will. (Denby; 1/5/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–3; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square.*

The Leopard—Luchino Visconti's 1963 epic of an aristocratic Sicilian family's slow death. With Burt Lancaster. (About 3 hrs.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Live Flesh**—This is the best movie from Almodóvar since that Iberian screwball classic *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*. The story, which has been freely adapted from a Ruth Rendell novel, teases symmetry into an Almodóvarian pretzel. Eager to become the world's greatest lover, our hero Victor (Liberto Rabal) sleeps with the wives of the two Madrid policemen who once put him in jail—first Clara (the great Angela Molina, of the tragic mask), who is much adored by her obsessive husband, Sancho (Pepe Sancho). Taking Victor in hand, she teaches him some of the more essential points of lovemaking, and under Clara's tutelage, he becomes a saner and gentler fellow—a better man, in every sense. Bored with Clara, Victor pursues the exquisite Elena (Francesca Neri), the woman who lured him into trouble some years earlier. It was at Elena's house that the 20-year-old Victor accidentally shot Sancho's partner, a promising young police detective named David (Javier Bardem). After the shooting, Elena, a rich girl dabbling in drugs, was so guilty over her own role in the affair that she married David, who is now confined to a wheelchair. He's a thoroughly virile man in every sense but the literal one. So the adulterous joining of Victor and Elena is charged with the many varieties of desire, guilt, and ambivalence. It's a scene worth waiting for—certainly the most sensual of Almodóvar's heterosexual love scenes. For Almodóvar, sexual passion is part of the cruel joke of Spanish guilt and fatalism. Sex is a matter of life and death that drives people into absurd situations; Almodóvar's most tragic scenes slide into farce (and vice-versa). Despite his erotic fixations, Pedro Almodóvar is the cinema's last true innocent. (Denby; 1/26/98) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ma Vie en Rose—The incredibly appealing story of a little boy who thinks he's a little girl and the emotional upheavals this stubborn belief creates among his family and neighbors. Winner of a 1996 César award. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mouse Hunt—Nathan Lane and

Talent
Alan Arkin, Latin Lover

You know Alan Arkin is talking about something that's near and dear to his heart, because his deadpan delivery disappears and his sensible shoes start tapping. And clearly, the master actor and subtle comedian is excited by all things Brazil: its natural beauty, its directors (specifically Bruno Barreto), its musical superstar Sergio Mendes. ("I love Sergio!" he says. "He's much more primitive now than he used to be.") Arkin gained affection for the country while spending ten weeks in and around Rio de Janeiro filming the thriller *Four Days in September* (opening Friday, January 30). Directed by Barreto, the film is inspired by the 1969 kidnapping of American ambassador Charles Elbrick by a group of young would-be revolutionaries. The apolitical Arkin—who plays the terrorized diplomat with trademark calm (below, with Fernanda Torres)—admits he has no memory of the actual event. In fact, he's happy that the film all but ignores politics. "We were interested in the human aspect of the story," he says. "Here you have a film with left-wing terrorists, right-wing torturers, and American diplomats. And you end up feeling for all these people." The bit of Portuguese Arkin learned for the role ("most of which they cut out") may come in handy one day: He and his *Grosse Point Blank* co-star John Cusack have been talking of doing a film in Brazil for a few years now. (There's also talk of a *Grosse Point* sequel.) In the meantime, Arkin is preparing for a return to the stage next month, in an Off Broadway production with his son Tony, screenwriter Elaine May, and May's daughter Jeannie Berlin. He practices his lower-profile talents at home, upstate. "I like to wash dishes, cook a little bit. Play guitar," he says, smiling. "I play a lot of Brazilian music, actually." PATRICIA FALVO

Photograph by Vantoen Pereira Jr./Miramax Films.

Lee Evans inherit a mansion and square off against a mouse. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; Embassy 2–3; Gemini; Lincoln Square; Centre Sunnyside.*

Oscar & Lucinda—Two gamblers—one a man of God and the other an uncommonly independent Australian woman—find that love is the hardest risk to take. Starring Ralph Fiennes and Cate Blanchett. Directed by Gillian Armstrong. Based on the book by Peter Carey. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

Phantoms—Peter O'Toole, Rose McGowan, Ben Affleck, and Liev Schreiber star in Dean Koontz's thriller about a terrifying underground force. (1 hr. 31 mins; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; 86th Street East; 84th Street; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza.*

The Postman—Kevin Costner brings a post-apocalyptic America together by jump-starting the postal service. (2 hrs. 50 mins.; R) *Ziegfeld.*

Scream 2—The sequel to last year's famously clever *Scream*. Starring Neve Campbell and Courteney Cox. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *86th Street East.*

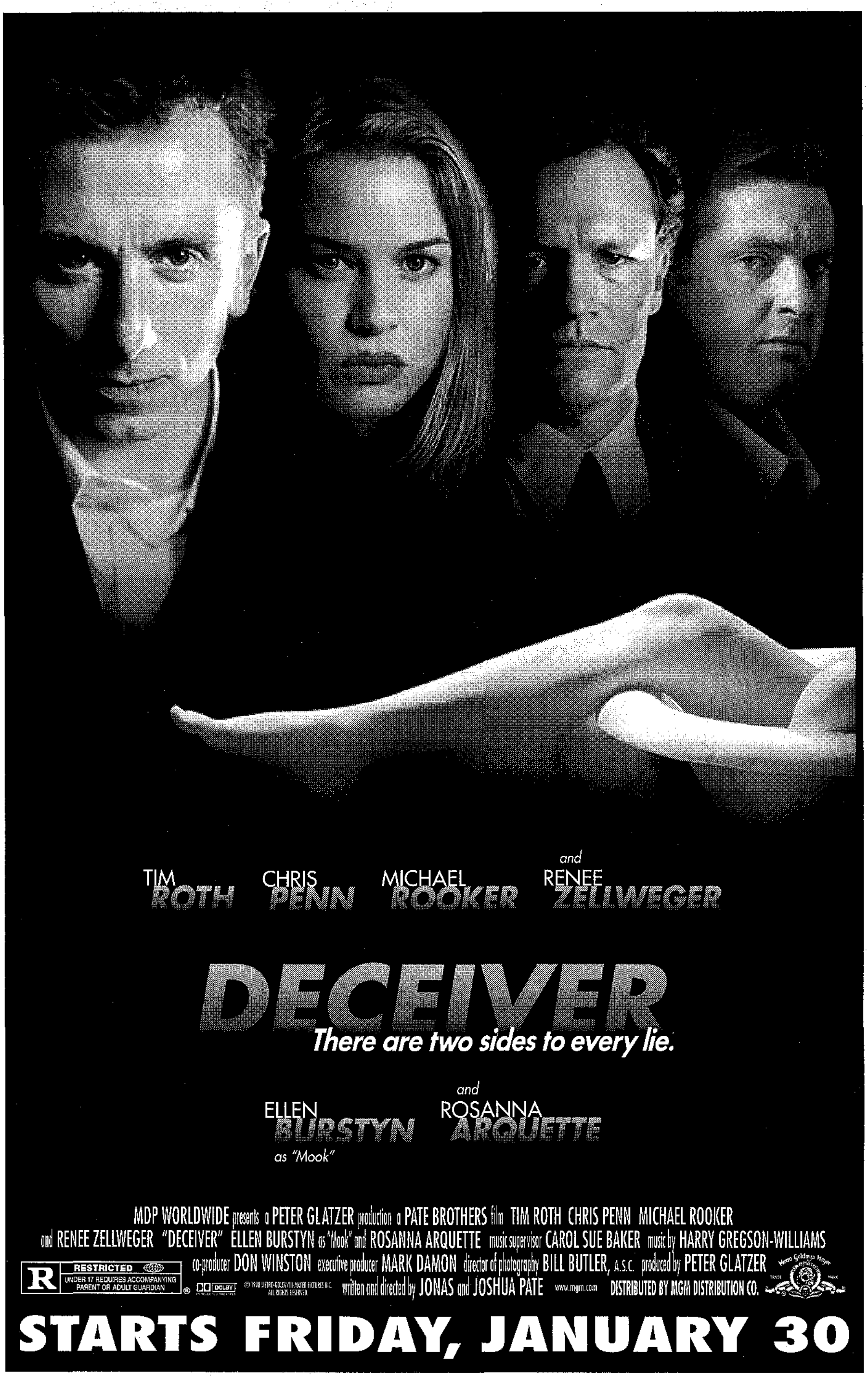
Shivers—Residents of a high-rise apartment building contract a venereal disease that causes them to get gruesomely violent with each other in David Cronenberg's 1975 horror film. This was the most financially successful film ever funded by the Canadian government. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Spice World—The U.K.'s Spice Girls tool around London. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas.*

Star Kid—A beleaguered boy befriends a space hero, and together they fight aliens and the problems of adolescence. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG) *Criterion Center; 86th Street East; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas.*

Starship Troopers—At the repulsive climax of the film, which is about endless war between earthlings and giant outerplanetary spiders, a human captive is dragged forward and made to face an enormous "brain bug." At last! We're about to get an answer to the question tormenting us. Throughout the war, it's been understood that the bugs have been too stupid to win. But recently, arachnid intelligence has been improving. After all, they have managed to wipe out Buenos Aires (or is it all of South America? Anyway, they kill a lot of people). Where does the new intellectual prowess come from? Finally, we find out: The brain bug plunges a tubelike tentacle into the captive's head and sucks out his gray matter. So that's how they do it. But we wonder: Is there also a hidden metaphor here? Director Paul Verhoeven seems to have undergone, in Hollywood, a draining operation of his own. The spirit of *Starship Troopers* is grim and sanguinary. We spend most of our time watching men and women pump bullets into disgusting creatures that seem to be all sexual organs—waving green tentacles and devouring vulvas. Even though the special effects are spectacular (the creatures fly in, hop over rocks by the hundreds, erupt from underground), *Starship Troopers* is fatally lacking in lightness, play, invention. Human bodies are gutted and eviscerated, the limbs pulled off, the heads drilled. Are children supposed to enjoy this literal-minded, grisly bloodbath? As you watch the endless carnage, you become sure that Hollywood has gone completely, utterly mad. Verhoeven may have had his brains removed, but it's the audience that winds up with a hole in the head. (Denby; 11/17/97) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

★**The Sweet Hereafter**—Atom Egoyan's film is a rarity. Adapted from Russell Banks's 1991 novel devoted to the aftermath of a devastating school-bus accident, the film appears to be a kind of detective story. A big-city lawyer, Mitchell Stephens (Ian Holm), enters a snowy, forlorn town in British Columbia after fourteen children have died and travels about interviewing the parents and survivors, desperate to enlist everyone, including the teenage survivor, Nicole (Sarah Polley), in a grievance suit. As Stephens investigates, we see what led up to the accident—the family life of the



TIM ROTH CHRIS PENN MICHAEL ROOKER and RENEE ZELLWEGER

DECEIVER

There are two sides to every lie.

ELLEN BURSTYN as "Mook" and ROSANNA ARQUETTE

MDP WORLDWIDE presents a PETER GLATZER production a PATE BROTHERS film TIM ROTH CHRIS PENN MICHAEL ROOKER and RENEE ZELLWEGER "DECEIVER" ELLEN BURSTYN as "Mook" and ROSANNA ARQUETTE music supervisor CAROL SUE BAKER music by HARRY GREGSON-WILLIAMS co-producer DON WINSTON executive producer MARK DAMON director of photography BILL BUTLER, A.S.C. produced by PETER GLATZER written and directed by JONAS and JOSHUA PATE

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Cue

What are the new films and where are they playing?
Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway? Music under the stars or on the stage?
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town, with its fissures and its secrets, including adultery and a suggestion of incest—and eventually we see the accident itself. The film cuts backward and forward in time, and we expect that Stephens will uncover some amazing circumstance that will explain everything. We experience the accident through the eyes of Billy (Bruce Greenwood), who is driving behind the bus and is the father of two of the children. Billy sees; he's the hero of the movie, an unillusioned man, rejecting avenging lawyers and bad-luck omens in favor of the most bitter reality. His adulterous scenes with Alberta Watson (the mother in David O. Russell's *Spanking the Monkey*) have an acrid intimacy. The actors are all excellent in a plain style that avoids irony, pose, perversity. By the end of the movie, everything comes together—the answer to the detective inquiry is all that is most difficult to face in life. If there were many movies as reality-bound as this one, I think I would go mad. That this one exists, however, is almost a blessing. (Denby; 11/24/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Swept From the Sea—Rachel Weisz and Vincent Perez are star-crossed lovers in this screen adaptation of Joseph Conrad's short story *Amy Foster.* (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Titanic**—Writer-director James Cameron has pulled it off. This fabulously expensive watery epic is actually a very good movie. *Titanic* begins with a treasure hunter, Brock Lovett (Bill Paxton), who is obsessed with the sunken hulk. Lovett's submersible robot enters one of the deluxe staterooms to retrieve not the famous diamond he was looking for but only a drawing of a naked young woman wearing the stone. It turns out that the woman, Rose, is still alive; she's an articulate 100-year-old beauty (Gloria Stuart) who joins Lovett at his ship and then holds him and his crew of techno-ruffians in thrall with her story of what happened. Back in 1912, the 17-year-old Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) boards the ship in utter misery. Rose is accompanied by her awful fiancé, Cal Hockley (Billy Zane), a domineering steel baron from Pittsburgh, and her snobbish mother (Frances Fisher). Onboard, Rose meets her soul mate, Jack Dawson (Leonardo DiCaprio). A gambler, Jack has the wit to see that Rose's unhappiness hides a bold, deeply romantic and sexual nature. Except for the crude, good-hearted Denver millionairess Molly Brown (Kathy Bates), the wealthy are unspeakably rude or just frightened and starchy. Jack, the interloper, takes Rose down to steerage, where the real people are having themselves a fine time drinking and dancing up a storm. This sort of cheesy stuff is redeemed only by the romantic charge between Winslet and DiCaprio. The sinking is lovely—detailed, agonizingly slow at first and then rushed and panicky and grandly gruesome at the end. As Jack and Rose hang at the railing, people lose their grip and go crashing down the deck or fall from the heights into the water. After the ship goes under, Cameron has his finest, cruelest moment—the survivors left in the vast expanse of freezing water wailing in confusion. As for Rose, she is delivered into an active and brilliant life. The ship may be ponderous, but Cameron's conception stays light in the water. (Denby; 12/22–29/97) (3 hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza .*

Festival

Lives Along the Nile

Government censorship, religious fundamentalism, and a struggling economy have Egypt's once-prolific film industry fighting for its life. Still—somehow—movies like 1993's witty 'Violets Are Blue' (below) manage to explore the fringe culture of a modern Arab society. NYU's "Myth, Imagination, Reality: New Egyptian Directors" exhibits current works and their directors, starting Friday, January 30. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph courtesy of New York University.

Tomorrow Never Dies—The first hour or so is laced with the usual satisfying sexual innuendo and insolent humor. Pierce Brosnan, of course, will never possess Sean Connery's aura of menace—Brosnan is Bond lite ("Bond . . . Jim Bond")—but Jonathan Pryce is self-amused and amusing as a Rupert Murdoch–like media entrepreneur who foments a war between Britain and China. There is a fine BMW 750IL that can be driven by remote control (i.e., from the backseat), but much of the action—explosions, more explosions, men firing at one another with machine guns—is just as boring as the action in ten other big movies of the past year. You won't miss a thing should you leave well before the end. If more can't be found in Bond than this, I wouldn't object, in principle, to that tuxedo's being hung up in the closet for good. (Denby; 1/12/98) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Movieworld.*

Village of Dreams—Two boys grow up in the Japanese countryside after W.W. II. Directed by Yoichi Higashi (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

★**Wag the Dog**—Barry Levinson's political and media satire goes as fast as the wind, and that's a relief because the idea behind the movie is thin. Very thin—and at times offensively glib. So if Levinson had directed with a heavy hand, or paused for more than an instant's reflection, he would have killed the nasty fun. It's less than two weeks before an election, and the president, seeking another term, is accused of molesting a teenage girl just outside the Oval Office. That the allegation may be false is not the point; the Washington *Post* is about to run the story. What to do? The president's operative Winifred Ames (Anne Heche) calls in a Dick Morris–like Mr. Fixit, Conrad Brean (Robert De Niro), and Brean, together with a big-deal Hollywood producer, Stanley Motss (Dustin Hoffman), distracts the press and the public. They whip up a nonexistent war with mighty Albania, complete with sinister Albanian terrorists crossing the Canadian border carrying a nuke in a suitcase. Now, satire doesn't have to be responsible, but it does have to be internally coherent, and this idea, however funny, is so extremely opportunistic—and at times so crassly conceived—that it falls into a variety of contradictions of its own making. (The script was written by David Mamet, who claims never to have read the novel—*American Hero*, by Larry Beinhart—that an earlier version of the screenplay was based on.) I have to say that *Wag the Dog* is accomplished and at times viciously funny. Levinson, shooting very fast and cheaply, creates a likable, low-key world of rogues and scoundrels working together to gull the public; we enjoy their company, we enjoy the pretense that political and media life is like this—fast, wisecracking, devastatingly effective. The picture conveys an irresistible pleasure in fakery for its own sake, and that's its charm. (Denby; 1/19/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Movieworld.*

★**Welcome to Sarajevo**—This film, which follows the adventures of some Western journalists during the siege of Sarajevo in 1992, is a noble try, but it's a thing of shreds and patches—a mix of documentary footage, acted-out scenes based on true stories, and a general atmosphere of suffering, bravado, and endurance. Written by Frank Cottrell Boyce and directed by Michael Winterbottom (both Brits), it doesn't really work as a movie—there are too many powerful fragments, too many scenes only half developed—but I'm still very glad I saw it. Woody Harrelson is the prime peacock here, a flippant, often drunk, but secretly brave and caring star reporter. Woody and his colleagues—female as well as male—find it hard to leave Sarajevo. Many months go by, and they are still hunkering down at night in the dark hotel, drinking and making mock passes at one another. They have become attached to the city as a cause as well as addicted to their own courage in covering it; they combine daring and egotism in ways that aren't easy to judge. The documentary scenes of massacre and destruction are a lot more powerful on the big screen than they ever were on TV, where they could easily be ignored. In the movie, the journalists covering the story appear to know that, particularly the British TV reporter played by Michael Henderson (based on ITN's Michael Nicholson), a man who wanders through the ravaged city in a bleak, unappeasable rage. Henderson centers his anxieties on some children in an orphanage and he tries to sneak one 9-year-old girl out as his adopted daughter. In general, the shifts back and forth between documentary and acted scenes aren't very successful. Some of us may find it hard to put up with actors striking resolute poses right after scenes of people lying on the street with their legs blown off. Inevitably, the "upbeat" story of a reporter taking a girl out of hell and relocating her to a sunny, idyllic garden in England strikes us as a sentimentalization of what the documentary camera, in the rest of the movie, can't help seeing—the fabric of life ripped, torn, and almost obliterated. (Denby; 12/1/97) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *62nd and Broadway.*

★**The Wings of the Dove**—The movie differs from Henry James's novel in a hundred particulars, but the great point is that it works on its own terms, which is all one can ask. At the center, there are two young people who love each other but need money. Kate Croy (Helena Bonham Carter) lives in London with her wealthy aunt (Charlotte Rampling), who is determined to marry her off to a rich man and who does what she can to break up Kate's relationship with the charming but penurious young journalist Merton Densher (Linus Roache). We are drawn to Bonham Carter's intelligence, even though her Kate is not brave enough to live with Densher in poverty. Kate plays for the largest stakes; she wants her handsome young man and she wants to be rich, too. By degrees, and without his quite understanding it, Densher gets pulled into a conspiracy that Kate engineers. For there is another young person in their social circle, the fabulously wealthy American heiress Millie Theale (Alison Elliott), who is sweet, generous, and wasting away from some nameless disease. Millie needs a lover; she needs to live. Kate, who genuinely likes her, wants Millie to be happy and to know love—with Densher, who would then inherit the money, after Millie's death, that would allow Kate to marry him. Because he's such a splendid fellow, Densher's puzzlement as Kate pushes him into Millie's arms is painful; his anger and sexual aggression as he realizes how he is being used become the dramatic high point of the movie. The complicating factor—Henry James always has a complicating factor—is that Densher falls for Millie; or rather, he falls for her desire to experience everything she can before dying. The filmmakers have aggressively bumped the period ahead from 1902 to 1910; the characters take the subway, smoke cigarettes furiously and attend a gallery exhibit of Klimt's decadent nudes. We get the point: Kate Croy and Merton Densher are modern personalities, rebels against the constrictions of their time. Rebellion is certainly not something that Henry James had in mind, but it's a minor vulgarization. (Denby; 11/10/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *59th Street East.*

The Winter Guest—Emma Thompson is a long-grieving widowed photographer who spends a long cold day moving past the tragedy—with help from her aging mother (played by Thompson's real-life mother, Phyllida Law). Directed by Alan Rickman. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Afterglow; The Gingerbread Man; Good Will Hunting; Live Flesh; Oscar & Lucinda; The Sweet Hereafter.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *L.A. Confidential; Hard Rain.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Gonin; The Leopard; Shivers.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Don't Look Back; Fallen Angels.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Full Speed; The Ice Storm; Ma Vie en Rose.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Full Monty; The City of Lost Children.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Half Baked; illtown; Jackie Brown; Kundun; Phantoms; Swept from the Sea; The Rocky Horror Picture Show.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Amistad; Fallen; Spice World; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *The Boxer; Sloppy and the Stinkers.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Fallen; Hard Rain; Jackie Brown; Wag the Dog.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Amistad; Hard Rain; Titanic.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *The Boxer; The Gingerbread Man; Half Baked; Kundun; Mouse Hunt; Phantoms; Spice World; Titanic.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Good Will Hunting; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Jackie Brown; Wag the Dog.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Wings of the Dove.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Titanic.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Jackie Brown; Kundun; Wag the Dog.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Fallen; The Gingerbread Man.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Alien Resurrection; As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Firestorm; Half Baked; Mouse Hunt; Star Kid; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Phantoms.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Boogie Nights.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Jackie Brown.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Kundun; Mouse Hunt.* Opening 1/30: *Jackie Brown.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Kundun.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Winter Guest.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Amistad; Good Will Hunting; Scream 2; Wag the Dog.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Deconstructing Harry; The Full Monty.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Devil's Advocate; Eve's Bayou; I Know What You Did Last Summer; One Night Stand; Starship Troopers; The Tango Lesson.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Anastasia; The Postman.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Oscar & Lucinda.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Half Baked; Jackie Brown.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Phantoms; Scream 2; Star Kid.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Boxer.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Amistad; Hard Rain; Spice World; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Home Alone 3; Mouse Hunt.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L.A. Confidential; Good Will Hunting.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Spice World; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Deconstructing Harry.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Welcome to Sarajevo.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Boxer; Hard Rain; Jackie Brown; Phantoms; Spice World; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Deconstructing Harry; The Dress; Live Flesh; Ma Vie en Rose; Oscar & Lucinda; The Sweet Hereafter.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *L.A. Confidential; Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Fallen; The Gingerbread Man; Good Will Hunting; Half Baked; Kundun; Mouse Hunt; Swept from the Sea; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *As Good As It Gets; Jackie Brown.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Titanic.*

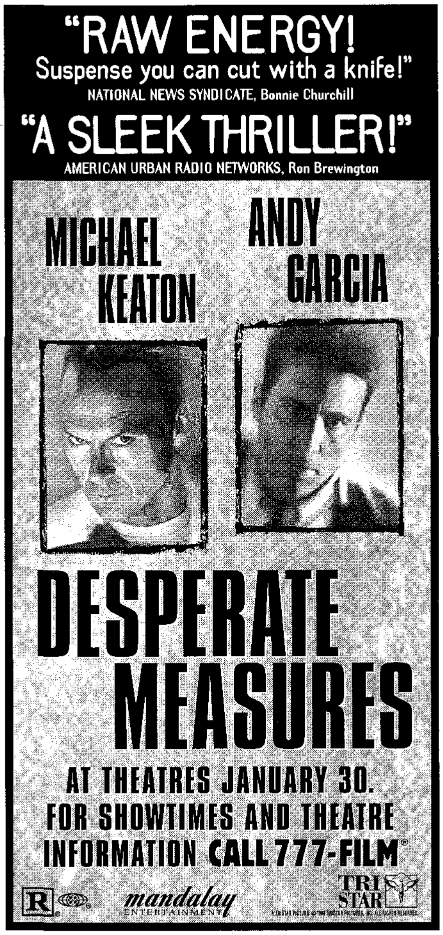
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Half Baked; Phantoms; Spice World.*

Opening

She's Gotta Have It

In *The Oyster and the Wind*, a lighthouse-keeper's lonely daughter finds an imaginary friend—and lover—in the wind that blows across her island. Brazilian director Walter Lima Jr.'s dreamy coming-of-age film starts Friday, January 30, at the Anthology Film Archives. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph courtesy of Anthology Film Archives.



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Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Afterglow.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Amistad; As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Half Baked; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Phantoms; Scream 2; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; Phantoms; Scream 2; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Amistad; Fallen; Flubber; Good Will Hunting; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; Phantoms; Scream 2; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *As Good As It Gets; The Boxer; Good Will Hunting; Kundun; Mouse Hunt; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Hard Rain; Phantoms; Titanic.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Good Will Hunting; Oscar & Lucinda; Wag the Dog.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Phantoms; Spice World.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Fallen; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Spice World.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Amistad; Hard Rain; Titanic.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Amistad; Fallen; Hard Rain; Phantoms; Spice World; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *As Good As It Gets; The Boxer; Half Baked; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Firestorm; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Hard Rain; Oscar & Lucinda; Phantoms; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Half Baked; Phantoms; Spice World; Titanic.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *As Good As It Gets; The Boxer; Fallen; Firestorm; Home Alone 3; Kundun; Mouse Hunt; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Firestorm; Half Baked; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Kundun; Scream 2; Star Kid; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Good Will Hunting; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; Spice World; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Half Baked; Phantoms; Spice World.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Amistad; Deconstructing Harry; Kundun; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Fallen; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Hard Rain; Scream 2; Star Kid; Tomorrow Never Dies.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Fallen; Firestorm; Half Baked; Home Alone 3; Jackie Brown; Mouse Hunt; Titanic; Wag the Dog.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Hard Rain; Phantoms; Scream 2; Star Kid; Titanic.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Boxer; Firestorm.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Good Will Hunting; Kundun; Swept from the Sea; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Fallen; Spice World; Titanic.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *As Good As It Gets; Good Will Hunting; Spice World; Star Kid; The Rocky Horror Picture Show; Titanic.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for Renovations.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *As Good As It Gets; Fallen; Firestorm; Hard Rain; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Deconstructing Harry; Wag the Dog.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Phantoms; Titanic.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) .

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *As Good As It Gets.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *As Good As It Gets; Deconstructing Harry; Good Will Hunting; Hard Rain; Mouse Hunt; Phantoms; Spice World; Star Kid; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Fallen; Good Will Hunting; Mouse Hunt; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *An American Werewolf in Paris; Amistad; As Good As It Gets; The Boxer; Fallen; Firestorm; Flubber; Good Will Hunting; Half Baked; Hard Rain; Kundun; Scream 2; Titanic; Tomorrow Never Dies; Wag the Dog.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"All that Heaven Allows: A Douglas Sirk Retrospective." 1/31: *Summer Storm* (1944) and *La Habanera* (1937). 2/1: *Shockproof* (1949) and *A Scandal in Paris* (1945). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $12–$15 nonmembers, $8–$10 members, $4 ages 5–18.

Anthology Film Archives—1/27: *Colonel Redl* (1985). 1/29: *La Rencontre* (1996). 1/30–2/19: *The Oyster and the Wind* (1997). 1/31–2/1: Chotard et Cie (1933). "Tribute to Shirley Clarke." 1/31: *A Portrait of Shirley Clarke* (1967). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Congregation Emanu-El—"Israelis & Palestinians: Troubled Neighbors." 1/27: *Cup Final* (1991). Free admission. Leon Lowenstein Auditorium, Goldsmith Religious School Building, 10 East 66th St. (744-1400).

Different Light—2/1: *Of Human Bondage* (1934). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Featuring: The Social Problem Film." 1/28: *Pinky* (1949). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Paul Robeson." 1/27: *Showboat* (1936) and *Big Fella* (1937). "William Haines." 2/2: *West Point* (1927) and *Just a Gigolo* (1931). "Universal Noir." 1/28–2/1: *Double Indemnity* (1944) and *The Killers* (1946). 2/3–2/4: *This Gun for Hire* (1942) and *The Blue Dahlia* (1946). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"A History of Hungarian Cinema." 1/28–1/29: *Somewhere in Europe* (1947) and *Merry-Go-Round* (1953). 1/29: *State Department Store* (1952). 1/30: *The Round-Up* (1965). 1/30–1/31: *The Age of Daydreaming* (1964). 1/31–2/1: *Professor Hannibal* (1956) and *House Under the Rocks* (1958). 2/1: *Aphrodite* (1918). 2/1–2/2: *Ten Thousand Suns* (1965–67). 2/2: *Land of Angels* (1962). 2/3–2/4: *Skylark* (1963) and *Current* (1963). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—1/27: *Ridicule* (1996). 2/3: *La Cérémonie* (1995). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $10 double feature.

Japan Society—"Literature to Film." 1/30: *The White Tower* (1966). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"Frances Marion and Her Circle." 1/27: *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (1921) and *The Ten Commandments* (1923). 2/1: *Male and Female* (1919), *Down to Earth* (1917), and *His Picture in the Papers* (1916). 2/2: *Stella Maris* (1918), *The Toll of the Sea* (1922), and *Too Wise Wives* (1921). 2/3: *The Love Light* (1921), *The New York Hat* (1912), *Joanna Enlists* (1918), and *On Dangerous Ground* (1917). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of January: *Hustling* (1975). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

New York University—1/30–2/1: "Myth, Imagination, Reality: New Egyptian Directors." 1/30: *The Captain* (1997). 1/31: Various shorts; *Romantica* (1996), *Asphalt Kings* (1995). 2/1: *Violets Are Blue* (1993) and *Three on the Road* (1993). Cantor Film Center, 36 E. 8th St. at University Place (998-8877); free.

Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 1/31–2/1: *Conflagration* (1958). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.

Opening

A Tale of Two Clothes Horses

Ethan Hawke and Gwyneth Paltrow make a pretty, puffy pair in 'Great Expectations,' a touch-up of Dickens that has artist Hawke living in a swanky SoHo loft and Paltrow wearing Donna Karan in every scene—except for the one where Hawke paints her nude. Opens Friday, January 30.

Photograph by Phillip Caruso/Twentieth Centruy Fox.

Simon *continued from page 55*

Stanford White, by her crazy millionaire husband, Harry K. Thaw? Why does the otherwise apt director, Frank Galati, cast a typical chorus boy as the sturdy White, and a White look-alike as the measly Thaw? Why is the murder trial turned into a burlesque sketch, and Evelyn herself into a Marilyn Monroe parody?

Elsewhere Galati's staging is persuasive, especially as abetted by Graciela Daniele's choreography, which arises imperceptibly from the stage movement and, equally inconspicuously, subsides back into it. Add to this the jaunty costumes of Santo Loquasto, ever so slightly tongue-in-cheek, and the always painterly lighting of Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer, and you have quite a spectacle.

Stephen Flaherty has composed two or three very catchy ragtime numbers, but they get reprised irritatingly often: An entire song cannot act as a leitmotiv. In between, there are ballads and anthems that lack distinction and, even more, wit. Nor does his regular collaborator, Lynn Ahrens, do any better with the lyrics: They are serviceable but pedestrian, with a sprinkling of the bizarre that barely masks the commonplace. However, William David Brohn's clever orchestrations help us across many a barren spot.

Brian Stokes Mitchell would be a first-rate Coalhouse were he not too dapper and too pale. Unlike Doctorow's older, heavier, and darker-skinned man, this Coalhouse could have driven past the racist firemen without being taken for a black. As the brittle and girlish Sarah, Audra McDonald, a barreling powerhouse of a woman and singer, is all wrong, especially when she tries to act girlish with mincing steps that look like some kind of hopscotch. Mark Jacoby's ploddingly sedulous quality almost works for Father yet is finally too simplistic.

But Marin Mazzie is an altogether satisfying Mother,s even with an anachronistic coating of feminism imposed on her. (Other anachronisms include a new line for Peary's black assistant.) Peter Friedman's Tateh, perhaps a shade too farcical, is nevertheless endearing; Jim Corti is a credible Houdini, and Judy Kaye a good-as-gold Emma Goldman. Steven Sutcliffe nicely conveys Mother's Younger Brother's smartness as well as benightedness; Lynnette Perry, whose part is unfortunately decimated, was probably misdirected into making Evelyn Marilyn. The children are apt enough for us to forgive their staying the same age throughout.

The restored and fused Apollo and Lyric Theaters have yielded the lovely and comfortable Ford Center for the Performing Arts; may there be many Tauruses in its future, and the fewest possible Edsels. ■

Davis *continued from page 56*

help Helen win back her husband. After much squabbling, magical transformations, quaffing of potions, intrusions by desert warriors and other weird creatures (among them an "omniscient" seashell that broadcasts reports on the offstage action), Helen rejects Aithra's marriage-counseling-by-sorcery and finally persuades Menelaus to accept her as the real woman she always was.

Even in *Die Frau ohne Schatten,* Hofmannsthal had not devised such an intricate and confusing fantasy to illustrate his ideas on the mystical nature of male-female bonding. While Strauss was hardly the dense bourgeois materialist that many historians still make him out to be, he must have been occasionally baffled by such esoteric material, particularly its lack of theatrical clarity (at one point, he actually mistook a stage direction for dialogue and set it to music). Even at that, there are sufficient musical touches to justify any Strauss enthusiast's admiration for the score: the up-in-the-air instrumental mystery of Aithra's enchanted palace; Helen's rapturous cantilena after her "second bridal night" with Menelaus; the brutal music associated with the desert chieftain Altair; the fascinatingly reimagined echoes of Wagner, Mozart, Rimsky-Korsakov, and even Strauss's own early work. These "discontinuous stylistic citations" may well contribute to the highly personalized narrative style that Botstein perceives and so admires in Strauss's music of this period. In purely practical terms, though, *Die ägyptische Helena* will probably always remain a delicacy for the connoisseur.

A true believer, Botstein conducted the undoctored original version, ignoring the revisions Strauss made in Act II for a 1933 Salzburg revival. Perhaps the kindest word to describe the performance would be *disheveled*—voices and instruments seldom met as indicated in the score. My sympathies go to Paul Frey, who struggled valiantly but vainly with Menelaus—no amount of professorial sophistry can disguise the failure of this dramatically opaque and awkwardly composed role to come alive. Deborah Voigt, on the other hand, will one day be a glorious Helena when the music is more securely in her voice and she receives more help from the podium. Despite earnest contributions from Helen Field, Peter Coleman-Wright, Wendy Hoffman, and Glenn Siebert, a truly convincing case for *Die ägyptische Helena* is still to be made.

LIKE ANY WORTHY FOUNDATION, THE ONE created four years ago by Marilyn Horne to further the faltering cause of the song recital does its most effective work away from the limelight. The current progress report contains all sorts of encouraging news about national recitals, artist assistance, educational programs, and community activities, and may the good work continue. Each January, however, on the not-yet-retired singer's birthday, the Marilyn Horne Foundation goes all out for eye-catching glamour, this year in a Carnegie Hall concert featuring Samuel Ramey, Deborah Voigt, David Daniels, Dolora Zajick, and Benita Valente, among others. That lineup would be enough to guarantee major attention, but Horne ices the cake by producing a colleague from the old days, one whose name already glows with a legendary patina. Montserrat Caballé and Christa Ludwig have graced past foundation parties, and this year's nostalgic draw was **Joan Sutherland,** in town to give a master class in bel canto interpretation at the Juilliard School and to promote her recently published autobiography.

The book, I fear, is a disaster, amounting to little more than a busy international diva's engagement calendar. As a schoolmarm, though, Sutherland has more to offer, immediately and shrewdly sizing up the vocal quality, ego problems, and technical capacities of four sopranos in various stages of their development. She could be blunt but not cruel ("It's just a recitative, dear, not ho-jo-to-ho"), honest about her own voice ("I was always criticized for my diction, but I made a warm sound"), and helpfully practical about such matters as portamento, ornamentation, and tonal coloring. Mostly, though, pupils and audience came away with a better understanding of how Sutherland's forthright, unsentimental, and get-on-with-it work methods helped make her one of the vocal wonders of her generation.

A CONSISTENTLY APPEALING QUALITY OF A Bronx Opera production is the engaging sense of community that pervades the performance—without, I hasten to say, any hint of slighting high professional standards. To show off both strengths, the company's revival of Ralph Vaughan Williams's rarely seen **Hugh the Drover** proved to be a happy choice. This celebration of English country life in the Cotswolds at the time of the Napoleonic wars is a prime example of the folklorish pastoral style that flourished in England during the early years of the century (called the "cowpat" school by those who can't stand the stuff), and no one practiced it with more skill and lyrical charm than Vaughan Williams. It was a pleasant rediscovery, made even more so by Bronx Opera artistic director Michael Spierman, who presided over a typically polished effort that bubbled with musical and dramatic life from start to finish. ■

theater

Tom Noonan's *Wang Dang*...Richard Dresser

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Capeman—Paul Simon's painstakingly crafted and vigorously ballyhooed new musical finally arrives. The score—a mix of salsa, rock, doo-wop, and gospel tunes—features more than 30 songs; the story, based on one of the most sensational double murders in New York history, is one of redemption, following Salvador Agrón, the perp, for more than 30 years of his uncommon life, as he metamorphoses from gang tough to jailhouse poet. Book by Nobel Prize–winning poet Derek Walcott, direction and choreography by Mark Morris, and star turns by Ruben Blades and Marc Anthony. $50–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 1/29 opening. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Freak—The mambo energies of John Leguizamo are on thrilling display in this, his newest one-man show about a misspent and unholy adolescence. Horror stories about masturbation, the Fresh Air Fund, and his evil grandmother abound. $10–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/12 opening. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner, Hinton Battle, and Ernie Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

The Diary of Anne Frank—Natalie Portman, the electrifying teen cutie from *Beautiful Girls,* stars in this newly adapted version of the 1955 play. Also starring Linda Lavin, Harris Yulin, George Hearn, and Austin Pendleton. $40–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/4/97. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Jackie: An American Life—As ominously titled as it is, this isn't a serious play. It isn't even a straight biography, though Gip Hoppe, the author, manages to cram in historical events both great and small. Instead, it relies on whimsical devices to convey some ideas about the nature of the First Lady's celebrity (the Rat Pack? LBJ? Joe Kennedy?—all puppets) and revels in portraits of the mundane. Margaret Colin stars. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/10/97. *Belasco Theater, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner. Marie Osmond stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

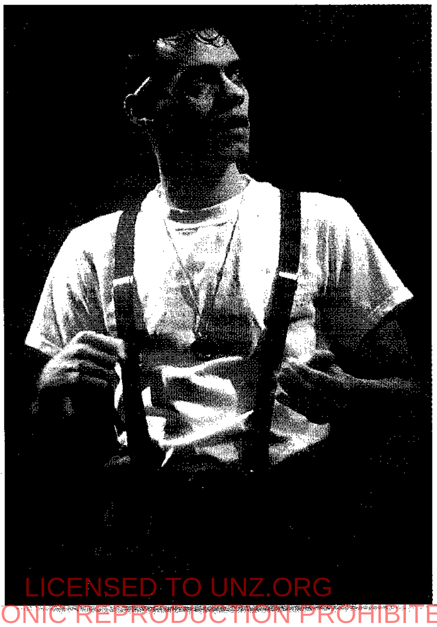
The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And

Opening

The Sound of Sirens

After nearly a decade of composing, scribbling, obsessing, and drifting in and out of collaborative unions, Paul Simon finally opens his Broadway musical, 'The Capeman,' on January 29 at the Marquis. Whatever the critical response to the production, this much can be said: It has spurred interest beyond the suburban, graying hordes who ordinarily patronize the Great White Way. The plot—which spins around the sins and redemption of teenage murderer Salvador Agrón—is one of the few since 'West Side Story' to take place in the New York barrio, and two of Latin music's hottest stars—Marc Anthony and Ruben Blades—split the title role.



Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Previews

What We Have Here Is a Failure to Communicate

The title *Wang Dang*, like so many other aspects of Tom Noonan's plays, is meant to be provocative and faintly ridiculous. He says he likes the sound of it—filthy yet whimsical, as if jointly invented by Drs. Seuss and Ruth. Plus, it begins with the letter *W*. In light of Noonan's slender but well-regarded oeuvre, this alphabetical detail is key. "Both of my movies began with a *W*," he explains. "So when I'm 80, you can go to the *W* section of the video store and find all twenty films I've made. It's smart marketing." He appears to mean it.

Those two movies, *The Wife* and *What Happened Was . . .*, were once plays, too. Like *Wang Dang*, Noonan first developed them at Paradise Theatre, an East Village space he has owned since 1982. Then, when he filmed them, he used the same actors, the same real-time dialogue, and even some of the same furniture. *What Happened Was . . .* won the 1994 Sundance Grand Jury Prize for best film; *The Wife*, then called *Wifey*, won an Obie the same year. What fascinates Noonan is the messiness and imprecision of human interaction: His characters misunderstand one another, stammer, ask each other to repeat things, and talk at cross purposes. "It's the tiny, subtle things that happen between people," he says, "the kind that no one ever talks about. Like you're at a dinner party. One person's talking; another interrupts. Who do the other two people listen to?" After a full evening of this fractured chatter, one realizes how unnatural most stage discussion—even the putatively naturalist sort—really is. Noonan is aware of this, though he speaks in perfectly edited ribbons of speech. "If you listen to everyday conversation," he says, "you realize that it's ungrammatical. It makes no sense." He pauses. "It makes my dialogue sort of difficult to memorize." **Jennifer Senior**

Wang Dang begins previews on January 29. For tickets ($20) and more information, call 354-2220.

Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Old Neighborhood—Three interconnected one-act plays by David Mamet, starring Peter Riegert, Patti LuPone, Vincent Guastaferro, Mary McCann, and Jack Willis. Directed by Scott Zigler. $45–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 11/19/97. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, 357 million dollars, and 6.86 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, gliding, this Monday, past the ten-year mark. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—If the buzz from Toronto and L.A. is to be trusted, this musical, adapted from E. L. Doctorow's historical novel by playwright Terrence McNally and the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens, will raise goose bumps and maybe even teach us something. The story braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters ranging from Harry Houdini to Emma Goldman. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. It's got romance, suspense, swashbuckling, and a whole bunch of eighteenth-century stuff; if it succeeds, Broadway could well be on its way to becoming a French Revolution theme park. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: 8/25/97.) $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Street Corner Symphony—The seventies, a decade that increasingly seems better suited to art than to life, comes roaring back in this revue of soul, pop, and disco ditties. Period costume and dances accompany each number. *Get down.* Conceived and staged by Marion J. Caffey. $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/24/97. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Sunshine Boys—This Neil Simon play is a triumph of strategy. (1) It is full of one-liners: easily detachable and portable laughs. (2) The main characters, a retired vaudeville team, now hate each other, hence ever-popular insult comedy. (3) Willie Clark and Al Lewis are also Jewish, so we get audience-tickling Jewish jokes. (4) The background is show business, providing cherished showbiz humor. (5) A play about old croakers will capture Broadway's senescent regulars. (6) Big Apple–vs.–New Jersey jests draw in the trans-Hudsonians. (7) As ex-vaudevillians, Willie and Al generate nostalgia for a vanished world. Add the stage-screen-and-TV-enshrined duo of Jack Klugman (Willie) and Tony Randall (Al), and it's platinum-edged-securities time. This production at the National Actors Theatre revival is rattling good fun. (Simon: 1/5/98.) $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/8/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

A View From the Bridge—Anthony LaPaglia, last seen on Broadway in *The Rose Tattoo,* stars in Arthur Miller's affecting drama about the passion of betrayal. Directed by Michael Mayer. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/22. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Eyes For Consuela—A new play by Sam Shepard, based on Octavio Paz's short story *The Blue Bouquet*. While wandering through the Mexican jungle, an American traveler is taken hostage by a love-struck bandit who demands not money but his victim's eyes. Starring David Strathairn; directed by Terry Kinney. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/3 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Gun-Shy—Richard Dresser's new comedy about divorce, bicoastal parenting, and the perils of starting over. $37.50 Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 2/1 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—wrote and stars in this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $35. Mon at 8, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 2/1 for a 2/14 opening. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

House/Lights—The Wooster Group re-examines Gertrude Stein's *Dr. Faustus Lights the Lights.* Directed by Elizabeth LeCompte. $20. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/29 and run through 2/15. *The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (966-3651).*

Lypsinka is Harriet Craig!—The mute chanteuse speaks—!!!—and waxes really, really bitchy in this adaptation of the 1950 Joan Crawford film. A return engagement. $25. Thurs., Fri., and Sun. at 8.

Photograph by Joe DeSalvo.

Previews begin 1/29 for a 2/8 opening. Through 3/8. *Mother, 432 W. 14th St. (539-7585).*

Mizlansky/Zilinsky or "Schmucks"—A new comedy from John Robin Baitz about a pair of Hollywood hustlers' last-ditch effort to seal a deal. Nathan Lane, fresh from Hollywood, where he evaded mice and other vermin, plays one of the two title schmucks; Joe Mantello, the talented young actor who directed Neil Simon's *Proposals,* directs here, too. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Previews begin 1/27 for a 2/17 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Phaedra in Delirium—A contemporary perspective on the myth of the woman who falls in love with her stepson. Written by Susan Yankowitz; Kathleen Chalfant, the woman of multiple star-turns from *Angels in America,* plays the title role. $25–$33. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/28 opening. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

Richard II and Richard III—Are presented in rotating repertory by the always estimable Theater for a New Audience. A company of eighteen actors plays 60 roles; Ron Daniels directs. $37.50 per *Richard.* Schedule varies. In previews for a 2/15 opening. *Playhouse at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Romeo & Juliet—As interpreted by the Acting Company, one of the country's leading touring repertories. $10–$25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, Sun. at 3. Performances begin 1/29 and run through 2/8. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Scotland Road—A thriller-mystery by Jeffrey Hatcher about a neglected, underexploited topic: the *Titanic.* A man obsessed with the the ship's doomed voyage finds a young woman clinging to an iceberg in the North Atlantic. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/27 opening. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Shopping and Fucking—And how these two pursuits intersect in the lives of five young Londoners. The play, by newcomer Mark Ravenhill, was a sensation last year in the West End; it opens here with a homegrown cast. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/2 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Opening

Beating a Dead Ship

Go down once more with the 'Titanic'—if you can bear it—at Primary Stages, where Jeffrey Hatcher's 'Scotland Road' has been directed by a first-class director and brought to life by a first-class cast. The story was inspired by a 1990 'Weekly World News' headline proclaiming TITANIC SURVIVOR FOUND ON ICEBERG . . . TRAWLER PICKS UP YOUNG WOMAN DRESSED IN 1900S CLOTHES! *The corset must have kept her warm. Opens January 27.*

Photograph by Jonathan Barkey.

Now Playing

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; alertly directed by Mark Brokaw. Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Bashevis—Tales of I.B. Singer—A play based on the short stories of the Nobel Prize–winning author. Starring David Margulies. $20. Tues. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 2/14. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*

Benita Canova—Struck by Balthus's erotic depictions of little girls, Richard Foreman responded with this, his own metaphysical portrait of sex and violence among the nubile. $15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Ontological Theatre at St. Marks, 131 10th St. (533-4650).*

Black Humor—Lewis Black peddles his brand of shrewd, informed political comedy without, amazingly, invoking Bill Clinton's weakness for Big Macs or Al Gore's resemblance to plywood. $25–$27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. Through 2/14. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Broadway Kids Sing Broadway—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie, The Sound of Music, The Wizard of Oz, Oliver!,* and *Bye Bye Birdie.* $20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).

Century City—A professional baseball player is accused of sexual assault and hires one of L.A.'s most successful female defense attorneys. Ellen Parker, always a pleasure to watch, and Marcus Giamatti play the leads; Constance Grappo directs. Written by Mark Lee. $25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Goose-Pimples—The New Group inaugurates its fall season with this scabrous comedy by Mike Leigh, writer and director of the films *Naked, Secrets and Lies,* and *Career Girls.* Scott Elliott directs. $25–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/1. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively. (Simon: 3/31/97.) Now starring Molly Ringwald and Cotter Smith. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 3/16/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Can't Remember Anything/The Last Yankee—The Signature Theatre Company continues its Arthur Miller season with these two relatively recent one-acts, both directed by Joseph Chaikin. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-7529).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

I'm Still Here . . . Damn It!—Sandra Bernhard resumes her one-woman show, taking aim at Mariah Carey, supermodels, and other deserving targets. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 9. Through 2/14. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-7171).*

Joseph Gabriel Magic—Magician Joseph Gabriel mixes sleights of hand with large-scale illusions. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

June Moon—A revival of a revival. Last year, the Drama Dept. brought back this 1929 comedy by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman to great acclaim; this winter, the story of the Tin Pan Alley songwriter who falls for a big-city sophisticate comes roaring back, after a bit of tweaking in Princeton, New Jersey. Directed by Mark Nelson. $20–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/15/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (239-6200).*

The Last Session—This is a musical that, strangely, is about AIDS, and, stranger still, is not at all morbid. Music and lyrics by Steve Schalchlin, upon whose life the musical is partially based. Book and direction by his partner, Jim Brochu. $25–$30. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30 and 8; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/17/97. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mindgames—Marc Salem, a mentalist and former director of research for *Sesame Street,* does a slew of fancy math tricks, stops his own pulse, and predicts the contents of people's wallets. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2, 7, and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 11/17/97. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Never the Sinner—The sensational story of Leopold and Loeb—two wealthy, well-educated teenagers who in 1924 murdered a young boy on a whim—moves from the American Jewish Theatre, where it played to great acclaim earlier this season, to a home further uptown. $25–$45. Mon. at 8, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pride's Crossing—One of our subtlest playwrights (Tina Howe) and one of our most incisive performers (Cherry Jones) have combined talents to give us this delicate, minor-key memory play, which, by turns, is wistful, sassy, radiant, and melancholy. It rehearses the life of Mabel Tidings Bigelow from 10 to 90 in seemingly random order, the way reality and remembrance play hopscotch with each other. Mabel is a quirky, headstrong, despotic nonagenarian, a New England matriarch whose high point was being the first woman to swim the English Channel the harder way, from England to France. Cherry Jones has to be seen to be believed—if then. Without aid from makeup, she roams fast and free across the decades, embodying all ages and conditions through the sheer power of acting. (Simon: 12/22/97.) $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 4/5. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that may stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. The show was well reviewed when it played earlier this season at Expanded Arts, and the conceit—that a quartet of private-school boys perform Shakespeare's drama on a lark and actually learn something—has its charms. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (1-888-MOB-BOYS).*

Ricky Jay & His 52 Assistants—This is a repeat engagement from the actor-prestidigitator, who in 1994 first presented crowds with this strange evening of card tricks. Some you've seen before—like the three-card monte—and some you surely haven't; he makes cards levitate, for example, and cuts them in midair with scissors. David Mamet, long fascinated by the power of the scam and human gullibility, directed. $55. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 3/29. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3471).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $40; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

The Show Goes On—Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt offer a charming retrospective of their work in this revue. Not at all a dreary "And then we wrote" ego trip, this is a selective overview of the high and low points of their joint career, whose best known peaks were *The Fantasticks, 110 in the Shade,* and *I Do! I Do!* What we get here is Schmidt, ebullient at the piano, and Jones as the choicest of compères and raconteurs evoking the history of creating Broadway and Off Broadway musicals, as well as writing for nightclubs, cabarets, and movies. Through their personal prism, Schmidt and Jones cover something bigger: the rise and fall of show music in the past four decades. (Simon: 1/12/98). Audience discussions with the duo follow every Thursday-evening performance. $30–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 2/28. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, Citicorp Center, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Song at Sunset—A tribute to the playwright Sean O'Casey by his daughter, Shivaun O'Casey. The one-man show, which proved enormously popular in London, Belfast, and Glasgow, stars Olivier Award winner Niall Buggy. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

10 Naked Men—See title. Written and directed by Ronnie Larsen, the author of *Making Porn,* which just closed after more than 500 performances. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 10/16/97. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. (239-6200).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

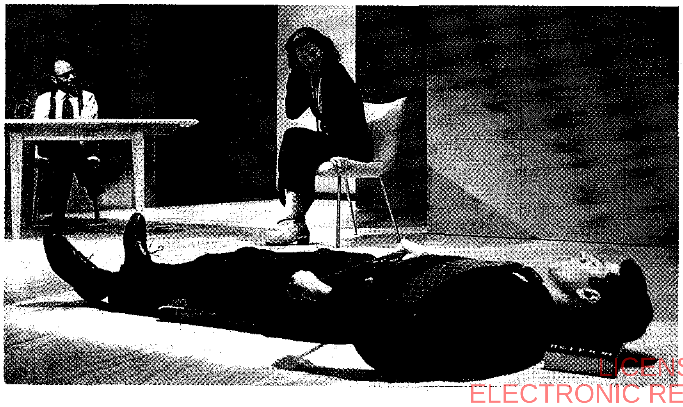
Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened 10/30/97. *Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

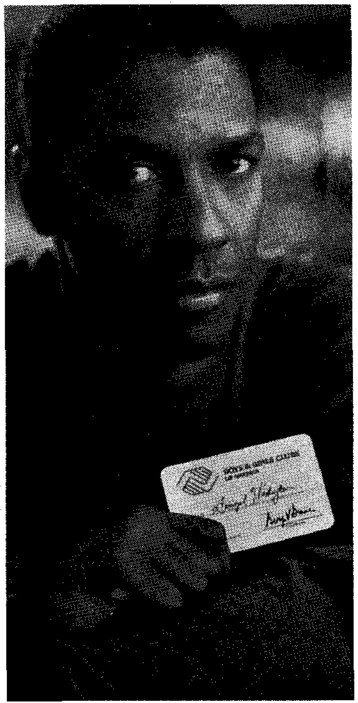
Visiting Mr. Green—Eli Wallach, who made his Broadway debut more than a half-century ago, stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Written by Jeff Baron; directed by Lonny Price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Opening
Full House

Proving once again that divorce is just as difficult as marriage, the estranged husband and wife in Richard Dresser's *Gun-Shy* wind up under the same roof—both with their new significant other in tow. The comedy was the toast of the 1997 Humana Festival in Louisville; it opens here, again under the direction of Gloria Muzio, at Playwrights Horizons on February 1.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.





Denzel Washington

Put this card in the hands of a child and there'll be no room for a gun. A needle. Or a knife.

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BOYS & GIRLS CLUBS OF AMERICA

The Positive Place For Kids

art

Lalique Jewelry...Angela de la Cruz

Openings

Works by African-American, Caribbean, and African artists go on view this week at the second annual **NATIONAL BLACK FINE ART SHOW,** being held Jan. 30–Feb. 1 at the Puck Building, Lafayette and Houston Sts. Hours are Fri. 12–8, Sat. 11–8, and Sun. 11–7; admission is $10.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Herbert Brown—Painted subway posters from the early sixties; through 2/28. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Eric Fischl—Recent sculpture; through 2/28. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Tony Scherman/José María Sicilia—Encaustic paintings of faces from the artist's Napoleon series/Paintings of flowers on fields of honey-colored wax. Through 2/27. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (327-2526).

Fulvio Testa—Watercolors of imaginary landscapes; through 2/28. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (743-3670).

Helen Torr/Vivienne Foley—Paintings, watercolors, and charcoal drawings of still-life arrangements and landscapes by this artist (1886–1967) whose husband was the painter Arthur Dove/New porcelain vessels by the London-based ceramist. Through 2/21. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

John Walker—Recent paintings that draw on the artist's memory of a series of conversations with his father about the elder Walker's experiences during WWI, and incorporate texts from poems of the Great War by Wilfred Owen and David Jones; through 2/7. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

57th Street Area

Debra Bermingham/George Tooker—Paintings that depict spare compositions of small balls and boxes, antique clocks, mounted butterflies, and other objects symbolizing the passage of time/Egg-tempera paintings of figures in windows. Through 2/7. D C Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Arthur Dove/Edwin Dickinson—Works on paper spanning the Modernist's career/Major examples of his Wellfleet landscapes, including paintings of marsh, woods, and paths to the beach. Through 2/7. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Ralph Humphrey—A survey focusing on the frame forms within the late artist's abstract paintings and a group of figurative weeks on paper from 1985–86; through 2/14. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227)

Donald Judd—Early fabricated works; 1/30–3/7. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Wes Mills—Small-scale abstract drawings in powdered pigment and graphite; through 2/21. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Daniel Morper—Realist paintings of the Santa Fe rail yards; through 2/28. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Michel Nedjar—An exhibition pairing the mixed-media paintings of this self-taught artist with works by Expressionists; through 3/14. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Pablo Picasso—A exhibition of prints focusing on the artist's collaborations with various printmakers; through 3/14. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Anthony Springer—Paintings of New York City scenes; through 2/9. Findlay, 41 E. 57th St. (486-7660).

Vivian Springford—The artist's abstract "Black Paintings" from 1957 through 1964, in which she first began exploring the effects of staining on unprimed canvas, and her vividly colored amorphic stained canvases of the seventies and eighties; through 2/28. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1180).

John Van Alstine—Sculptures of found objects and granite; through 2/7. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Jeff Wall—Cibachrome transparency lightboxes and large-scale black-and-white photographs from the past three years; 1/30–3/14. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Photography
Fairy Tales

Since 1862, when it was originated in Boston by William A. Mumler, the genre known as "spirit photography" has spawned conceptual documentations, surrealistic interventions, and outright hoaxes. "The Cottingley Fairies and Other Apparitions" offers everything from childish deceptions, such as the image of Elsie Wright with a winged gnome (below) shot by her cousin Frances Griffiths in Cottingley, England, in 1917, to more sophisticated contributions from Eugène Atget, Nancy Burson, Barbara Ess, Vik Muniz, and others. At Leslie Tonkonow Artworks + Projects, 601 West 26th Street; through February 21.

Photograph courtesy of Leslie Tonkonow Artworks + Projects.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Rita Ackermann—Recent paintings in ballpoint pen, acrylic, and pastel whose images refer to student uprisings of the sixties; through 2/7. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

John Baldessari—Recent paintings from "The Goya Series" that combine photographic images and text on canvas; through 2/14. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Lex Braes—Abstract paintings from the artist's "Still" series; through 2/14. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Daniel Buren—Three series of unique prints by the French conceptualist; 1/29–3/14. Gemini G.E.L. at Weyl, 375 Broadway (219-1446).

Marie José Burki—Recent videos that explore the unbridgeable differences between animals and people; through 3/14. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Squeak Carnwath—New paintings incorporating text and pictographs; through 2/14. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Bonnie Collura—Painted wood panels that incorporate ink-on-paper drawings and are illuminated by fluorescent light; through 2/7. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

George Condo—New collage paintings combining figuration and abstraction; 1/30–3/7. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Maureen Connor—An installation titled *Love (at first) Site* that converts the gallery's two rooms into three distinct spaces, each with its own mise-en-scène of music, dialogue, and lighting; through 2/7. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Hanne Darboven—An unedited work titled *Stone of Wisdom/Stein der Weisen 1996* that consists of an installation of 165 framed drawings and 53 books of manuscripts with photographs; through 2/7. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Peter Dreher—Three separate installations of the artist's paintings of nudes, flowers, and glasses; 1/29–3/7. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2625).

Sally Elesby—Three-dimensional painted structures made from wires covered with acrylic-coated glue; through 2/21. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Yizhak Elyashiv—Large-scale drypoints that depict random configurations of grains of wheat; through 3/14. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0906).

Pamela Fraser—New large-scale paintings that depict tiny, multicolored racing stripes that stop short, go in circles, and comprise an enormous variety of clashing colors; through 2/21. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Terri Friedman—New sculptures incorporating water; through 2/7. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Arturo Herrera—An installation of minimally presented objects in a variety of media, among them wall painting, photography, sculpture, and works on paper; 1/30–3/7. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Cameron Jamie—A video and photographic installation inspired by apartment wrestling; through 2/11. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

Anselm Kiefer—Five new paintings that measure 9 feet high by 23 feet wide and a series of books; through 2/28. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Donald Lipski—Book works—sculpture using books as subject matter—made between 1982 and 1997; through 2/14. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Louis Monza—Paintings on the theme of war that were first exhibited at the Artist's Gallery on 13th Street in Manhattan, by the self-taught Italian expatriate; through 2/21. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Paul Pagk—Recent abstract paintings; through 2/7. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Alexandros Psychoulis—"Black Box," a work that transforms a viewer's speech into images through the use of a video-wall, a microphone, and a computer; through 2/7. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Ulrich Rückriem—Stone sculptures that begin as rough stone monoliths and are then cut and/or split and subsequently reassembled; through 2/28. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (255-5599).

Alyson Shotz—Photographs, sculptures, and video that focus on man's relationship to nature; through 2/14. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

James Turrell—An installation of a single free-standing transmission hologram; through 2/14. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

Jan W. Zakrzewski—Paintings that combine geometric abstraction with lyrical images from the artist's own history; through 2/14. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9069).

Chelsea

Pia Andersen—Abstract paintings inspired by South American landscapes; through 2/14. DCA, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-5511).

Suzan Batu/Jeremy Kidd—Paintings that incorporate pom-poms, costume jewels, and glitter/Microscopic views of natural objects rendered in artificial materials and saturated colors. Through 2/21. Coploff, 526 W. 26th St. (574-1024).

Robert Brady/Stephen Whittlesey—Recent wood sculptures by both; through 2/28. Elder, 529 W. 20th St. (462-2600).

Marco Breuer—Photographic sketches juxtaposing personal and public images; through 2/21. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

Angela de la Cruz—Monochromatic paintings paired with "parasitic" object-paintings; through 2/7. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Joy Episalla—Sculptures and large-format black-and-white photographs of curtains; through 2/21. Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).

Dara Friedman/Mark Handforth—New works by both; through 2/14. Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. (627-5258).

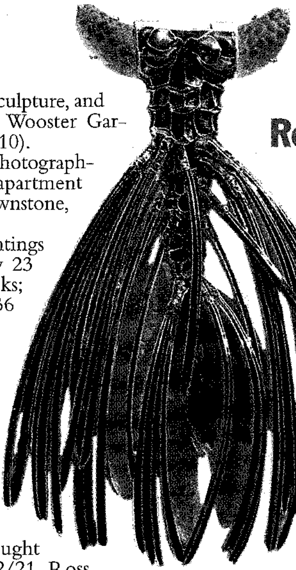
Gary Hume—Small paintings made between 1991 and 1997; through 2/28. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Joan Jonas—A film/video projection of an outdoor work performed in 1970 and a new video work; through 2/28. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Omar Lopez-Chahoud—Compositions of found objects that use the gallery's interior as a metaphorical canvas; through 2/21. De Chiara/Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. (967-6007).

Helen Marden—Abstract paintings and works on paper; through 2/28. Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Martin G. Larralde—New figurative paintings by an Argentinian artist that depict him as an adolescent; 1/31–2/26. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).



Photograph by David Behl.

Retrospective

Natural Wonders

Observed from the end of this century, the celebrated French jeweler René Lalique (1860–1945) seems to embody the end of the last with his Art Nouveau designs, a cache of which will be on view at our local Temple of Things, the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, February 3 through April 12. But when Lalique was astonishing the crowds in 1900 at the Exposition Universelle in Paris, it was as an innovator. Instead of making jewelry an ostentatious emblem of its purchasers' wealth, Lalique created pieces that evoked the loveliness of nature. He sculpted winged insects, sea creatures, flowers, and nymphlike young women with a light, free-flowing line, the results characterized by freshness, lyric beauty, and sheer charm. Just as he chose to display his wares against airy gauze rather than the customary deep-piled black velvet, Lalique allowed semiprecious stones and even tinted glass to take their place alongside conventional gems, with metal playing an equal rather than a merely supporting role. And apart from the occasional suggestive snake and hint of woman-as-threat, his work remained remarkably free of the decadent morbidity that his artistic era reveled in as if it were an aphrodisiac.

Lalique enjoyed a justly won fame early in his career. The well-heeled snapped up his one-of-a-kind pieces, as did prominent figures like the actress Sarah Bernhardt and Robert de Montesquiou, immortalized as the Baron de Charlus in Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past.* A decade into the twentieth century, however, Lalique had had his say in jewelry and turned to working with glass in mass production—the intermediate stage being elegant perfume bottles—enjoying a second career as glorious as his first.

Tobi Tobias

Matthew McCaslin—Recent video sculptures; 1/31–3/7. Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Ingo Meller—Paintings on unstretched, irregularly-shaped canvases in which strokes of color move in two directions; through 2/28. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Daniel Oates—Hand-carved cartoonlike sculptures of human and animal figures; through 2/14. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Jane Schiowitz/Claudia Roberts and Thomas Weaver—New abstract paintings depicting loosely repeated patterns/A collaborative installation of an oversized staircase; 1/29–2/28. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

Dan Witz—Photographs of the artist's own street works in Williamsburg, Brooklyn; through 2/21. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Betty Woodman—Recent ceramic sculptures based on specific works by Picasso and Matisse, and works in glass; 1/31–2/28. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Richard Woods—Painted photographs of cars and trucks and customized piles of timber and painted carpets; through 2/14. Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (206-0297).

Other

Nigel Hall—Large-scale drawings dating from 1964 to the present by the British sculptor; through 2/21. New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). "From Sacred to Sensual: Italian Paintings, 1400 to 1750," with works by Bellini, Canaletto, Tintoretto, Titian, others; through 3/14.

Feigen—49 E. 68th St. (628-0700). "Patriarchs and Prophets," an exhibit of Old Testament paintings from 1550 to 1800 by Italian and Dutch artists Bassano, Procaccini, Guercino, Preti, Bravo, others; through 2/28.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Abstract and representational drawings by 28 artists, among them Africano, Arm, Bocchino, Bovasso; 1/29–3/7.

MMC—221 E. 71st St. (517-0634). "On Location," with paintings, drawings, and photographs depicting architecture, landscapes, and cityscapes by Cross, Gallego, and Moumin; through 2/14.

Nardin—605 Madison Ave. (486-1888). Sculpture, paintings, and drawings by contemporary Italian artists Finotti, Cascella, Castagna, Guadagnucci, Sironi, others; through 2/28.

Pandora Old Masters—8 E. 77th St. (628-1974). Drawings and oil sketches by Italian artists, including Bandinelli, Bernini, Pomarancio, Parmigianino, others; through 2/14.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "*Fotomontage:* European and Russian Collage, 1920-1950," with more than 30 collages that incorporate original photographs and newspaper and magazine clippings by Blumenfeld, Brzeski, Galadjev, Hofmann, Hugnet, others; through 2/14.

57th Street Area

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). An exhibition focusing on work made by Bennington teachers Caro, Feeley, Noland, and Olitski during the sixties, titled "The Green Mountain Boys"; through 2/28.

Equitable Gallery—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "The Dutch in the Americas, 1600–1800," with rare prints, maps, and illustrated books from the John Carter Brown Library; through 4/4.

Franklin Parrasch—20 W. 57th St. (246-5360). "Points of Origin" examines the teacher-student relationships of Arneson and Nauman, Chihuly and Horn, and others; through 2/21.

PaineWebber—1285 Avenue of the Americas (713-2885). "A Central Park for the World: New York's Adirondack Park"; through 4/3.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Twentieth-century masterworks by African American artists Alston, Catlett, Delaney, Gilliam, others; through 3/22.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). An exhibit examining the work of Pollock, Orozco, and Siqueiros; through 2/28.

SoHo and TriBeCa

AC Project Room—15 Renwick St. (219-8275). Sculpture and painting by Smith, Kim, Chu; through 2/28.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "WILD," an exhibition of the work of Brody, Closson, Cohen, Currie, and others, exploring the boundaries of traditional media; through 3/15.

Feature—76 Greene St., second floor (941-7077). Paintings by Ross, models or prototypes by Bome, and drawings by Bransford, Fury 161, Hammond, Hug, Jones, others; through 2/13.

M-13—72 Greene St. (925-3007). "Abstraction," with works by French, Soreff, Neher, Rose, others; through 2/28.

Pratt—200 Willoughby Ave. Brooklyn (636-3471). "Sculptors and Their Environments," photographic essays on nineteen sculptors, including Acconci, Bourgeois, Chamberlain, Coyne, and others, plus examples of their work; 1/30–2/26.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). "Technosophia I: Overpromised," a multimedia exploration into the convergence of artistic practice and new digital technologies with installations by Swiss artists and D.J.'s Schumacher and Clavadetscher; through 3/1.

Thorp—103 Prince St. (431-6880). "Abstracted Presence," with paintings by Appel, Bladen, Held, Leroy, Leslie, and Resnick; through 2/28.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). A main gallery exhibition entitled "Lo-Fi Baroque," with works by Ahwesh, Bartlett, Brezany, Green, Hanson & Sonnenberg, Harrison, others; through 2/14.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). The work of four Austrian artists in diverse media presented on a 40-foot wall viewable 24 hours a day from the street; through 2/14.

Chelsea

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474). Works by Dittborn, Doherty, Hatoum, Salcedo; through 2/28.

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9300). "Vertical Time," an exhibition in which five artists share their ideas about personal space to counter the fragmentation of contemporary reality; through 2/21.

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (242-8811). "Male," a show curated by Vince Aletti of photographs, paintings, drawings, and prints depicting male subjects by more than 75 historic and contemporary artists, among them Ahearn, Beaton, Haring, Hujar, Mann, Mapplethorpe, Verger; through 2/22.

Other

Forbes—62 Fifth Ave. (209-5549). "Art from Scotland," an exhibition of contemporary paintings by traditional and avant-garde artists; 1/29–3/21.

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., Brooklyn (718-875-4047). "Reading Between The Lines," an exhibition of artists' books and work about books by Beube, Belichick, Cooperider, Kino, Marcano, others; through 3/7.

Photography

Anne Barnard—Black-and-white photograms; through 2/21. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). A survey of photographs from the fifties by Arbus, DeCarava, Frank, Strand, Winogrand, others; through 3/7.

Constantin Brancusi—A collection of vintage photographs that were acquired from friends, lovers, and collectors of the artist, including self-portraits and views of his sculptures in the studio; through 2/7. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Marta María Pérez Bravo—Manipulated and fragmented images of the artist's body; through 3/14. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Anton Bruhl—A survey of prints by this photographer (1900–1982) who pioneered color photography in the early thirties and was well known for his work for *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue*; through 3/7. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Paul Caponigro—Photographs of prehistoric megaliths, Celtic crosses, and Druid abbeys in remote regions of the British Isles and France; through 2/14. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute—408 W. 58th St. (307-7420), Mon.–Fri. 11–6; $2 suggested admission. "Picturing England: The Photographic Narratives of Vanley Burke." An exhibition of large-scale color photographs of England's Caribbean and Asian communities; through 2/15.

Arnold Eagle—Photographs documenting Jewish daily life in New York in the thirties and of personalities and artists; through 2/21. Van der Donk, 601 W. 26th St. (691-5973).

Joan Fontcuberta—Photographs that depict mosquitoes and other flying insects splattered on the windshield of the artist's car; through 2/7. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Talent Just when you thought nothing else could be done to a painting, along comes Angela de la Cruz, a London-based Spanish artist whose large, elegant monochromatic canvases are accompanied by smaller "parasite paintings." At John Weber Gallery, 529 West 20th Street; through February 7.

Jan Groover—Recent photographs of highways under construction in rural France; through 2/23. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

ICP—1130 Fifth (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50. "Images From the Machine Age: Selections From the Daniel Collection." Photographs, drawings, and prints spanning the twenties through the fifties; through 2/22. . . . "Nelly, From Athens to New York—The Work of Elli Seraïdari"; through 2/22.

ICP Midtown—1133 Avenue of the Americas, at 43rd St. (860-1777), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 seniors and students. "Weegee's World: Life, Death, and the Human Drama." A retrospective of more than 200 images by the legendary tabloid-news photographer; through 3/8.

Yevgeny Khaldei—Photographs and photocollages dating from 1934 to 1946 by the Russian photographer who is best known for his image of the raising of the Soviet flag over the Reichstag in Berlin in 1945; through 2/21. Schickler, 560 Broadway (431-6363).

Laura Letinsky—Photographs of couples in domestic settings and still lifes that suggest the presence of couples; through 2/14. McIntyre, 45 Crosby St. (334-9666).

Rose Marasco—Images of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century domestic items used by women; through 3/7. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Tanya Marcuse—New photographic emulsion transfers on glass and mylar that depict fragmented torsos; through 2/28. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Peter Moore—Lesser-known works by this photographer (1932–1993) who is primarily remembered for his images of happenings, performances, Judson Dance Theater, and other manifestations of performance art, including photographs documenting the destruction of New York's Pennsylvania Station, taken between 1963 and 1966, and of his family and close associates; through 2/21. Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (463-7348).

Roberto Schezen—Photographs depicting Greek Revival statues of male athletes that were erected in Rome in the thirties under Mussolini's direction; through 3/14. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

David "Chim" Seymour—Vintage prints by the photojournalist who co-founded Magnum Photos in 1947; through 3/7. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Kiki Smith/Joey Kötting—Straightforward photographs of wildlife and of the artist in sequential stages of blowing an egg/Paintings, video, and photographs that depict the artist outdoors in various activities. Through 3/7. Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

SoHo Triad—107 Grand St. (965-9500). Photographs from issue ten of *Blind Spot* magazine, by Crewdson, Fontcuberta, Hocks, Misrach, Parr, others; through 2/17.

Arne Svenson—Photographs from the new book *Prisoners* (Blast Books); through 2/21. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Ruth Thorne-Thomsen/Robert Frank—Recent pinhole photographs of fabricated classical scenes/A selection of rarely seen prints, ranging from the photographer's earliest work in Paris and New York to his 1960 trip through the South with Jack Kerouac; 1/22–2/21. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Tonkonow—601 W. 26th St. (255-8450). "The Cottingly Fairies and Other Apparitions," with photographs depicting otherwordly phenomena from the nineteenth century to the present by Atget, Becher, Ess, Maul, Michals, Muniz, Van Der Zee, others; through 2/21.

Penelope Umbrico—An installation of four-by-six-inch photographs of abstracted catalogue products; through 2/21. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Randy West—Photographs that depict the reflections of light on the walls of the artist's studio; through 2/21. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255

Christopher Williams—New photographs taken at different points on the globe—among them Brasilia, Dakar, and Rotterdam—and depicting encounters between cultures and enterprises; through 2/7. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). Photographs depicting various aspects of Italy by Angelo Lomeo and Sonja Bullaty, Linda Butler, and Leonard Sussman; 1/28–3/14.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Expressions in Wood: Masterworks From the Wornick Collection." Turned and shaped wood artworks by 56 artists from the United States, Europe, and Australia, drawn from the collection of Anita and Ron Wornick; through 3/22. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

Photograph courtesy of the John Weber Gallery.

American Museum of Natural History—"Sacred Mountains of the World." Color photographs of revered mountains around the world; through 3/31. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 4/26. . . . "Drawing Shadows to Stone: Photographing North Pacific Peoples, 1897–1902." A commemoration of the American Museum of Natural History's Jesup North Pacific Expedition of 1897–1902, including approximately 100 archival photographs of scenes from daily life; through 5/31. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Sèvres Porcelain Manufactory: Alexandre Brongniart and the Triumph of Art and Innovation, 1800–1847." A survey of the achievements of the Sèvres porcelain manufactory when it was under the direction of the brilliant Alexandre Brongniart, featuring porcelain blanks and finished pieces and 110 working drawings and watercolors that have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 2/1. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 3/15. . . . "The Picnic: An Installation by Ernesto Pujol"; through 3/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Furniture of George Hunziger: Invention and Innovation in Nineteenth-Century America." Furniture designed by George Hunziger (1835–1898) from the museum's collection; through 2/15. . . . "Graphic Alert: AIDS Posters From the Collection of Dr. Edward C. Atwater"; through 2/8. . . . "Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Rosa Bonheur." The first American retrospective devoted to the nineteenth century's acclaimed animal painter; through 2/21. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling*." A group of 25 photographs and a video installation by the Australian artist and filmmaker; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Robert Adam, The Creative Mind: From the Sketch to the Finished Drawing." Sixty-six drawings and watercolors by the renowned eighteenth-century architect Robert Adam, his brother and partner, James, and artists employed in their office that were selected from the 9,000 Adam drawings acquired by Sir John Soane in 1833; through 4/5. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Desert Cliché: Israel Now." Works that deconstruct stereotypes of Israeli culture, by eighteen contemporary Israeli artists; through 2/4. 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Wed. 11–8, Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"China: 5,000 Years." More than 500 artworks and artifacts from seventeen provinces of China; 2/6–6/3. . . . "After *Mountains and Sea*: Frankenthaler 1956–1959." A survey of the artist's early paintings, including her groundbreaking *Mountains and Sea* of 1952, which laid the stylistic groundwork for her subsequent works; through 5/3. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $10 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"Japanese Theater in the World." A history of Japanese theater traced through costumes, masks, puppets, musical instruments, posters, and other historic objects and ephemera; through 2/1. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"ASSIGNMENT: RESCUE, The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee." The story behind the 1940–41 rescue mission undertaken by Varian Fry, a New York–based Frenchman who arranged safe passage out of France for many anti-Nazi artists, writers, scientists, and political refugees; through 3/29. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Gianni Versace." A tribute to the late designer that reveals the influence of art on his fashion and theater designs; through 3/22. . . . "Jackson Pollock: Early Sketchbooks and Drawings." Fifty-five rarely or never-exhibited pages from the artist's three earliest extant sketchbooks, and 27 independent drawings, all dating from 1937 to 1941; through 2/8. . . . "Francesco Clemente: Indian Watercolors." Eighteen recent watercolors by the Italian artist who spends part of each year in Madras, India; through 2/8. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart, 1916–1992." A survey of the American Abstract Expressionist's paintings and works on paper; through 2/22. . . . "Flowers Underfoot: Indian Carpets of the Mughal Era"; through 3/1. . . . "King of the World: A Mughal Manuscript From the Royal Library, Windsor Castle"; through 2/8. . . . "Klee Landscapes." Works in all media from the Berggruen Klee Collection; through 2/8. . . . "Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors." Masks, freestanding figures, containers, and architectural posts by male and female Yoruba masters who were active from the mid-nineteenth through the first half of the twentieth century; through 3/1. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum at F.I.T.—"Toledo/Toledo: A Marriage of Art and Fashion." Approximately 100 pieces of clothing designed by Isabel Toledo, and paintings, fashion illustrations, sketches, sculptures, and mannequins by her husband, Ruben Toledo; through 4/25. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptures from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Arman; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A.G. Rizzoli: Architect of Magnificent Visions." A survey of architectural drawings, illuminated poems, and visionary writings by the San Francisco architectural draftsman (1896–1981); through 3/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—A Living Memorial to the Holocaust—Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the 1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. and eve of holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley." Artworks created by Halley as digital files on computer disk, comprising wallpaper and rub-down flowcharts that are fabricated by professional printers whenever a site-specific installation is planned; through 2/8. . . . "From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring Techniques." An exhibition focusing on various printmaking techniques, featuring more than 70 works from the museum's collection; through 2/8. . . . "Projects: Steve McQueen." A new film/video, *Deadpan*, that is a play on the Buster Keaton 1928 silent film *Steamboat Bill, Jr.*; through 2/10. . . . "The Hubley Studio: A Home for Animation." Concept art, animation drawings, storyboards, background paintings, and layouts for the films of John and Faith Hubley, who established the Hubley studio in 1955; through 2/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Bridging New York." An exhibition of paintings, prints, drawings, postcards, and vintage photographs exploring the role played by bridges in the creation of Greater New York; 1/31–6/28. . . . "New York From Above: An Aerial View." Paintings depicting aerial views of the city by Spelman Evans Downer; through 6/14. . . . "Under the Big Top: Circuses in New York." Costumes, models, props, posters, and other circus paraphernalia and ephemera dating from equestrian John Bill Rickett's first circus on Broadway in 1793 to today's Big Apple Circus; through 2/22. . . . "Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; through 3/8. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"Fair & Free: Images of Childhood, 1827–1992." Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures depicting children; through 3/8. . . . "Stages of Creation: Public Sculpture by National Academicians." Models for public sculpture by Louise Bourgeois, Neil Estern, Marisol, Tom Otterness, Tony Rosenthal, and others; through 3/8. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (514-3888), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Mona Hatoum." A survey of sculptures, video, installations, and photographic documentations of performances by the Palestinian London-based artist; through 2/22. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Fri. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs. and Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 years and under.

New York Public Library—"A Secret Location on the Lower East Side: Basement Publishing in New York City and Elsewhere." An exhibition focusing on the writers, artists, publishers, and communities who produced publications associated with the use of the mimeograph machine from the sixties through the early eighties; through 5/30. . . . "The Romanovs: Their Empire, Their Books." A selection of illustrated books that were originally in the collections of the Romanovs, the dynasty that ruled the Moscow Tsardom and the Russian Empire for 300 years until the Russian Revolution of 1917, and were acquired by the New York Public Library from the Soviet government in the twenties and thirties; through 2/28. . . . "Subject

Matters: Photography, Romana Javitz, and the New York Public Library." The story of the visionary curator Romana Javitz, who during her 39-year tenure (1929–1968), built the Picture Collection at the New York Public Library into a world-renowned resource of documentary photography; through 3/28. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New York Transit Museum—"50 Years of the Subway Sun." Posters from the "Sunday Sun" poster series that were created for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company between 1910 and the early sixties; through 3/22. Boerum Place and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-243-8601), Tues.–Fri. 10–4, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors (free for seniors every Wed. from 12–4).

New-York Historical Society—"Signs and Wonders: The Spectacular Lights of Times Square." A look at the development of technology and imagery in Times Square's advertising signage; through 3/8. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Jack Smith: Flaming Creature"; through 3/1. . . . "John Coplans: A Self-Portrait"; through 3/29. . . . "Jackie Winsor: Sculpture"; through 3/1. . . . "Lynne Yamamoto: Selected Work"; through 3/1. . . . "Martin von Haselberg: New Works"; through 2/1. . . . "Some Young New Yorkers: Four Artists"; through 3/1. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Heaven: Public View, Private View"; through 2/1. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Seal Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East ca. 3500–2100 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 4/26. . . . "To Observe and Imagine: British Drawings and Watercolors, 1600–1900"; through 5/3. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Bronx Museum of the Arts; through 3/15. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Arthur Dove: A Retrospective." Paintings, assemblages, pastels, and drawings by the pioneering American modernist; through 4/12. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 1/28 at 10 and 2: "European Works of Art, Furniture, and Tapestries." On view from 1/24. 1/29 at 10 and 2: "Important Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/24. 1/30 at 10 and 2: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/24. 1/31 at 10 and 2: "Fine and Rare Wines."

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 1/28 at 10: "Important English & Continental Furniture & Decorations." On view from 1/22.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/28 at 10:15 and 2: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/28. 1/29 at 10:15 and 2: "European Works of Art." On view from 1/24. 1/30 at 10:15 and 2: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/24. 2/3 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Jewelry." On view from 1/28.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/29 at 10:30: "Posters." On view from 1/24. 2/5 at 10:30: "Autographs." On view from 1/31.

Finkelstein *continued from page 43*

ly argues that there is no proven involvement of the Russian mob in ripping off Medicare. The FBI does believe, however, that Russian émigrés operating as individuals, or working in loose association, are perpetrating health-care fraud at a staggeringly high rate. "There is a cultural distrust of institutions they have carried over from Russia, as well as the experience of obtaining goods and services from the black market," says Lewis Schiliro. "But I don't know if we can fully explain what is happening in the Russian community."

IN LATE DECEMBER, VARANO'S PHONE RINGS. A worried insurance-company executive is on the other end. The company has just received a sizable bill from a Brighton Beach medical-equipment company with a P.O. box for a mailing address that is near one of Bizayko's mail drops. "It's happening again," says Varano. The night-light of bogus billing, as it were, has been turned back on.

Bizayko is in federal custody, waiting to be transported upstate. Jane F. is still investigating at least two subjects who used the same mail drops. Bizayko claimed in his statement to state investigators that he was hired by Volodya, the man with the wide black mustache, to open the accounts and deposit checks. How involved, or duped, Bizayko was remains unclear. He refused to answer such questions for investigators, even though it might've knocked time off his sentence. His attorney, Samuel Racer, says, "He's not part of any organized-crime syndicate," adding dismissively, "You know why? Because [health-care fraud] is so easy."

Why, then, did Bizayko refuse to talk? Racer says, "Perhaps there was nothing to say. Sometimes when people talk, they make up the kind of stories the government likes to hear." According to a source, however, Bizayko has been loudly boasting about the continuation of his scheme. "He's not truly sorry. You've got to be kidding me," says Jane F., scoffing at his courtroom apology. "The day after he gets out, he'll be back into it."

Varano's people are left with a trail of bogus companies, rented mailboxes, and store owners who are less than willing to help the federal government. "There are about nineteen other insurance companies out there, vulnerable," says Varano. "They are very worried that $20 million will go out the window in a month. One of the boxes became active again, and we're trying to keep up with it. It's the same location, maybe a new scheme, and you wonder, *How the hell does that happen?*" ■

Jolly *continued from page 47*

thirds of the postures.

Afterward, Charles, a 26-year-old Jivamukti defector, told me he'd grown up on an ashram in Iowa and learned yoga from his grandparents. Yoga is his life, yet at no point in the class did he attempt to make it mine—or anyone else's, for that matter. No sanctimonious spiritualism, no philosophical grandstanding. "I never push anybody to become spiritual," Finger says. "Pushing a person into spirituality will push them into a cult and push them into an ism."

To the Jivamuktans, who pride themselves on their spiritual schooling even more than the physical experience, such Finger-pointing is for lightweights. The way Gannon sees it, until Jivamukti came along, "teachers would just offer some exercises to do without saying anything about the history of those exercises or how they would benefit [their students].

"That's withholding information and asking money for it," she adds. "Now they're all starting to copy us: 'We'd better start chanting *oms* and reading from the books.' "

GANNON AND LIFE CREDIT JIVAMUKTI FOR THE resurgence of yoga's popularity in the spiritual wasteland of the nineties. Mark Becker, who closed his studio in 1988 but plans to reopen this year, sees something broader stirring. "What's happening now is that as baby-boomers are getting older they're feeling their own mortality," says the holistic-health entrepreneur, who currently runs New Life Expo, a huge metaphysics symposium–cum–carnival. "As for the younger generation, they realize there's a void. It's like the Dylan song: They know something is happening but they don't know what it is. So they're apt to seek new things."

Willem Dafoe says he doesn't care why yoga is popular. "What's more interesting," he wonders, "is whether it continues to grow or whether it will pass, as some superficial thing that once had cachet at a cocktail party."

Well, who knows?

"It wasn't until I saw Sting walk out on stage and do this," says Life, closing his palms together in silent prayer, "that I thought: *If only we could get him to do that more often, it would be a really good thing for the whole world.*" By the time this issue hits the stands, Sting, Dafoe, and friends will have performed at the new Jivamukti center's strictly no-shoes party, for which Donna Karan donated socks—an idea that was born when a publicist mused about whether *le beau monde* could seriously be expected to walk around in bare feet. ■

restaurants

Luxe Liver...China Club Grub...Jacques'

Manhattan

Lower New York

A.J.'s Niota—This casual Indian duplex makes for a nice diversion from SoHo's French-and-Italian-restaurant stranglehold. The downstairs bar and upstairs dining room are ornately decorated with carved wood and silver doors, and the menu features whole tandoori fish, lots of vegetarian options, and weekend brunch. *337 W. Broadway (431-6222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. New chef Sam Hazen has instituted a hearty, highly seasonal menu with tasting menus for vegetarians and meat-eaters alike. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cellar in the Sky—This oenophile's dream changes its menu, and its well-chosen wine pairings, monthly; the one constant is the spectacular view. Four courses of creatively prepared, seasonal American fare costs $60, and the flights of three wines begin at $35. Lately, offerings have included a chili-grilled blue-prawn salad with mango marmalade and Cuba libre spices, roasted pheasant with spinach gnocchi, and a trio of Sonoma bottlings. Jacket required; love of heights recommended. *1 World Trade Center (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the newly reopened Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like baby fried calamari, sushi and sashimi, and vodka pizza. Live music Thursday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host-owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

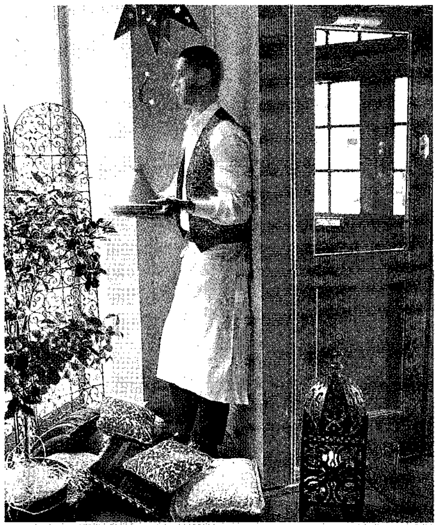
Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Match—A SoHo loft space with a surprisingly creative modern American menu, a full sushi bar, and up-to-the-minute accoutrements like a D.J. and a jazz band. If all that hip posing makes you hungry, try fusion fare like wok-seared bluefin tuna with warm soba-noodle salad or spit-roasted duck with potato dumplings. *160 Mercer St. (343-0020). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Il Mattone—In a neighborhood populated by pricey destination restaurants, this affordable Italian place is a great, dependable alternative. Try the brick-oven pizza or house specialties like penne alla vodka, pollo Sorrentino, seafood scampi, and vitello saltimbocca. *413 Greenwich St. (343-0030). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course,



ASK GAEL

Who's moved in SoHo?

After working eleven years for his uncle at Provence, Vincent Boitier was clear about L'Orange Bleue in SoHo: "I do home food, not expensive—food that I like, things you can smell, some Cote d'Azur dishes, some North Africa." He kept an Air France boarding pass to Morocco so he could copy the warm orange for the walls and used pierced tin lanterns and clay tagines to deepen the mood. Our four fussy eaters are impressed by the powerful fish soup and by mussels steamed in a tangy broth with verjus. It's been forever since we've devoured penne as wantonly drowned in gorgonzola cream. Carefully cooked baby chicken has the citric tang of preserved lemon beside a lush potato-fennel gratin. And lamb chops with chive confit are first-rate. Entrées $9 to $17. A $13 prix fixe lunch—soup or salad and an entrée—runs from noon to 4 P.M. (430 Broome Street; 226-4999.)

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushroms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Exceptional American wine list and an eclectic menu featuring contemporary American dishes like crispy calamari with Vietnamese dipping sauce, wood-grilled Angus sirloin with basil mashed potatoes and bourbon sauce, and German chocolate cake with banana ice cream. *90 Prince St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pisces—This East Village fish house is known for its offbeat, innovative use of seasonal ingredients in dishes like poppy-seed-crusted salmon with carrot-ginger sauce and pan-roasted skate with fried artichokes. The warm, woody décor and plate-glass windows give the corner storefront a cozy neighborhood feel. *95 Ave. A, at 6th St. (260-6660). (M) AE, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Restaurant
Picking Up the Pace

The addition of chef Joseph Pace (formerly of Petrossian and Pearl Room) and his new, grown-up menu has transformed the Upper East Side crêperie that was Jacques' Cafe into the wine-bottle-strewn neighborhood nook that's now Jacques' Bistro. From the minuscule open kitchen, Pace and his team turn out such Gallic standards as steak-frites, pungent onion soup gratinée, and roasted chicken with buttery mashed potatoes. (204 East 85th Street; 327-2272.)

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hog Pit—This country-roadhouse-esque joint in the middle of the meat market serves, aptly enough, pork ribs, pulled-pork sandwiches, and all manner of barbecued meat. Plus fried catfish, a pool table, country tunes, and cheap beer. *22 Ninth Ave. (604-0092). (M) ($).*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Angelo & Maxie's Steakhouse—This luxurious new steakhouse serves enormous portions of beef—plus alternatives for artery-watchers—to a crowd that's come to have a good, gluttonous time. Many choose to follow their meal with a leisurely smoke, which they're welcome to procure in the well-stocked cigar store. *233 Park Ave. So., at 19th St. (220-9200). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Object of Desire

Trois Foie

After careful consideration of the abstemious diet of his ladies-who-lunch clientele at Gertrude's, chef Laurent Manrique was initially skittish about serving foie gras. But bowing to popular, unforeseen demand, he's added a lushly extravagant, $24 dinner appetizer that combines three distinct preparations—the classic terrine; a version poached in Madiran red wine, duck stock, and Armagnac; and one cured for two days in Brittany sea salt. (33 East 61st Street; 888-9127.)

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8*

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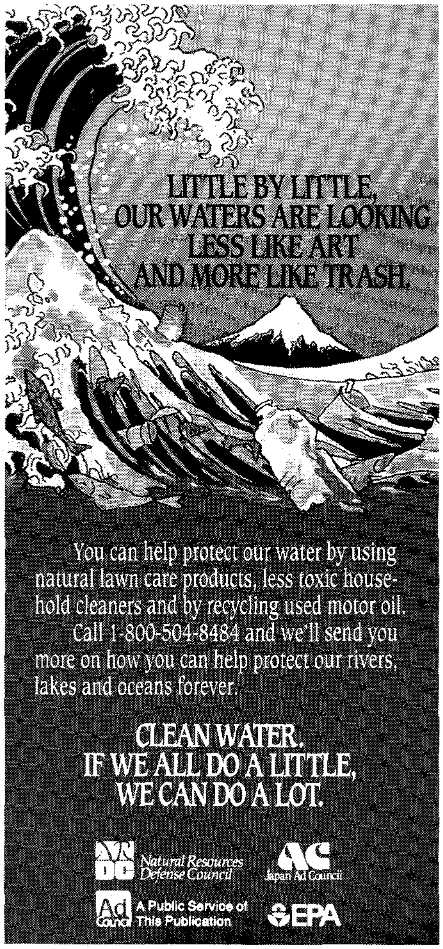

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E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Turkish Kitchen—This crimson-walled den has long been a beacon for adventurous eaters, who come for house specialties including kebabs, seafood and a variety of Turkish appetizers. *386 Third Ave., nr. 27th St. (679-1810). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Soul Fixins'—Until now, this humble source of delicious soul food has been a convenient pit stop for lunch in the Penn Station–Macy's vicinity. Now house specialties like collard greens, macaroni and cheese, ribs, and sweet-potato pie are available for dinner or catered affairs. Closed weekends. *371 W. 34th St. (736-1345). (I) ($).*

Tap Room—New York's very first Austrian brewpub, with fresh lagers and pilsners on tap and a menu that indicates a seriousness about food that's rare in the microbrewery business. Goulash, spaetzle, Wiener schnitzel, and homemade sausages sound like the perfect accompaniments for beer. *3 W. 18th St. (691-7666). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cocktail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria—A convenient roost for a business breakfast or afternoon tea. At night, to accompany your cocktail, there's live piano music and the occasional fashion show. *301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Domingo—The opera star's very own Spanish kitchen right in midtown Manhattan. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more formal dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties such as paella Valenciana. *209 E. 49th St. (826-8269). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mica Bar—This quiet side street in Turtle Bay is slowly becoming a spawning ground for luxe lounges. The most striking element of this new duplex is its enclosed deck bar, with a convertible roof that can open and close depending on the season. A menu of light Asian tapas features baked oysters, a variety of satays, and Hong Kong gravlax; the beverage menu, from sake cocktails to champagnes by the glass, is extensive. *252 E. 51st St. (888-2453). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex-Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has left his last post at Ben Benson's, transporting his expertise with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with winter squash and black vinegar sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. Try something from the extensive raw-bar menu. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district duplex is still owned, amazingly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piemontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Grill—Conveniently located for pretheater, with a good selection of thin-crust pizzas, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. The theatrical element is played up here, both in the décor, with displays of Broadway memorabilia, and in the live nightly performances. *Crowne Plaza Hotel, 49th St. at Broadway (315-6161). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

C² at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for con-

Opening

The Bistro Is Dead! Long Live the Bistro!

After the dramatic life and torturous death of SoHo's Sanzin (acclaimed chef hired; acclaimed chef fired; restaurant fizzles), a new team has resuscitated the 180 Spring Street site as Bistro Les Amis, with a kitchen run by veteran chef Frank LaCatena and lighter, brighter environs. The accessible, nominally French-American menu has a little bit of something—parsnip-and-sage gnocchi with duck confit, snail-and-onion tart, cognac-crusted beef tenderloin—for everyone, with entrées running $12–$23. (226-8645.)

Photograph by Robert Wright.

temporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.98 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Texas Texas Restaurant & Saloon—This casual barbecue joint on a bustling Broadway corner attracts tourists and local office workers looking for affordable southwestern grub like baby back ribs, plank-roasted salmon, and barbecued chicken. The CD player is programmed to play recordings by Texas artists only. *1600 Broadway, at 48th St. (956-7427). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Favia Lite—What distinguishes this Upper East Side Italian restaurant from all others is its emphasis on healthfulness. Pastas include whole-wheat lasagne and shrimp alla vodka; the brick-oven pizzas are especially commendable. *1140 Second Ave., at 60th St. (223-9115). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic establishment, with colonial African décor in the skylit upstairs restaurant and a fireplace in the low-key downstairs lounge. Some of the dishes on chef Thomas Harris's contemporary American menu include seared duck foie gras, risotto of grilled sweet corn and pancetta, and crispy salmon in rice paper. *313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Allora—This cozy restaurant appeals to neighborhood regulars looking for gently priced Italian standards like osso buco and linguine pescatore. For the fish lover, crab cakes and Dover sole would make an ideal order. *1321 First Ave., at 71st St. (570-0384). (I) AE.*

Andrusha—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). *1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this

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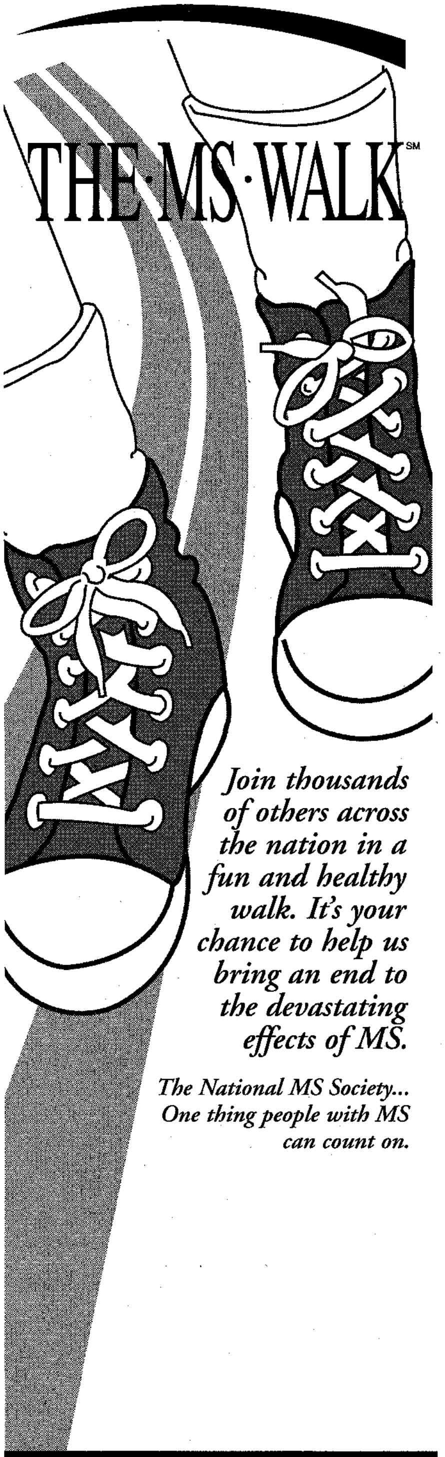
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Opening

He Loves the Nightlife

The China Club has usually caught attention for the cavalcade of sports, fashion, and film VIPs who've made boldfaced appearances during its well-documented thirteen-year history. Now, in the club's new theater-district digs off Eighth Avenue, the biggest splash will undoubtedly be made by the brand-new restaurant, C². Chef Eban Ross (below), a French Culinary Institute grad who's logged toque time at L.A.'s Citrus and East Hampton's Honest Diner and Nick & Toni's, was originally recruited to turn out just enough appetizers to recharge the dancing batteries of flagging party animals. But club owners Michael Barrett and Daniel Fried loved his flavorful food so much they converted an entire floor into a full-scale dining room and let Ross create an Asian-accented menu impressive enough to stand apart from its nightclub milieu (though the leopard-print carpeting and mirrored walls successfully convey the disco aesthetic). Succulent char sui barbecued ribs resound with peanut flavor. A bamboo steamer full of cooked-just-right veggies and sticky rice gets a jolt from chili-spiked basil vinaigrette. Even the Cuban sandwich, a concession to Barrett's Spanish Harlem childhood, is dressed up with serrano ham and pickled cucumber slaw. And since Ross once worked as a pastry chef at Le Comptoir, the desserts are anything but an afterthought. The only worry his bosses should have is whether diners will venture upstairs after such a serious meal, or straight off to bed. Talk about getting lucky at a club. (268 West 47th Street; 398-3800.) **ROBIN RAISFELD**

otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa City—Bobby Flay's casual uptown bastion of innovative southwestern fare offers a unique variety of quesadillas, plus heartier dishes like ribs with molasses-barbecue sauce and sweet-potato tamale with spinach. The bar attracts regulars with the house margarita, spiked with cactus-pear juice, and its selection of twenty brands of tequila. *1059 Third Ave., nr. 62nd St. (207-1919). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, the kitchen is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test the chef's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $26.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

nightlife

Momus...Victoria Williams...Springsteen

Concerts

"Bach & Sons, Brubeck & Sons"—Jazz meets baroque (in the great tradition of sixties gems like *Play Bach Jazz*) as Brubeck and three of his sons join Christopher Hogwood and the Handel and Haydn Orchestra for a series of works by the latter composers, as well as a handful of jazz numbers. 1/28 at 7:30 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $25–$35.*

Backstreet Boys—Pop's newest batch of shirtless pretty-boy teen idols—interchangeable with such heavyweights as Take That and New Kids on the Block but for their Miami origins and their underdogs-in-their-homeland success story. (In a nutshell: The Boys hit it big in Europe well before they broke in the U.S.) But before dismissing the wonder-pony set entirely, keep in mind that theirs is a tradition that gave birth to no less worthy a group than the Jackson Five. With Los Umbrellos. 1/28 at 7:30 P.M. *The Vanderbilt, Plainview, Long Island (212-307-7171). $24.50.*

Peabo Bryson—1/31 at 8 P.M. *Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College (718-951-4500). $28–$37.*

"Flamenco Women"—1/31 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $25–$30.*

Dizzy Gillespie Tribute IV—Latter-day giant Jon Faddis and trumpeter of the moment Nicholas Payton pay homage to the second-greatest innovator in the instrument's history (not to disparage such achievements as inventing bebop and Afro-Cuban jazz, but you've still got to give Louis Armstrong his due). The top-notch rhythm section of Mike Longo, David Williams, and Winard Harper rounds out the bill. 1/28 at 7 P.M. *Abrons Arts Center's Harry de Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (598-0400). $15.*

Hawaiian Slack Key Guitar Festival—1/30 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $20.*

Ted Nash Double Quartet Plus One—The Jazz Composers Collective gets minimalist for its first presentation of 1998. With Andy Laster & Interpretations of Lessness. 1/29 at 8 P.M. *The New School Jazz Performance Space, 55 W. 13th St., at Fifth Ave. (995-1552). $10.*

"Puttin' On the Ritz—The Irving Berlin Songbook"—1/29–1/31 at 8 P.M. and 2/1 at 6 P.M. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448). $25–$40.*

"Rialto Ripples: The Piano and George Gershwin"—Dick Hyman, Alan Feinberg, and Rob Fisher continue the fraternal centennial with this exploration of the compositions of Gershwin the Younger. As a slightly morbid bonus, the concert's organizers have arranged for a disklavier player piano to replay some rolls recorded by George. 1/27 at 8 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 157 W. 57th St. (248-7800). $35.*

Sisters of Mercy—1/30 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $20.*

Bruce Springsteen—The Boss headlines "Come Together," a benefit raising money for the family of slain New Jersey state trooper Patrick King. The bill includes fellow Jersey stars Jon Bon Jovi, Southside Johnny, and Little Steven Van Zandt. 1/31 at 8 P.M. *Count Basie Theater, Red Bank, N.J. (212-307-7171). $125.*

Ron Carter, James Williams, and Friends—Merkin Hall's "Key Players" series kicks in for the season with some of mainstream jazz's tastiest and most enduring exponents. The headliners' pals-for-the-night include Greg Osby, Renee Rosnes, Miles Griffith, and Etta Jones. 2/2 at 8 P.M. *Merkin Concert Hall at Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). $20.*

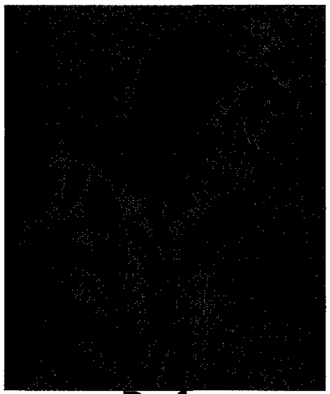
"The Music of Alan Menkin: A Whole New World"—2/2 at 7 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $35.*

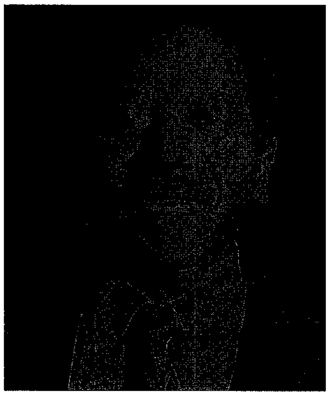
Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 1/29: The Phoids. 1/30: Succor. 1/31: The Moths. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

The Baggot Inn—A cozy West Village gathering spot for NYU students and other sweater-wearing folk enthusiasts. 1/29: Isaac Jogues. 1/30: Kit Mui. 1/31: Ictus Vigor. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 1/28: Victoria Williams (see page 87). *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*





Performance
Organ Orgy

Now that Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones have proved themselves two of the late nineties' most vital rock acts, it's only fitting that jazz should also find its most raucous spirits in two sixties stalwarts. At the Blue Note's "Organ Summit" double feature, January 26 through 29, Jimmy Smith (right) and Brother Jack McDuff take turns eliciting howls, moans, and yelps from the Hammond console. McDuff, who's kept a lower profile than Smith in recent years, is the funkier of the two (his collaborations with George Benson and David Newman, such as *Hot Barbecue* and *Double Barrelled Soul*, remain classics). But having cut his teeth during Blue Note's heyday, Smith knows the value of a solid groove—and works it accordingly. (See Jazz listings.)

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 1/27–1/28: The Derailers; the Hangdogs. 1/30: This Island Earth; Moss. 2/1: Stillsuit. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/27: Sheena & the Swampdogs. 1/28: Chris Beard. Paul Mark & the Van Dorens. 1/30: Carey Bell. 1/31: Earl King. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 1/27: Chupacabra; Itchy Trigger Finger; Motor Betty. 1/28: Baby Gopal; Joydrop; Boy Genius. 1/30: Unsane; Ultra Bidé. 1/31: Overkill. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 1/29: Koncrete Jungle; Beat Kultchur. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. Alternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodgepodge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska, and surf-rock bands rub shoulders. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Fez—Channeling the unfettered Id of the Great American Songbook, demented Scotch popsmith Momus (a.k.a. Nick Currie) crafts such brilliantly titled gems as "I Want You, But I Don't Need You" ("If you need me to need you to fuck, that fucks everything up"). He's also written top-ten hits for Japanese stars (he explains that imitating foreign imitations of Western pop conventions comes naturally). Even if his entire, picaresque bio—which includes eloping with a teenage Bangladeshi heiress—turns out to be made up, the guy is clearly the biggest genius in contemporary music. He plays 1/30–1/31. 1/27: Lisa J. Cornelio; David Hamburger. Thursdays, the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. Wednesday's year-old comedy revue "Stella" continues to deliver some of the finest young stand-up talent in the city. Sundays in February and March, the Sun Ra Arkestra swings into outer space, even without its leader (or anyone else) on piano. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Flipside—A big rock club on the Upper West Side? What universe are we living in here, anyway? With its oddly shaped furniture, dab of leopard-print carpeting, and self-consciously cheesy light fixtures, this sprawling nightclub has "quirky" written all over it, but a stage is a stage, and the place

Photographs: left, courtesy of Concord Jazz, Inc.; right, Frank Lindner.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

has potential to transform the neighborhood, one way or another. *246 Columbus Avenue, near 72nd Street; 712-1666.*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 1/27: "Latin Old Wave Meets the Latin New Wave." Tambo; Bio Ritmo. 1/28: Fred Ho's Brooklyn Sax Quartet. 1/30: Cul de Sac. 1/31: Bee Keeper; 101 Crustaceans. 2/2: Joseph Bowie's Funk Shop. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers aren't? *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 1/30: Josh Smith & the Frost. 1/31: Tino Gonzales with Big Jesse Yawn. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Mercury Lounge—Rock and roll's perennial stepchild, power pop never seems to get its due (unless you count meaningless critical adulation). Listening to transplanted Austin singer-guitarist Don Piper front A Don Piper Situation, though, you can almost believe *this* is the one the masses are going to go for. Catch him here 1/29 (with Lotion and Fluffer), because once his major label debut comes out this spring, he'll be moving on up. 1/28: Pee Shy. 1/30: The Ladybug Transistor. 1/31: Individual Fruit Pie. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. Every Monday: Western Caravan. 1/29: Five Chinese Brothers. 1/30: The Hangdogs. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 1/27: Leroy Sibbles. 1/28: Cyro Baptista and Beat the Donkey. 1/29: Kirk Whalum and Jeff Golub. 1/30: Papa Jube and Emily Mitchell. 1/31: Samba Novo. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 1/29: Floater. 1/30: Lezlee; the Bitter Poet. 1/31: Headland; Deni Bonet. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band gets the room swinging, lindy-hopping, and otherwise engaging in social behaviors of yesteryear (look for guest appearances by John Pizzarelli and other bona fide big names), after which the next generation takes over, to ever-more-vigorous dancing. The Flying Neutrinos play Saturday evenings in January. Too much hopping got you pooped? Take a load off in the upstairs Blue Room Lounge. 1/30: The Flipped Fedoras. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 1/31: Toshi Reagon's annual birthday bash, at which the birthday celebrant gets folky with her mother, Bernice Johnson Reagon, and host of local talents. Carl Hancock; Jacqueline Woodson; Catherine Russell. 2/1: Rex; Those Bastard Souls; White Hassle. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. Through mid-February, Sandra Bernhard's *I'm Still Here, Dammit* keeps 'em rolling in the aisles. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," a jungle-techno-hip-hop-"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. 1/27: Perennially grinning ex-*SNL* guitar guy G. E. Smith teams up with Blues Traveller windbag John Popper for a jam-a-licious High Plains Drifters gig. 1/30: Scofflaws; Bim Skala Bim; Metro Stylee. 1/31: Fatbag. 2/1: Crown Of Thornz. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—More comfortable than the Blue Note, swankier than the Vanguard, and proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineups. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. Every Tuesday, 19-year-old Paul Ellington fills his grandpa's mighty big shoes leading the Duke Ellington Jazz Orchestra. 1/28–1/29: Larry Coryell. 1/30–1/31: New York Voices sing the songs of Paul Simon. 2/1: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra, conducted by Arturo O'Farrill. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a pretty good view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 1/26–1/29: Jimmy Smith Quartet; Brother Jack McDuff Quintet. 1/30–2/2: The second half of the Blue Note's "Organ Summit" features Jimmy McGriff and Charles Earland—less well known than Smith and McDuff, but deliciously groovy, to be sure—fronting quartets. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Dharma—The Lower East Side's answer to Small's offers inside jazz on a historic shopping thoroughfare. Just don't pay retail. 1/27: Gregory Tardy Trio. 1/28: Steve Wilson Quartet. 1/29: Ray Gallon Quartet. 1/30–1/31: Omer Avital. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Tuesdays and Thursdays: the Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem Jazz Legends, fronted by the incomparable singer Laurel Watson. Wednesday, hard-swinging New Orleans clarinetist Rick Hardeman leads his quartet. Saturday, the Joe Traina Quintet, featuring Natalie English. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 1/27–2/1: James Moody Quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—Midtown south's newest, biggest, and happeningest hangout for hard-boppers and the men and women who love them. You can't hear the bands from the swanky first-floor restaurant, but the basement club's modified menu should more than suffice. 1/27–2/1: Local stalwart Ron Affif leads his solid trio. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile décor any more inviting than your average mass feed-trough, the concept *is* fairly happening. 1/30: Matt Wilson Quartet. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

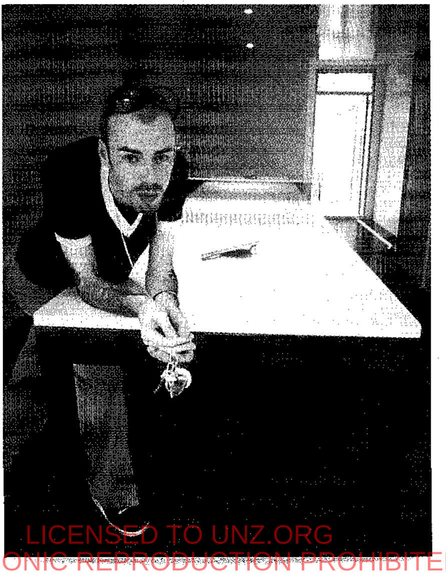
Red Blazer—Reopened in a new spot, the famed Theater District jazzerie continues to offer up fine sounds in a slightly generic new space. Monday: Rick Hardeman and his New Orleans Jazz All Stars. Tuesday: Kelly Freizin Jazz Band. Wednesday: Sunny Daniels Swing All Stars. Thursday: Stan Rubin and His Swing Sextet. Friday: Sam Ulando and the Bourbon Street Jazz Band. Saturday: Bob Cantwell and the Stompers. *32 W. 37th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. 1/29: Dwayne Burno Quartet. 1/30–1/31: Joe Magnarelli Quartet. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays,

Talent
Momus Maximus

Had the Tin Pan Alley songwriters addressed what was really on their minds, they might have sounded something like Nick Currie, a.k.a. Momus. On his latest collection of musically intricate, brilliantly lowbrow cabaret confessionals, 'Momus Plays Ping Pong,' the self-described "embittered old aesthete" treats infants as hated rivals ("His Majesty the Baby") and compares Christ's crucifixion with backlash against "a difficult third album" ("How to Get—and Stay—Famous"). Experience the magic live at Fez, January 30 and 31 (see "Clubland" listings).



Photograph by Riho Aihara.

Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 1/27–2/1: John Hicks Quintet. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 1/27–2/1: Last year, on *Passion Flower,* pianist Fred Hersch deftly and beautifully interpreted a handful of Billy Strayhorn compositions. This year's thoroughly ambitious solo project sees him tackling the singular and monumental works of Thelonious Monk. With trio in tow for this engagement, he will undoubtedly do justice to both enterprises. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. 1/26–1/31: Valtihno Brazilian Jazz Quartet. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night hosted by David J. Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians," with shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 1/27–1/28: Varla Jean Merman. 1/29–2/1: Darrell Hammond. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace has broadened its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Friday's "The Big Bad Music Show" explores that riskiest of all entertainment territory, humor rock. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 2/2–2/9: Greer Barnes; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; Macio; Jim Norton. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and 12 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

f-Stop—Every Thursday night, the cutting-edge "Comedy Brothel" presents improv from such stand-ups of the moment as Dave Chappelle, Kevin Brennan, *Mad-TV*'s Brian Callem, and *The Loft*'s Dave Juskow. No cover; no minimum. *28 W. 20th St. (582-7589).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 1/30–1/31: Jim Mendrinos; Jim Gaffigan. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 1/30–1/31: Greg Carey; Tom Hertz; J. R. Haylan; Tom Cotter. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through May, Peter Mintun plays and sings. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Grrr! Eartha Kitt's back, through early March. Call for reservations. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Don't Tell Mama—Every Wednesday in January, Julia "My Boyfriend Is a Genius" Douglas plays. 1/29: "C'est Comedie," with Ron Poole, Claire Winston. Glenn Rockowitz, Shecky Beagleman, and John Vienar. $10–$15 cover, two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. 1/20 and 1/27: Steve Lutvak. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh, Wed.–Sat. from 8 P.M.–1 A.M. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. Through 2/7: John Pizzarelli. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Fridays through 2/27: Comic, singer, dancer, and pianist Mark Nadler performs numbers from his 3,000-song repertoire of standards, show tunes and other theater-district fare. $15 cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St. (no phone).*

Drinkland—Just off Avenue B, this psychedelic candy-colored playland borrows décor elements from Beck album covers and the same sixties Italian sci-fi flicks that inspired *Austin Powers.* Dig the neighborhood's ongoing transition from boho enclave to yuppie bedroom community, embodied in the place's schizophrenic clientele. *339 E. 10th St. (228-2435).*

Talent

Victor Victoria

On Victoria Williams's new *Musings of a Creekdipper,* she advocates a network of solar-powered trains, describes a horse "kneeling on the ground, holding court with fifteen rabbits," and wonders, "Who's gonna bury the last man when he dies?" If these atmospherically folky narratives—which also involve mysteriously ailing kids and firefly-attracting trees—seem to reflect a magic-realist sensibility, a few randomly selected details from her life indicate she may simply be describing day-to-day existence as she experiences it. Consider Williams's childhood best friend, BJ, with whom (in third grade) she composed a four-handed piano passage that eventually made its way into *Creekdipper*'s first song. "We used to pretend we were married," adds Williams. "And you know what the weird thing is? Her birthday is the same as my husband's." (Williams is married to former Jayhawks guitarist Mark Olson, who also plays in her band.) Or take one of the many therapies she's explored for the multiple sclerosis she was diagnosed with six years ago. "A well-meaning fan very nicely sent me an article about this woman doing very good since she started stinging herself with bees," Williams says with disarming matter-of-factness. "So we ordered these bees. You grab them with a tweezer and hold them up to you—and they sting you." The novelistic quality of Williams's life and work may invite literary analysis, but she cautions against it. "I think I write the same song over and over again," she demurs. "I think everybody does—they write the same song since they're about 5 or 6." Williams plays her tune's infinite variations January 28 at the Bottom Line.

ETHAN SMITH

Photograph by Andrew Southam.

Selected Shorts...Anita Brookner

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Warlord: Battle for the Galaxy (1/27; 8 to 10 P.M.; UPN) makes you worry about John Corbett, who graduated from *Northern Exposure* to star first in *The Visitor* and now this, a codpiece-and-bodice-busting intergalactic sci-fi fantasy—and to wonder about Caleb Carr, the accomplished novelist who seems to have gone too often to see *Star Wars* before imagining these space cadets at total war against an alien race of "Engineers" who have not only kidnapped John's sister but hate the whole idea of families, just because. Along for the ride are John Pyper Ferguson as a renegade swashbuckler, Rod Taylor as a geriatric general, Darryl Theirse as a psychic, Elisabeth Harnois as co-ed fluff, and Carolyn McCormick as an "arbitrator" with woman warrior Marjorie Monaghan as her buff bodyguard. Looks like a pilot—and also needs one.

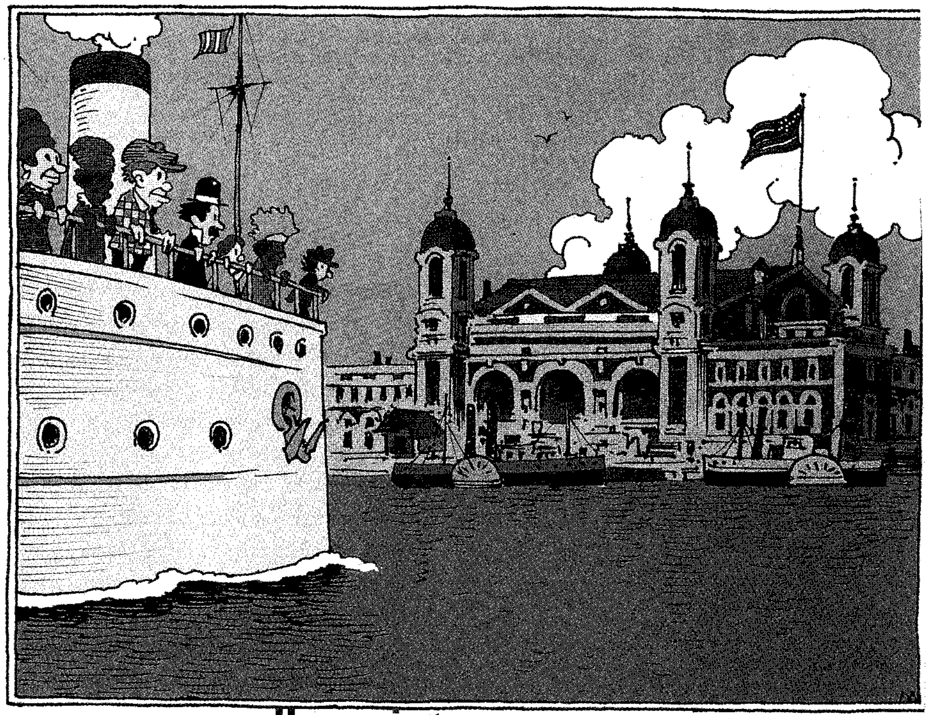
Circle of Deceit (1/29; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) raises similar questions about the career of Janine Turner, who also graduated from *Northern Exposure* to durance vile, in this pale-gray *noir,* as a blonde and a recovering alcoholic whose lawyer husband, Esai Morales, is cheating on her with her own best friend, Tracy Griffith. She is in worse trouble when she tries to leave him, framed for hiring a hit-man. And her law professor mother, Joanna Cassidy, is, as usual, no help. So Janine dyes her hair and disappears, framing them for her putative murder. I'd say that I miss Janine as Maggie, except she's still terrific in *N.E.* reruns every weekday on A&E.

Timelock (1/31; 3 to 5 P.M.; Sci-Fi) is worth a wandering eye if only to find out what's become of Maryam D'Abo, whose cool beauty and lovely name have almost always made up for the fact that acting bewilders her, like a foreign language. Here she's the captain of a space shuttle hauling a bunch of gangsters to a cryogenic prison on an equally cold asteroid, when the bad guys take over, behave excessively, and threaten Earth with a radioactive killer-cloud from a jury-rigged plutonium explosion. Arye Gross, Jeffrey Meek, and Jeff Speakman also lurch about in the grim future, trading Raymond Chandler wisecracks, e.g., "Where do you get those pants with all the pockets?" And: "vegetarian meals optional."

The Martial Arts (2/1; 8 to 10 P.M.; A&E) is kick-kick, bang-bang, without John Woo, from the 3,000-year-old tricks of the chi kung trade to the Shaolin Temple in China where kung fu and David Carradine got their start in the fifth century to self-defense classes the day before yesterday in everything from karate to judo to jujitsu to aikido to kendo to sumo to jeet kune do, with the philosophy of tai chi ch'uan thrown in for intellectual respectability. Between the flying feet, George Takei, who will never escape his role as Mr. Sulu on *Star Trek,* talks to masters and historians and best-selling authors, although not to Chuck Norris.

When Husbands Cheat (2/2; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) introduces Patricia Kalember as the unappreciated wife of a busy police detective (Tom Irwin), who turns amateur sleuth to investigate the philandering husbands of her relatives, friends, and clients like Brenda Vaccaro, only to realize that her own spouse may be stepping out, so she sets up surveillance cameras at the nearest seedy motel and . . . What begins with a light heart ends with heavy-handed emancipation. But Kalember, at least, has graduated from *Thirtysomething* into genuine adulthood.

Desmond Morris' The Human Sexes (2/2, 2/3 and 2/4; 9 to 11 P.M.; TLC) encourages the best-selling zoologist and media hammy to globe-trot and babble for six hours about hunting, gathering, bound feet, big hair, phallus worship, brothels, adultery, aphrodisiacs, dolls, trucks, day care, patriarchy, fat storage, and genetic engineering. We've been here before on television, and so has Morris, several times, and it's all instructive, but I'd like in some future season to see a documentary series in which a bunch of hairy apes, or maybe moist dolphins, turned their cameras on a helpless Desmond and followed him into his bedroom and his fevered dreams.



Happening

Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor, Your Chattering Classes . . .

When Pete Hamill, Gay Talese, and Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg came of age, immigration was easy to debate but hard to depersonalize: Most everyone they knew was raised in a house where accented English (or none at all) was spoken. On February 1, they'll caucus at the 92nd Street Y for "Reflections on the Immigrant Experience." (See listings.)

Radio Highlights

New York & Company—Weekdays at 2 P.M. 1/26: Nobel laureate Nadine Gordimer on her latest novel, *The House Gun;* David Dante Troutt on *The Monkey Suit;* Shelby Scates and his biography of the senator *Warren G. Magnuson;* Jonathan Sheffer on music from the 1939 World's Fair. 1/27: Robert Duvall discusses his new film, *The Apostle;* Ricky Jay; Evan Hunter on *Me and Hitch.* 1/28: Lou Cannon on *Official Negligence;* Marian Seldes on the late novelist and short-story writer Bernard Malamud; Lewis Porter on *John Coltrane;* reed man James Moody. 1/29: Jeffrey Rothfeder on *The People vs. Big Tobacco;* Lynne Tillman on *No Lease on Life;* Phyllis Birnbaum and Daniel Rosenblum on *The Broken Bridge.* 1/30: Brian Moore on his book *The Magician's Wife.* WNYC AM; 820.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 1/31: *Vogue's* food columnist, Jeffrey Steingarten, talks about his culinary adventures (and, presumably, his new book on the same); Gene Scott, tennis pro and publisher, on *The Kremlin Cup; Time* columnist Christopher John Farley on *Teens on Death Row;* Ann Colin on *Willie.* WOR, 710 AM.

Illustration by Tony Millionaire.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 2/1: The guest is Bruce McCall, author of *Thin Ice.* WNWK, 105.9 FM.

The Written Word

"Bernard Malamud: A Celebration"—1/28 at 6:30: "Selected Shorts" read by Linda Lavin, Louis Zorich, and Marian Seldes. Robert Giroux (Malamud's longtime editor) and Alfred Kazin are guest speakers. Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $17.

Bill Bratton—2/3 at 7:30: The former police commissioner of New York City (and Boston) reads from his new book, *Turnaround: How America's Top Cop Reversed the Crime Epidemic.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

An Evening of Tennessee Williams—1/26 at 6:30 P.M.: Cherry Jones and Mitch Douglas celebrate the life and work of the celebrated writer. The Bruno Walter Auditorium of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630); free.

Anna Quindlen—2/2 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from (and signing) her latest work, *Black and Blue.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); $12.

Martin Amis—2/5 at 7:30 P.M.: The author of *The Information* reads from his latest, *Night Train.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. Call 253-0810 for further information.

Tristan Taormino—1/30 at 9 P.M.: A wild night of readings for the brand-spanking-new book *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women,* with musical performances and go-go girls. Acme Underground, 9 Great Jones St. at Lafayette (539-3909); $8.

Lectures and Panels

Reflections on the Immigrant Experience—2/1 at 8 P.M.: Pete Hamill, Gay Talese, and Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg share their experiences and insights. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Nöel Riley Fitch—2/3 at 6: Julia Child's biographer presides over this wine-and-cheese reception, after which she will lecture on how Child changed the way America cooks. Abigail Adams Smith Museum, 421 E. 61st St., bet. First and York Avenues (838-6878); $10.

Cynthia Ozick—1/29 at 8: A glimpse of the (magisterial) writer as moralist. Ozick discusses contemporary values with Rabbis Joseph Telushkin and David Woznica. 92nd Street Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $15.

Doris Kearns Goodwin—1/28 at 8: The prize-winning author of *No Ordinary Time* (as well as the author of best-sellers *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys, Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream,* and the recent memoir *Wait Till Next Year*) appears as part of the 92nd Street Y's "About Women" series. 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Healthy Heart Dinner and Lecture—2/1 at 6:15: A buffet dinner (and nutrition tips from Riska Platt, M.S., R.D.). At 7: A lecture jointly given by Dr. Richard Stein, chief of cardiac prevention and rehabilitation at Lenox Hill Hospital, and Dr. Nieca Goldberg, Lenox Hill's associate chief of cardiac prevention and rehabilitation and also the chief of the women's heart program. The evening is designed to be of help to both people who have heart disease and those who do not. 92nd Street Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $20.

Tours

Palms of the Americas—1/31 at 1: Dr. Andrew Henderson gives a mini "eco tour" of the Palms Gallery. The New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Boulevard in the Bronx (718-817-8700); $5.

Jazz in the Afternoon—2/1 at 12:30: Classified by the 92nd Street Y as a tour, this is really more of a field trip: enjoy a jazz-accompanied brunch at the Greenwich Village club Sweet Basil. Call 996-1100 for meeting place and tickets; $35 (includes cover charge and meal).

***Ragtime* Tour**—2/1 at 2:30: A Flatiron district walking tour that explores New York City in the era covered in the new Broadway show. Call 465-3331 for reservations; $12.

***Titanic* History Tour**—2/1 at noon: A Greenwich Village walking tour that journeys past the homes and businesses of New Yorkers who were aboard for the *Titanic's* first and only voyage, discussing their lives and accomplishments. Stops include the Edith Evans Memorial and the home of John Jacob Astor. Call for reservations (465-3331); $12.

Chinese New Year in Chinatown—1/31 at 1 P.M.: Explore the largest "Chinatown" in the Western Hemisphere. Meet at the southwest corner of Canal and Lafayette Streets (439-1090); $9.

Immigrant New York—2/1 at 1 P.M.: A multi-ethnic tour of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what used to be Little Germany, Ireland, and Africa. Meet on the front steps of City Hall. (439-1090); $9.

Metropolitan Opera—Weekdays from 10 A.M to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

Benefits

Dress For Success New York—Through 2/1: The first annual "Clean Your Closet Week"; the perfect opportunity to weed through your closet and unload the suits that never looked right on you. Suits are collected to provide interview-appropriate clothing to low-income women seeking employment. The kick-off event is an evening in the company of such celebs as Donna Hanover, Melba Moore, and Eileen Fisher (all of whom have donated suits to the program); 2/27 at 6 P.M; Motown Cafe, 104 W. 57th St. $65. For more information, visit www.dressforsuccess.org on the Web (545-DSNY is their number, but they warn that they're unable to accommodate phone calls).

Swim For Cancer—1/30 at 6 P.M. and 1/31 at 9:30 A.M.: A swim-off with Olympic athletes to raise money for Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Re-

In Print

Widow's Pique

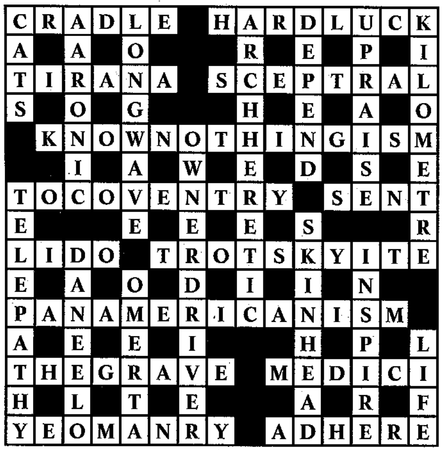
Dorothea May, the protagonist of Anita Brookner's new novel *Visitors* (Random House, $23), is an uncommonly alert woman with few vistas to observe and unlimited hours in which to observe them. She married late and was widowed early. At 70, she is living in London, financially secure, sociable only with strangers, pitied but not by herself. Her late husband's cousins, Kitty and Molly, telephone weekly "to ascertain if she is still alive" (Dorothea's health, they decide, is "monotonously good"). When Kitty calls on two consecutive days, Dorothea correctly intuits that something dreadful is afoot. Kitty's American granddaughter is planning a London wedding, and the best man needs somewhere to stay. One Steve Best—"into" music but dedicated only to his morning run—presently arrives at her flat.

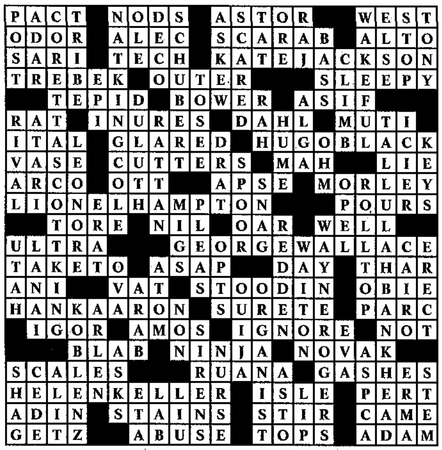
What follows is very little plot (Dorothea tiptoes around Steve; Steve endures Dorothea) and about as many sturdy insights as there are pages. "That is all we are good for," Dorothea reflects as she gets her hair done. "To keep up appearances and thus avoid giving offence. It was the young who must not be offended by the sight of mad old people with wild hair and bad feet. The irony was—and it was a remarkable sign of sophistication on God's part—that they in turn would give offence and not entertain the slightest idea that they were doing so." The remarkable sign of sophistication on Brookner's part is that Dorothea likes Steve without ever quite finding him likable; he and his friends are "completely untouched by [charm], saw no need to cultivate it, found it suspect, akin to dishonesty."

Perhaps the only home truth that Brookner does not let slip is one that readily occurs to her reader: Nowadays dozens of novelists sound, in person and in print, very much like the blithely unemployed Steve Best, who "appeared to be educated, even gently bred, but determined to hide the fact." These writers aren't necessarily without talent, but they do not produce books as assuredly serious as *Visitors.* Brookner has talent matched by temperament; the capacity as well as the inclination to be profound. Her fiction is not recommended for children under 40. It's possible to dislike Anita Brookner, but not to outgrow her. LINDA HALL

Anita Brookner
A NOVEL
VISITORS

Solutions to last week's puzzles





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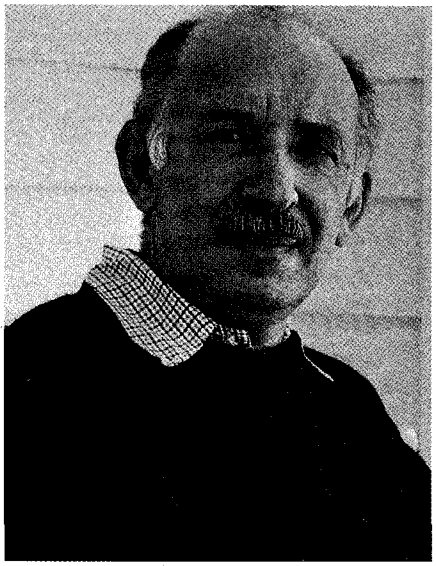


Tribute **One index to the literary achievement of Bernard Malamud is the fact that for no convenient reason (it's the anniversary of neither his birth nor his death) people are plugging his work. On January 28, actress Marian Seldes reminisces about him on WNYC's *New York & Company.* Later the same day, she convenes with Linda Lavin, Louis Zorich (Paul's dad on *Mad About You*), Alfred Kazin, and Robert Giroux for "Bernard Malamud: A Celebration." The event, at Symphony Space, is the season opener for the "Selected Shorts" series. (See listings.)**

search Center. Asphalt Green Aqua Center; call 888-SWIM-USA for more information.

Exhibitions

Bridging New York—1/31–6/28: Selections from the museum's painting, print, and photographic collections dealing with the city's bridges. The Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672); suggested contribution $5.

Charlotte Perriand: Interior Equipment—Through 1/31: The first American exhibition featuring this important designer (who, in addition to creating her own decorative arts, has also during her long career collaborated with Le Corbusier and Pierre Jeanneret). The Urban Center, 457 Madison Avenue (935-3960); free.

Glowing Topiary Garden—Through 1/31: An environmental art installation of light, form, and sound by landscape artist Ken Smith brightens up downtown during the holiday season. Sponsored by the Alliance for Downtown New York, the "Glowing Topiary Garden" is a hybridization of a French topiary garden and a Japanese Zen garden. So 250 wind chimes and seventeen large, beautifully lit cones find themselves most intriguingly and strategically placed in Liberty Square Park (next to the World Trade Center).

50 Years of "The Subway Sun"—Through 3/22: An exhibit of the poster series "The Subway Sun," which regularly inspired and admonished passengers on everything from their patriotic duty to proper underground etiquette. New York Transit Museum, Boerum Pl. and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-243-8601); $3.

Assignment: Rescue—Through 3/29: "The Story of Varian Fry and the Emergency Rescue Committee" commemorates Varian Fry, an American relief worker responsible for rescuing nearly 2,000 Jews and opponents of the Nazis, including Marc Chagall, André Breton, and Hannah Arendt, from Vichy France during World War II. Though Fry's efforts are not as well known as those of Raoul Wallenberg and Oskar Schindler, his accomplishments are no less riveting. The exhibit is composed largely of historic photographs, artifacts, and related works of art. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); $7.

New York From Above: An Aerial View—Through 6/14: An exhibit of 26 paintings by contemporary painter and geographer Spelman Evans Downer that chart the evolution of Greater Gotham over the past 100 years. His work depicts historical landscapes before extensive urbanization as well as space-age satellite views of Manhattan. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5 suggested contribution.

Mechanical Marvels: Invention in the Age of Leonardo—Through 3/1: This exhibit brings the "Renaissance of the Machine" that swept Europe in the fifteenth century back to life, with large-scale silk-screen reproductions of original drawings, 50 remarkable working models, and a number of multimedia and virtual-reality stations. The show concentrates on the inventions of Filippo Brunelleschi, Taccola, Francesco di Giorgio, and Leonardo da Vinci. On view at the Liberty Street gallery at the World Financial Center. Tues.–Fri. 11 A.M.–6 P.M., Sat. and Sun. noon–5 P.M. (945-0505); $6.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) tries, once again, to provide a little guidance through the wonderful maze of cyberspace known as the web. This week: a site that may dull your senses by adding "spice" to your life; a sexy Webzine that's got a lot of nerve; a way to see what your fellow surfers are *really* looking for; Hot Wired's how-to guide for site builders of every caliber; and a site from Microsoft to help you get away from it all (with cheap airfare, that is). And spend some time at www.nymag.com taking advantage of all our Web exclusives—like "First Words," to read and review the first paragraph of the latest books; "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," for daily picks of New York events; and Alexandra Lange's "50 Ways to Love Park Slope"; plus, much, much more.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
RANGERS	WASH MSG 7:30PM			OTW MSG2 7:30PM		BOS FOX 3PM	
ISLANDERS	PHI SC 7:30PM		PHI SC 7:30PM		CAR SC 7:30PM		BOS SC 2PM
DEVILS			EDM SC 9PM		VAN SC 10PM	CAL SC 9PM	
NETS		DEN SC 9PM	LAL SC 10:30PM			VAN SC 10PM	SEA SC 9PM
KNICKS	BOS MSG 7PM		MIA TBS 8PM	MIL MSG 7:30PM			MIA NBC 1PM
	1/26	1/27	1/28	1/29	1/30	1/31	2/1

Photograph by Janna Malamud.

kids

Lion Dance...Riding Hood...Bard

Ground Rules:
- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Sick—"Microbes: Invisible Invaders . . . Amazing Allies," a lively hands-on exhibit, opened last week at the **LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER.** (It will tour fifteen cities over the next five years.) Get to know good guy Microbe Man—eater of oil spills, creator of yogurt. Battle evil microbial-virus invaders with antibiotic artillery in a virtual-reality game. Liberty State Park, Jersey City, N.J. (201-451-0006). General admission is $9.50, $8.50 students and seniors, $6.50 children ages 2–12.

Boxed In—Just what you need at this time of year: a big cardboard house, to get away from it all without ever leaving the apartment. Sign up with a child (aged 4 and up) for a "Build Your Own Cardboard House" workshop. 1/31 and 2/1 from 10 to 1. **THE AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM,** 40 W. 53rd St. (965-3535). Reservations required. Admission is $5, $2.50 students and seniors, free to children under 12; $5 materials fee.●

Brilliant Will—Be warned: Audience members at Reel to Real Kids' "Stand-Up Shakespeare" are likely to get enlisted as sprites, fairies, noblepersons, and lions in scenes from *The Taming of the Shrew* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Following the impromptu live performances, watch episodes from *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* an Emmy award–winning animated series of plays by the bard. 1/31 at 11 and 1:30. **WALTER READE THEATER,** Lincoln Center (875-5000); $8.50 adults, $5 children under 16.

Space Odyssey—PTIII, a kind of modern-day Petit Prince, tours the solar system and beyond in *Starblast,* an intergalactic musical at **THE TRIBECA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER.** 1/25 at 1:30. 199 Chambers St. (346-8500); $13 adults, $8 kids.●

In With the New—Arrive early for a good view of a "Lion Team" doing traditional dances from southern China to usher in the Year of the Tiger. The noisy, free event goes on outside **THE CHINA INSTITUTE,** on E. 65th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (Similar dances take place throughout Chinatown.) Saturday-afternoon workshops in traditional Chinese crafts and music will be given at the institute 2/7, 2/14, and 2/21. For more information and registration, call 744-8181, ext. 145.●

cue

Brian Parks
Editor

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Brian Farnham
Sports

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

In the Bag—For 40 years now, **THE PAPER BAG PLAYERS** have brought childlike qualities—most notably their trademark boxes-into-spaceships inventiveness—to joyous, freewheeling productions for children. Performances continue weekends at 2 through March 8. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448). Tickets are $15 and $20.

Wherefore Art Thou?—A turn-of-the-century version of *Romeo and Juliet* staged by the Acting Company, with costumes by Tony Award winner Ann Hould-Ward, is at **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER** 1/29 through 2/8. 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.

Heat—Remove the mittens and hats at the **NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN'S** Enid A. Haupt Conservatory, and pause to smell the flowers. Toddlers may simply want to dash between the African desert and the Ecuadoran rain forest in the full acre of glassed-under terrain. Bigger kids can conduct simple experiments at docent-staffed Discovery Stations (Tues. through Fri. from 10 to 1, and weekends from 11 to 3) or get guided audio tours geared to kids. Through March. 200th St. and Kazimiroff (Southern) Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700). Winter grounds admission to the garden and conservatory combined totals $5 for adults, $3 for seniors, students, and children ages 6 to 16. Free to everyone all day Wednesdays, and on Saturdays from 10 to noon.

Chill Out—Former Olympian Jamie Eggleton turns Urchin in "Disney on Ice—Aladdin." Expect dazzling sets, spectacular effects, that familiar plot, and those catchy Menken-Ashman songs. **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ARENA,** East Rutherford, N.J., 1/27–2/1. For tickets, call 307-7171; $13.50–$40.

Strung Along—**PUPPETWORKS'** *Cinderella,* adapted from the 1697 French story by Charles Perrault, is set in eighteenth-century France. The lavish small-scale production—with romantic music by Jules Massenet, composer of the operatic version of the story "Cendrillon"—includes elegant "ombres chinoise," silhouetted figures going to the ball. Weekends through April 5 at 12:30 and 2:30. 338 Sixth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-965-3391). Reservations required; $7, $5 children. Miss Majesty's Lollipop Playhouse at the **GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE** presents *Humpty Dumpty Falls in Love,* weekends at 1:30, and another version of *Cinderella,* this one participatory and comedic. Through 3/1 at 3:30. 39 Grove St. (741-6436); $8.

In the 'Hood—*Little Red Riding Hood* (a New York premiere) brings a sly modern sensibility to the oft-told tale. 1/31 and 2/1. 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Individual tickets are $18.50; a flexible ten-ticket subscription to **THEATREWORKS** productions is $145. ●

Note of Intrigue—In the first of three concerts designed to introduce children to chamber music, Inspector Pulse gets tangled up in compositions by Haydn, Beethoven, Dvőrák, Mendelssohn, and Bruce Adolphe. Performers include the Borromeo String Quartet and rising young pianist Melvin Chen. 2/1 at 1 and 3. Subsequent **"MEET THE MUSIC"** concerts are "The Magical World of Maurice Ravel" (also in the Merkin Concert Hall; 3/1 at 1 and 3) and "Nature's Musicians: Birds!" (Alice Tully Hall; 3/15 at 2, with compositions by Handel, Saint-Saëns, Britten, and Messiaen.) Lincoln Center's Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (875-5788). Individual concert tickets are $12; $30 for the series of three.●

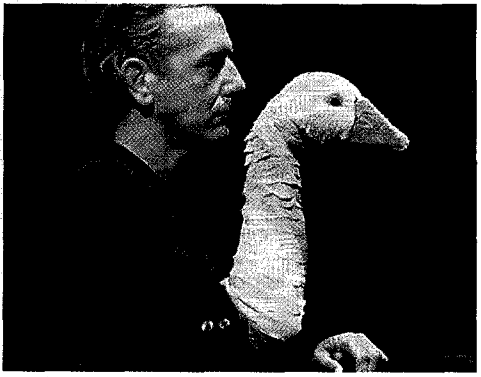
One-Woman Show—*The Land of Smiles,* a puppet play, is written, performed, designed, and directed by former New York City Opera singer Susan Delery Whedon. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at noon. *Puff the Magic Dragon* is staged the same days of the week at 1:30 (through 1/28). **PAPAGENO PUPPET THEATER,** 862 Columbus Ave., at 82nd St.; 874-3297. Tickets are $5. Reservations required.

Giving Back—A grateful crane rewards an act of generosity in Lynne Elson's original play *The Grateful One,* based on the Japanese fairy tale "The Crane Who Said Thank You." The one-hour production—suitable for children ages 6 and up—includes life-size puppets and live music. Saturdays and Sundays, 2/1–2/22, at 1 and 3. Produced by **THEATRIX,** Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (388-7981). Schedule is subject to change. Reservations are required. Tickets are $10.

Performance

Getting Goosed

Faced with a house that's too messy to clean up before their mother gets home, the brother and sister in *The Cat in the Hat* enlist Thing One and Thing Two to set things aright. Maurice, the 10-year-old hero of *Tale of Teeka,* finds himself in a similar fix—but without Dr. Seuss's obliging wash crew. Maurice has invited his new goose friend inside for a bathtub swim and the chance to trade stories, but the goose, being a real goose, has gone and fouled up the house. Maurice's parents will hardly be sympathetic—they raise the birds for slaughter. And tension is heightened because Maurice appeared with a broken arm earlier in the piece. (Adults—and some kids in the audience—will surmise that the injury, never spoken of, is the result of being beaten by a parent.) "It all sounds so harsh when you describe the plot," says Alain Fournier, the actor who plays the adult Maurice, "but on another level it's a very funny play that has audiences laughing out loud." The production by the Montreal-based Les Deux Mondes company is beautifully rendered. A stark aluminum house that appears onstage literally opens up as the story unfolds, to reveal an intricate interior. The cleverly tipped perspective of the farmhouse bathroom makes Maurice as an adult seem to grow into a giant. Performances, suitable for family audiences with children over 10, are at BAM's Majestic Theater January 31 and February 1 at two o'clock (718-636-4100). Tickets are $8 to $12. **BARBARA ENSOR**



Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

in concert

An Offenbach opera opens at the Met

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 27

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs Debussy, Elgar, Webern, and J. Strauss. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 5; $25–$35.*

Thursday, January 29

New York Philharmonic—Performs Bruckner's Symphony No. 8; Christoph Eschenbach, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 8; $20–$75.*

New York Pops—For its fifteenth-anniversary gala, the orchestra performs musical pieces important in Skitch Henderson's career. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $50–$150.*

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Beethoven and Schumann. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Interpretations—Brenda Hutchinson, performance artist, presents a new work co-written with Johnathan Kramer. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $10.*

Friday, January 30

Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra—Performs Kernis, Chopin, and Mendelssohn; Hugh Wolff, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18.*

Franz Hawlata, Bass—Performs songs by Loewe, Wolf, Reutter, and J. Strauss. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

Heidi Grant Murphy, Soprano—Performs Bach and Brandenburg, with the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $30.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/29, at 2.

Saturday, January 31

Barbara Bonney, Soprano—Performs songs with Warren Jones, piano. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $15–$45.*

Vladimir Feltsmann, Pianist—Performs Bach, Beethoven, and Mussorgsky. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $35.*

New York Philharmonic—See 1/29.

Sunday, February 1

Max Barros, Pianist—Performs Schumann, Chopin, and premieres a work by Amaral Vieira. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 3; $20–$30.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Previews
As Good As It Gets

Led by mid-century prima ballerina Alicia Alonso, the Ballet Nacional de Cuba returns to New York this week after a nineteen-year absence. It'll present Pedro Consuegra's win-win version of 'Cinderella': The lucky prince lands his lady, the evil stepmom gives her blessing, and the wicked stepsisters get smashing beaux of their own. Opens January 27 at City Center.

Emerson String Quartet—Performs Beethoven and Ives. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 2; $32.*

Curtis Chamber Orchestra—Performs works by Stravinsky, Mozart, and Shostakovich; Peter Ounjian, conductor. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824), at 2; $15.*

Bargemusic—See 1/29, at 2.

Monday, February 2

Eos Ensemble—Performs music from the 1939 World's Fair, including Copland's *From Sorcery to Science*, and works by Vaughan Williams and William Grant Still. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 2; $25–$35.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, 1/27 and 1/31 at 8; Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, 1/30 at 8; Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 1/29 and 2/2 at 8; J. Strauss's *Capriccio*, 1/31 at 1:30; and Mozart's *Die Zauberflote*, 1/28 at 7:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, at Lincoln Center (362-6000); $24–$200.*

Handel Project—A student performance of Handel's *Ariodante*, 1/28. *John C. Borden, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. (749-2802), at 7:30; $20.*

Dance

Forever Tango—The Argentine form, interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Washington Ballet—Performs *Savannah, Sync, Icare,* and *Double Contrasts*, 1/27–2/1. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $32.*

Ballet Nacional de Cuba—One of the world's greatest classical troupes performs a new version of *Cinderella*, set to music by J. Strauss, 1/27–1/31. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $35-$55.*

Flamenco Women—Mayte Martin and Belen Maya perform solos, 1/31 and 2/1. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $25–$30.*

Sarah East Johnson—Performs *Groundwork*, 1/29–2/1 at 8:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288); $12.*

Sundays At Three—New choreography in an informal setting, with works by Kathy Westwater, Laura Staton, Amy Kail, Terry Hollis, and Mark Kenison, 2/1 at 3. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.*

Joyce Trisler—Performs *Journey, She,* and *Angelitos Negros*, 1/30–2/1 at 8. *Joyce Soho Theater, 1155 Mercer St. (242-0800); $15.*

Photograph by Jesus Vallinas.

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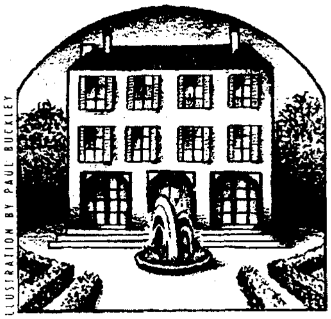
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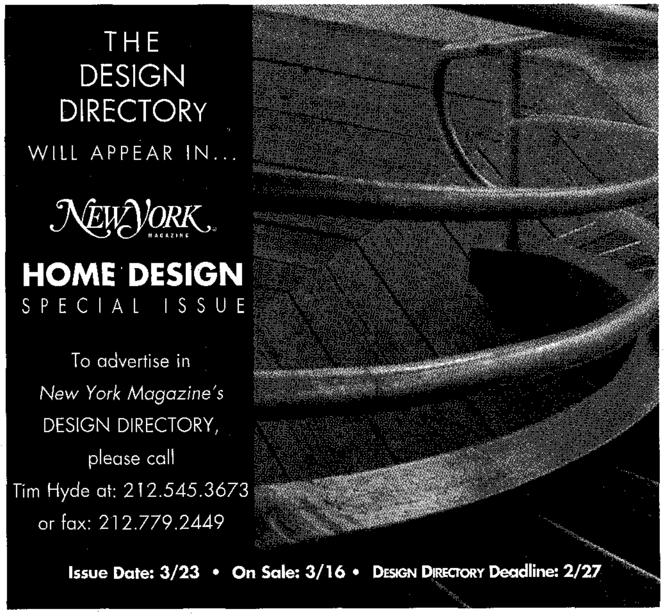

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I've Been Holding Out—For a quality woman like you to share the rest of my life with. I am a warm, caring, clear-thinking, *sincere, single white male with a good* sense of humor, 35, 6'2", handsome, with an athletic build. I'm an MD, never been married, no children. You are a warm, caring, honest, genuine, attractive, intelligent, professional, single white or Latin female, 5'5" plus, 25-35, who has never been married but could have been, never had children but wants to. We will have a lifetime of friendship and romance, mutual respect and caring, sharing experiences, and two or more children. 1498 ✉ ☎

A Real Find—Blue-eyed blond, Italian, 39, 5'6", beautiful professional woman with bubbly personality - athletic, sensual and sincere, with lust for laughter. Seeks best friend for life with similar high marks. Knicks fan a plus. Note/photo. 1482✉☎

Very Pretty, Vivacious Attorney—Sophisticated, compassionate, feminine, athletic, Jewish, 5'7", outgoing. Loves skiing, tennis, running, culture, country weekends and travel. Seeks well-educated *(JD, MD, MBA), caring, confident,* refined and preppy man, 40-52, who is sincere about both life and love. 1521 ✉☎

Are You—A fun, intelligent, successful, secure Jewish man, 40 or older? I am a vibrant, attractive, successful Jewish woman - enjoy tennis, jogging, movies, travel, yada, yada, yada. I am looking for someone very wonderful to share a lifetime of love, happiness, yada, yada, yada... Note/photo. 1506 ✉

Energetic, Ambitious, Creative—CT resident, 31, successful professional, Jewish, handsome, funny guy. Seeks smart, honest, sincere woman with a good heart. Note and photo please. 1508 ✉ ☎

Physician, Artist—34, 5'7", 150, single Jewish male - great looks, athletic, Ivy League. Seeks beautiful, knowledgeable, slim, accomplished, professional, single Jewish female for the New Year. Note/photo a must. 1562 ✉

Whaddya Doin' Valentine's Day?—Oh, wait! I'll be skiing that weekend... How about Purim? Attractive female, 30s, seeks active guy, 30s-40s, mature but childlike, heavy on values and sense of humor, to spend holidays with - and most days in-between. Note/phone/photo. 1582 ✉

Magazine Photographer—43, looks 33, can act 23 and 13 in a pinch, never married, very handsome and tall, seeks a warm young woman who is tall, educated, really cute and shares my love of playing musical instruments. If music doesn't float your boat, this would be annoying. Hopefully you also love lofts, tennis, skiing, sex, intimacy, reading, learning, and helping the world when possible. Sense of humor a must, as we'll probably spend a lot of time joking around. I've been looking for you for years, so right now. Photo/note/phone. 1601 ✉ ☎

Always A Gentleman!—Romantic, handsome, sincere, with a sense of humor. Jewish physician, 35, wants to fall hopelessly in love with a pretty, intelligent, fun, professional Jewish female, 28-37. Note/photo. 1567 ✉

Dreams Come True!—With a warm-hearted corporate president, handsome, romantic, with love of laughter, fitness, the arts, travel. Kind, 43, slim, 5'10", caring. Seeks ditto in a female, bright and fit, under 37, for forever valentine. 1592✉☎

Exciting, Fun, Intelligent—Highly educated, cute, professional, suburban (Westchester), 37-year-old Jewish woman who has traveled the world, danced on many beaches, rafted down many rivers and sailed across the Atlantic, is now ready to "settle down", start a family and experience more of life's great adventures. Seeking a like-minded Jewish man, 30-48, to join in the fun. 1545 ✉☎

Female MD—US-born Chinese, seeks US-educated, conservative Asian MD or PhD, 27-34, for friendship. 1469 ✉

Successful Entrepreneur—31, Jewish, handsome, Ivy-educated, sincere man with great sense of humor seeks ambitious, bright, caring woman with zest for life. Note and photo, please. 1507 ✉ ☎

Savvy, Sassy, Spiritual And Sincere—Beautiful, fit, blue-eyed TV producer, 35 - very funny, witty, playful and thoughtful. Seeks smart, handsome man of substance and integrity, 30-45, for passion, laughter and commitment. Please send note and photo. 1475 ✉

Down-To-Earth Gal—I'm an attractive, successful, low-maintenance female...who enjoys the mountains by day and the city by night. My ideal guy is in his mid to late 30s, good-looking, professional, laid-back *and genuine. If you like NYC dining,* alpine walks, lazy Sunday mornings and romantic weekend getaways, let's chat. Photo/phone, please. 1569 ✉

"Ugly Duckling" Seeks Fellow Swan—Smart, shapely entrepreneur, lovely inside and out, wants to meet strong, sensitive, successful man, 35 plus, for marriage. Art/antique lovers welcome; kids too. 1536✉

Mozart, Miles, Monet And Margaux—Athletic entrepreneur, 48, 6'2", seeks dazzling woman, 29-39, with intelligence, enchanting beauty, wit, playfulness, sparkle and warmth. You must appreciate great food, vintage wine and classical music. (No vegetarians, smokers or Republicans, please.) If you like Vermont leaves, Van Gogh landscapes, lobster in Maine, daffodils in Central Park, brunch in Chinatown, NYT crosswords, bicycling in the country, that would be a plus. Gourmet cooking and back-rubbing skills valued. I'm stable, solvent, nonreligious Jewish (you need not be) - a fit teddy-bear type. Note/phone/photo, please. 1591 ✉

Shelley Fabares Type—Classic brunette, professional woman desires professional, white (nonsmoker) Christian man in his 40s, interested in long term relationship. Photo, please. Note/phone. 1600 ✉ ☎

Female, 30, 5'7"—And very pretty. Loves to ski, ride and dive. Seeks a sincere and honest male, 30-45. Note/photo. 1576 ✉

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Nothing That Happened—For the first time...seems to be happening again. But who knows where or when? Are you there: a decent, respectable, intelligent, sensitive, successful, ebullient, nice-looking man, 58-68, with a positive attitude and a really good sense of humor? Now, this is a good beginning! Me? I am all of the above, but definitely not a man, and if it is important, I am really pretty, size 6 and younger than you. Note/photo, please. 1531 ✉

Very Pretty, Warm Professional—Slim, sophisticated, down-to-earth, engaging. Seeks intelligent, upbeat Jewish man, 50ish. Photo/note. 1596 ✉

Trophy Wife—Seeks master of the universe. 32, 5'11", blond/green, size 10, impeccable looks/pedigree: Wasp, Ivy, esq. Seeks romance, marriage, kids with 40 plus, single/divorced white male, established professional. Please be 5'8" plus, affectionate, fit, attractive, drug/disease free. Your handwritten letter will offer the keys to your heart and a glimpse at your soul. Photo assures response. 1606 ✉

Courtney Cox Twin—Very pretty, Jewish, 35-year-old, successful, cultured NYC exec seeks Jewish soul mate, 32-45, who enjoys the beach, dining out, skiing. Manhattan resident only. 1528 ✉ ☎

My Friend Laurie Says—I'm a great catch, but I guess you'll have to decide. A little bit about me! 34, Jewish, entrepreneur, stormy blue eyes, nice face and active build. I like physical activities and exploring and experiencing new things. I'm a good listener and I have a sensitive soul. We can rock-climb at Chelsea Piers, play in the park or dine and dance at the Rainbow Room. Looking for a Jewish female who is physically fit, independent, optimistic and enjoys life. She should feel good about herself inside and out. 1598 ✉ ☎

Great Guy—Handsome, athletic (enjoys tennis, running), adventurous, playful, huggable, successful Jewish professional, great catch - seeks classy, attractive lady under 44. Photo/note/phone. 1490 ✉

Answer This One—Handsome, caring, easygoing Jewish MD, young 48, 5'11", varied interests, ready to settle down. Seeks best friend: kind, pretty, unpretentious Jewish female, 32-36, ready for marriage and to start a family. Photo. 1535✉☎

Ready For Prime Time—Accomplished, funny, Manhattan Jewish male, 47, in good physical/emotional shape, seeks warm, pretty female counterpart - any background, 35-42 - to build a life together. Photo preferred. 1516 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Redhead—Fit, trim entrepreneur - vivacious, lover of life - seeks thoroughbred to go the distance for a lasting relationship. Only caring, successful gentleman should reply, age 52-65. Note/photo/phone. 1560 ✉

Searching For A Special Friend—Warm, sincere, attractive, affectionate, Jewish, Ivy-educated (with MBA) male, marketing/sales professional in his 30s, seeks caring, outgoing woman who's beautiful inside and out, fun to be with and easy to talk to. I enjoy music, museums, movies, travel, theater, tennis and dining out, and seek someone to share activities, conversation and special times. Note/photo/phone, please. 1471 ✉ ☎

Looking For Smart Jewish Man—33-40, who comes from a religious background but is no longer so rule-bound. Interested in business and making a living but also in creating a family with this sensible, bright, attractive woman. 1519 ✉☎

Handsome—40, 6'1", 190 lbs, intelligent, fun, romantic man, seeking you - one of the finest things in life: a mature, attractive, easygoing woman, 45 and up. 1460 ✉ ☎

Let's Tee Off—For a course of enchanted evenings and sun-drenched days. Attractive, 5'1", petite female who is fit, well-dressed, compassionate, honest and enjoys life to its fullest, seeks 50-60 gentleman of quality, who is honest, sensitive, financially secure, nonsmoker, loves golf, not afraid to love or be loved, and is ready to begin again with a one-man woman. Handwritten note and photo, please. 1488 ✉

Attractive, Green-Eyed, Petite—Sensual, (201), divorced mom, sophisticated professional - enjoys tennis, dancing and jazz music. Seeks good-looking, educated, secure man, 44-54, to share the finer things in life. Photo/note a must. 1527 ✉

Gorgeous Green Eyes—Independent, single white female, 34, WASP, blond (Meg Ryan-type) with MBA and marketing career, loves artistic and athletic pursuits (tennis, running) and good fiction, seeks affectionate, professional single white male, WASP, 30s-early 40s, at least 5'10", for honest, loving relationship. Dream with me. Note/photo please.1608 ✉

Adventurous, Pretty—Shapely, youthful blond, successful, sensuous female, professional, 41, 5'2", in biking, cooking, film, travel, seeks successful renaissance man, emotionally fit, nonsmoker, pet lover, for life's pleasures. Photo/sense of humor a must. 1607 ✉

Extremely Attractive—Professional Jewish male, 29, dark hair, green eyes, athletic build, 5'10", 175, warm, affectionate, spontaneous, fun to be with, seeks exceptionally attractive, slender female, 22-29. Note/photo. 1472 ✉

I Am Uniquely Pretty—Tall, model-type, earthy, green-eyed brunette, successful woman - but the real substance of me is my capacity to love with great passion. You should be a man, 45-55, who is comfortable in his own skin, self-aware, honest and kind, and be more impressed with substance than packaging. Serious responses. NY/NJ. 1509 ✉ ☎

Gay Jewish Man—30. NY's supposed to be the place to meet the perfect gay Jewish male. It should be easy to find a 25-35-year-old, Jewish, intellectual, good-looking, healthy, athletic Manhattanite. I should just be able to call 777-JEWS or something, press 2 for gays and find 50 Jewishly involved, warmhearted professional guys in my zip code alone - one of whom should be the guy for me. I thought NY was all about convenience! But seriously, I know I'm looking for someone who's hard to find. I'd love to hear from you. 1570 ✉ ☎

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You would never be bored with this youthful 50 year old director of an investment company, and lifelong sailor. Born in France, he has lived all over Europe and travels worldwide form his New York home. Now semi-retired in his third successful career, with grown children in college, he has the freedom to pursue his interests in classical music, and the arts, antiques, and old movies. The woman for him will be accomplished, and unpretentious and in her late 30's to mid 40's. If that's you , call the Godmothers and we'll make the introduction.

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Northern NJ, Petite Woman—Seeks loving man, 50s plus, for committed long-term relationship. 1530 ✉ ☎

Soulful With A Beautiful Smile—50-year-old, petite, blond, blue-eyed professional. Runner, reader, contagious sense of humor. Seeks age-appropriate (45-55), affable, articulate male. Note/photo/phone. 1580 ✉

Gay Country Boy—(Okay, NYC transplant), very cute, healthy, smart, real, 41. Share your contented life with mine. Note/photo. POB 66, Arkville, NY 12406

6'1", 44, Photographer—Interracial, seeks female, any race, 24-40. 1476 ✉☎

Manhattan Widow—Pretty, slim, whimsical, with important career, seeks exceptional, very active, substantial man, 60 plus, for love again. 1577 ✉

Skier Wanted—By single male Wasp, blond/blue, 5'10", 170 lbs, clean-cut. I seek a slim, athletic single female, 26-36, for travel companion. If you are adventurous, personable and looking for a quality long-term relationship with an intelligent and eligible, single white male, search no further. Note/photo. 1522 ✉

Woman Seeks Man With Children—Very pretty, slender professional, offbeat, warm and affectionate femme, rollerblader (great for staying close to the kids on their bikes), skier - loves art, admires science, hates politics. Seeks successful professional or businessman, 40-50, very intelligent, who has a great Saturday night baby sitter and looks forward to the next chapter of his life. bailah@msn.com. 1597 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Intuitive, Successful—And caring, 50-year-old Jewish psychotherapist deserves happiness with a loving and dynamic 45-55-year-old man who appreciates the beauty and humor of life, outdoor adventures and the warmth of an indoor fireplace. Note/photo. 1542 ✉

Usually A 10 - Size 10—Beautiful, smart, funny, auburn haired, Jewish female, 43, working hard to get back in shape after earning PhD. Looking for a handsome, successful, funny, 40s, Jewish guy, who's also in the struggle to be slim and fit. Let's be partners in love, life and dieting, then flaunt our great new bodies on the beach next summer. Note/photo/phone. 1603 ✉

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Professional, Cultured Widower—Seeks fashionable, receptive lady to share wide range of pleasures/adventures of body, mind, spirit. Future open. 1505 ✉

Pretty, Green-Eyed Brunette—Single, white, 41 - loves theater, old movies, long walks and great conversation. Successful writer/editor by profession, passionate, romantic by temperament. Seeks single white male, 38-50, to exchange funny valentines this February. 1550 ✉

Attractive Italian-American Female—34, seeks British gentleman for good times. Photo/note. 1486 ✉ ☎

Quirky Ivy League Wasp—29, tall, sexy - seeks older, ambitious, sophisticated male who likes animals, oceans, travel, arts. Photo/note. 1489 ✉

Blond Bachelor—37, good-looking, easygoing, business owner, Jewish, in shape. Likes sports, movies, kids, rock-and-roll, beach, biking, current events. Would like to *meet a thin, pretty female*, younger than me, with a good sense of humor, who likes her work but doesn't take it to an extreme. Let's have a great life together. 1572 ✉ ☎

Gay Gentleman, Great Guy—Attractive, creative professional, 52, seeks faithful friend, long-term lover who values warmth, humor, intelligence and passion. 1573 ✉

Be Asian, Be Sweet—I'm handsome Irish and fun. Note/photo. 1590 ✉

Bright, Attractive, Professional—Woman in her 40s, sensitive, with a great sense of humor, a kind heart and winning smile. Enjoys all life has to offer: theater, music, fine dining, dancing, travel and intimate conversations. Searching for a handsome, romantic, caring professional man, 42-52, who enjoys the same. Please send note/photo/phone. 1465 ✉

Paging Dr. Perfect (For Me)—Brilliant, hip, cool, beautiful, successful, happy, independent, all-Ivy young woman (add "very" to all above) seeks MD of distinction, taste, great humor and pathos, 35-45. Got what it takes? Smart note/cool photo. MDs only - no wannabes/woulda beens. 1579 ✉

Pianist/Writer—42 and fit. I love karate, *travel, the beach and laughter. Seek* female. Note/photo/phone. 1558 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Accomplished—Jewish, 5'9" blond, nice body, legs and smile - seeks great guy worthy of having it all ...who has much to offer. 1502 ✉ ☎

Solo Attorney/Fiction Writer—Looking *for sexy, loving, permanent relationship* with slim, gentle woman in her 30s. Please send picture. 1492 ✉

Very Pretty—And successful, blue-eyed brunette, mid 30s, 5'8", slender and fit, nonsmoker. Would love to share life's pleasures with a very special, attractive, accomplished man. Photo/note. 1556 ✉☎

Soho Jewess—Offbeat, quiet elegance, loves outdoors, flea market discoveries, my garden and trying new things. I'm attractive, 5'5", 42, dark-eyed, shapely and active. Looking to be swept off my feet by someone who has his feet on the ground but knows how to soar. You are successful, handsome, Jewish "lite" and open to commitment. Note/photo, please. 1534 ✉ ☎

Your Best Friend And Soul Mate—Pretty, warm, fit, feminine, sane, smart, successful Jewish professional woman, 50, seeking male counterpart. 1544 ✉ ☎

Manhattan Woman, Black, Early 40s—Hospital manager, nice, warm, interesting ...seeks good man with integrity, intelligence and sense of humor. 1532 ✉ ☎

Fabulous, Funky, Creative—Petite, funny and extremely attractive. I like books, magazines, movies, beaches, music, dancing, good friends, good food, good times. If you are round, bearded, hairy, happy, hip and playful, 45-60, please write. 1533 ✉

Upper East Sider With Downtown Spirit—Beautiful, blue-eyed, amber-haired woman (loves children), successful, vivacious, athletic, seeks divorced/widowed man, 40-50, accomplished, fit, handsome, who approaches life with humor, passion, insight, not afraid of commitment. 1483✉☎

Good Man Hunting—Handsome, athletic Jewish male, 38, 5'7", successful professional. Interests: arts, travel, dining. Divorced - no kids. You (28-35) have great style, warmth and energy. We both want a special relationship. Romantic vision is intact and needs to be shared. 1593✉

Very Attractive—*Jewish, petite, young* 43, very bright, professional, playful and warm beneath outward reserve - loves to paint and play tennis. Seeks secure, interesting man with great sense of humor. Note/photo, please. 1477 ✉

Very Attractive Woman—Slim, fit, upbeat, energetic, sensual, communicative, supportive, financially independent, seeking man in his 60s, with all of above. Current photo/note, please. 1610 ✉

Nice-Looking Man—Professional, warm, youthful, trim, 5'10", 57 - seeks a down-to-earth, stimulating, slender woman for friendship and romance. I love the arts, *music, films, travel...or just a good* conversation. Photo, please. 1524 ✉

Successful Entrepreneur—38, 6'2", 190 lbs, looking for intelligent, witty Christian female for serious relationship. Note/photo; will respond with same. 1485 ✉

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 1555 ✉

Southern Gentility And NY Savvy—Very pretty blond PR exec, seeks gentleman, 34-47, for something real. I'm 5'7", 39, great figure, and enjoy exploring both city and country, football and ethnic dining. If you're active, playful, good communicator, successful, and passionate about life, please respond. Note/phone/photo. 1504 ✉

FL Bound?—This dynamite lady with a NY state of mind, would like to meet a great guy, 35 on the inside, fit and attractive on the outside, who suddenly finds himself exploring long-term care options instead of the Serengeti. 1537 ✉

Are You Ready?—Very attractive, divorced, fit, long-legged, blue-eyed blond, 5'7", genuinely young 49. Involved in the arts - smart, fun, adventurous, loves children (adopting a child). Seeking good-looking, tall, 43-53, confident, kind, generous and very alive man who values integrity, intimacy and family. 1564 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Poised Professional—Swimmer, lover of arts, theater, travel, seeks secure, intellectually interesting male, 50-62, with joie de vivre. 1538 ✉ ☎

Sassy, Sensitive, Sexy, Smart—Pretty, Jewish widowed professional seeks male, 50s, warm, witty, dynamic, successful, sophisticated soul mate. 1480 ✉

Handsome, Trim, Caring—Seeks slender, educated, classy lady, 50ish. Dance, travel... Photo/note. 1384 ✉

Share My Life With Me—Affectionate, caring, romantic, fun-to-be-with businessman, 6'3", 185 lbs, in-shape, 59. Enjoy ballet, quality conversation, active sports lifestyle, nonsmoker. Looking for that one special woman to establish a relationship built on trust, with a ton of chemistry. Current photo exchange. 9230 ✉☎

Reluctantly Right Stuff—Beautiful, sparkly PhD - tall, thin, athletic blond, youthful 30s. Loves adventure, laughing, smooching, running, biking, full moons, James Brown and Rickie Lee Jones. Seeks funny, tall, smart, handsome, athletic, energetic, liberal-leaning man, 33-43, for relationship, love, family. Photo: yes, absolutely. Thoughtful note. 1500 ✉

Make No Mistake—Looking for a diamond. I am single white male, 50, financially secure, absolutely handsome, creative, passionate. She is single female (25-35 at most), very pretty (Vogue standards), warm, bright and exciting, looking for a friend and love, travel and that stuff. She must be healthy. Photo is essential. 1515 ✉

Attractive Scientist/Artist—43, European, tall, trim, nonsmoker, romantic. Seeks petite, slim, marriage-minded, 35-40, financially secure lady to be his muse. Gracie Station, POB 79, NYC 10028

Attractive And Desirable Male—38, 5'8", Jewish, with great personality, big heart, down-to-earth and fit. Loves comedy and the Knicks. Seeks female with similar qualities. Photo/note. 1541 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome—Single, affluent, Jewish, tenured associate professor in NYC - and stock-market investor, seeks bright professional lady wanting marriage and future family (MD, JD, *PhD or similar type), 30-45.* 1546 ✉ ☎

Slim, Sexy, Secure—Successful, sophisticated siren seeks same in 50ish swain. Snapshot, s'il vous plait. 1470 ✉☎

Sweet And Sexy—Jewish female, 32, professional, extremely attractive, very fit, searching for outstanding Jewish male, 30s ...who is ready to share his life. 1549 ✉☎

Handsome Jewish Attorney—38, seeks beautiful, professional, sincere Jewish female, 24-35. Photo. 1559 ✉ ☎

Business Executive—In late 30s, seeking a down-to-earth, easygoing, white or Asian woman not seeking a marriage-driven relationship. You should be between 25-40 and enjoy dining, Knicks or Rangers. Photo and bio to: 1517 ✉

Go Ahead, Make My Year—Very pretty, green-eyed brunette RN, slim, 5'4", 36 (looks 26), kosher, seeks handsome, slim, secure male. Note/photo important. 1512✉

Beautiful European—29, looking for gentleman with style, for romance. 1511✉

Warm, Attractive, Petite—Professional gal - young, in-shape 54. Seeking stable, worldly, generous professional guy who likes arts, travel, dancing and lots of other things. Note/photo helpful. 1539✉

Pretty—NJ, Catholic professional seeks a man who lives by his word; is of open heart; laughs easily at himself and believes that life is what you make of it. All other virtues and vices negotiable. Note/photo. 1605 ✉

Attractive, Athletic Physician—Wide-ranging activities, interested in meeting Asian or European woman, 40-55. Photo, if possible. 1510 ✉

Got Hair?—Voluptuous, 50 plus, long-haired, independent widow seeks NYC, single, 48-59 man for romance. 1514 ✉

Let's Do It—Part-time single dad, 5'10", early 40s, writer, seeks single mom, 30-42, or reasonable facsimile, who likes young kids and who is funny, smart, sexy, petite and athletic, for trying anything once within reason. 1551 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome—Early 40s, 6', blue-eyed, romantic, warm, in-great-shape, successful, commitment-minded gentleman seeks one attractive, smart, fit, sexy, family-minded woman to 40. True happiness *is not perfected until it is shared.* Note/phone/recent photo for reply. 1563✉

Sensual, Slim, Exciting Woman—Pretty, leggy and fit, 5'7", has passion, wit and style. Enjoys travel, conversation and laughter. Seeks smart, successful, dynamic man, 42-58. 1574 ✉

Valentine's Delight—Beautiful, slim blond professional female, mid 50s, ready for Chapter 2. Seeks sincere, successful, upbeat Jewish man, 55-65, to share loving relationship. Photo/note. 1491 ✉

Wealthy—Single white male, 45, needs partner for travel, golf, spoiling. Can you handle it? 1493 ✉

Woman Of The World—German, educated in England, sophisticated, humorous, outgoing, enjoys all the good and beautiful things in life. Presently residing/working in Germany. Seeks 50s-70, secure, intelligent, kind, witty and somewhat adventurous gentleman who likes to travel. Plan to relocate to the metropolitan area. Note/phone. 1525 ✉

Night And Day—Are you the one? Lovely, slim writer/editor with penchant for Porter, Poulenc and Paris, seeks smart professional man, 47-60. Photo/note. 1518 ✉

Good Mind Seeks Mind Mate—College professor, PhD, male, 60s, not bad-looking, seeks elegant, early-50s schmoozette for love and friendship. Photo, please. 1566 ✉

Beautiful Leo Or Virgo Man Wanted—By fabulous Aquarian female, blond, 5'2", 118 lbs, 30s, green eyes, very sexy *(really) and successful, loving,* ready for happily ever after. You are tall, dark, very handsome, Jewish, 32-40, Richard Gere/JFK Jr. type, very fit (no chubbies or teddy bears, please). Most of all, you are kind, spiritual, megasuccessful and looking for someone to share all that life has to offer - most of all yourself - with me. Lethargic couch potatoes need not apply. Recent full-length photo a must; will exchange. 1585 ✉

North Shore Beauty Sought—By upscale Jewish banker, 40, 6'2", GQ looks, Einstein's mind and Cary Grant's charm, who knows how to treat a lady. Note/photo. 1473 ✉

Pretty, Passionate, Fun—34, white female. Loves to blade, run, travel. Seeks fit, white professional man, 34-40, for keeps. Note/photo. 1571 ✉

First-Time, Only-Time Ad—I'm very handsome (really), wealthy, 6', great shape, Jewish, with varied interests, and probably the nicest guy you've met in a long time. You're under 40, around 5'4", slim, beautiful, with a beautiful heart, ready to share a first-class life and a first-class love. Religion not important. Note/photo. 1561 ✉

Let's See If This Can Work—Looking for a single Jewish female, to 36, who is pretty and genuinely nice. I am a 41-year-old, athletic, good-looking banker who would like to spoil the right person. 1540 ✉☎

If You Love Fine Wine—World travel, snuggles and a Manhattan woman, 50ish who is still waiting to see what she'll be when she grows up, please write. 1595 ✉

Sci-Fi Movie Buff—Also enjoy classical music, philosophy. Seek pretty woman, 28-38, for Manhattan dates. POB 539, New York, NY 10101

Tickle My Funny Bone—Intelligent, athletic, handsome male, 33, 5'9", with great sense of humor, seeks smart, attractive, fit woman, 25-37, to share laughs, friendship and ? Note/photo. 1565 ✉

Beautiful, Vibrant, Athletic—Slender brunette (34), loves her work, fine food, the arts, travel, music and outdoor activities. Seeks ambitious, accomplished and athletic, loving man (32-42) who is marriage and family-minded. Sense of humor, compassion and integrity a must. Note/phone/photo. 1474 ✉ ☎

Attractive Hispanic Woman—Seeks kind gent, 50-60, for commitment. 1575 ✉

Gay, Handsome Man—Successful doctor, athletic, intelligent, kind, well-built, East Sider, late 40s, wants to meet a high-quality, very good-looking and interesting companion under 42. I'm not into bars or drugs. Very healthy, well-spoken, artistic yet modest. Picture. 1584 ✉ ☎

Gay White Woman—Kindhearted, attractive, educated, romantic, emotionally "together", direct, open - seeks "good soul", 40s-50s, for cuddling, friendship and beyond. Please send note. 1548 ✉

Westchester Father—6', 180 lbs, 40, handsome Jewish businessman is seeking bright, classy, sexy woman for love, friendship and intimacy at its highest level. Note/photo. 1554 ✉

Truly Exceptional—Model-like professional female, 44, sensitive, warm, introspective, insightful, funny and charming. Looking for the same and more in a mentally and physically healthy, attractive male. Photo/note. 1523 ✉

Attractive Blond Widow—With a lust for life, enjoys the good life. Seeks gentleman to share the same in a warm wonderful relationship. (516) preferred. 1604 ✉ ☎

Valerie Bertinelli Looks—28, 5'6", attractive, well-educated, athletic, fun-loving, witty female - seeking same in male, 26-36. Photo/note. 1494 ✉

Handsome, Humorous—Single white male, 6', trim and toned 48, own marketing/ad firm, likes music, dancing, candlelight dinners, good talk. Seeks single white female, 27-40, very pretty, shapely, sensual and savvy, for the real thing. Photo, please. 1599 ✉

Perfect Timing—38, charismatic MD, surgeon, Jewish, 5'11", athletic, energetic, warmest heart/smile. Seeks thin, attractive, "glass half full" wonderful woman, 20s-30s, to simply share life. 1578 ✉ ☎

Manhattan Male—44, never married, tall, trim. A bit of a project but many excellent qualities: trustworthy, intelligent, independent-minded, financially astute... Potential mate for attractive, discerning 30s female. 1526 ✉

A Beautiful Smile—Very pretty, green-eyed, sensuous, slim, 5'5", divorced, Jewish professional female, age 50, seeks to share life with a kind, successful, interesting male who is able to love and to be loved. 1496 ✉

Slender Jewish Woman—38, creative, professional, great sense of humor, seeking a gambling man ready to risk it all. Note/photo/phone. 1568 ✉

Gay White Male—Early 40s, seeks 40s-50s, sportive European male for travel, life and its rewards. Note/photo. 1481 ✉

Outdoorsy Man—52, writer and wilderness guide, tall and thin, grey-bearded, nice-looking, warm, eco-concerned. Seeks attractive, self-aware, loving, spiritual woman who's passionate about nature, for lasting relationship. Photo please. 1499 ✉

PhD Psychologist—Professional musician, 42, athletic, handsome, Jewish, divorced, sense of humor. Seeking slim, pretty, bright professional woman, 26-34, I can talk to. No poseurs. Must accept diversity. Let's explore the pleasure principal. Note/recent photo/phone. 1589 ✉

Busy CEO—40, 6'1", great shape, extremely good-looking, seeks mutually rewarding relationship with model-type woman for romance and fun - not marriage. Photo. 1497 ✉ ☎

Assortments

FIELDS! The Matchmaker 212-391-2233 317 Madison (entr on 42nd) NYC 10017, Rm 1600. Est 1920. Free consultation & booklet. 18-80. All religions. Nationwide. Visitors invited. Open 7 days. We arrange for your children without their knowledge.

Introductions Club - For Secular Jewish Profls. Men, 25-60 & Women, 21-49. PhD interviewer. Be creative! Call: **877-0723**

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(5pm-12am) at NIGHT OWLS
1036 2nd Ave, NYC (Btwn 54-55th sts.)
2 SPACIOUS LEVELS OF HI-TECH ELEGANCE
800+ EXPECTED, 28-49, PROFESSIONALS, $20
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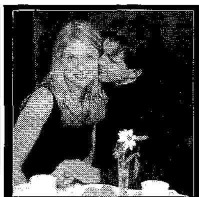

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Est. '79. Personalized, confidential.
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Join 400 Young Professionals At Our 3rd Annual Food- & Wine-Tasting Event To Benefit The Ronald McDonald House Of NYC, Thursday, January 29, 7:00 pm, 405 East 73rd Street. Info: **212-535-5645**

Date NOTHING BUT THE BEST
A NEW singles' network for graduates & faculty of NYU, U of Michigan (Ann Arbor), UCLA, USC, Syracuse, Brandeis, Boston College, Tufts, U of Rochester, Georgetown, UVA, Washington U, Lehigh, Carnegie Mellon, Notre Dame, Vanderbilt. CALL: **1-800-261-0410**

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♥ 246 West 14th St. ♥
♥ TUESDAY, FEB 3rd at 7pm. ♥
♥ DJ • Dancing • Refreshments ♥
♥ Admission $50 at the door. ♥
♥ Assoc. Div. Jewish Guild for the Blind ♥
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SAT. Jan. 31, 8:30pm
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$20 w/this ad; $ 25 without.
ODYSSEY (718)776-6666

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Music - Cash Bar - H'ors d'oeuvres
Jan 30, 1998 •5:30 - 8:30pm at
DECADE
1117 First Avenue (b/w 61st & 62nd Str.)
Admission $50/RSVP
914-961-9770
Singles Dance Party - Wed 1/28/98 6-10 pm
TATOU -E 50th St btw Lex & 3rd Aves
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Friends Forever

Stan & Jeff Party At Twist 207 E. 84th. **Fri, Jan. 30** 8:30pm. $20. Dancing. Open Bar. Upscale Professionals. **718-353-7363**

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FREE ADMISSION
From 7-7:30 PM: If you work in the Fashion/Garment Industry, with Proof of Employment. Call for more details.
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MAXIM'S
680 Madison Avenue (61st), NYC
Saturday, Jan. 31st 7 PM-12:30

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Appearing: **SARGE** (as seen on HBO)
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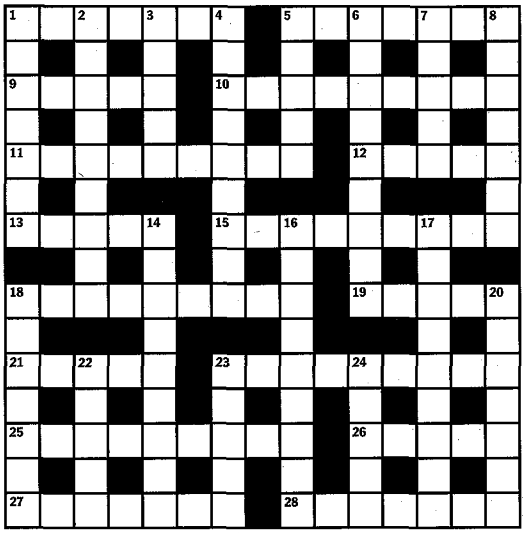
The 'Guardian' Crossword



ACROSS

1 Saw show with the right note. (7)
5 Fodder for cattle in Alpine meadows? (7)
9 The student's leave of absence from lunch say. (5)
10 Speed with which the managers aim to score here. (9)
11 Turn work into play. (9)
12 Enabled a high-ranking official to find oblivion. (5)
13 Wrinkle free and middle-aged! (5)
15 Possibly let assets go to get flat. (9)
18 People are not fit to take them. (9)
19 This is unusual if not in military service. (5)
21 Record set by a female animal. (5)
23 A bunch of reporters keen to enlist help? (5,4)
25 Awfully daring—are called to account for it. (9)
26 The capital of a couple of hundred big guns. (5)
27 Immutable as 8. (7)
28 Diversified sport, that is the answer. (7)

DOWN

1 Head getting in through advocate. (7)
2 Having a single manual worker take heed and no mistake! (3-6)
3 Offering some pretext, radioed for additional supplies. (5)
4 Game graduate fellow about to make a lot of money. (9)
5 A body of seamen captured by the French in Ulster. (5)
6 Spanish gentleman having a dance with the queen in company. (9)
7 Devious sort—a cook. (5)
8 Quite without purpose, like 27. (7)
14 Leaving out the objection. (9)
16 America backing the prodigal will hold things up. (9)
17 The means of obtaining admission is fascinating. (9)
18 Many a fool, over time, creates friction. (7)
20 Impress certain points on serious follower. (7)
22 A resort of high-fliers. (5)
23 Really punishing Nepal trip. (5)
24 The rogue will do badly. (5)

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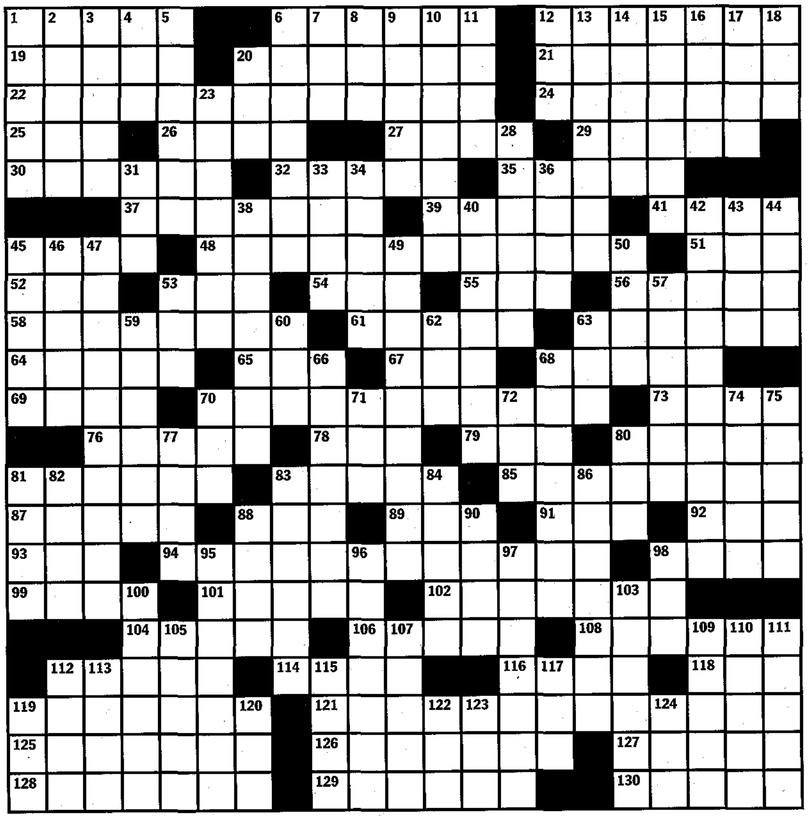
'Corporal Punishment': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Chaplain, to a G.I.
6 Blood component
12 End of a Stein line
19 Sub
20 Blinking light
21 Dieter's unit
22 Vigorous scolding
24 Do an impersonation
25 Poldark product
26 D and Labor
27 Queen of Jordan
29 Six tsars
30 Roofing tiles
32 Palindromic belief
35 Plus factor
37 "—— a doctor in the house?"
39 Library listing
41 Israeli statesman
45 —— of Kashmir
48 Extremely loud
51 Years since birth
52 Suffix for block or stock
53 Meal leaving
54 Also
55 State tree of Massachusetts
56 Happen again
58 Some beauty contests
61 Annoy other sleepers
63 Made a pitching gaffe
64 Data inserted
65 Satisfy the appetite
67 Doe in "Bambi"
68 Roasted meat on a skewer
69 Sullen
70 Bullying
73 Memorable chanteuse
76 Comstock, and others
78 Failed lib amendment
79 Tokyo, once
80 D.C. subway
81 Sermon site
83 Stops up
85 Bestowing a prize
87 Sobriquet
88 Luftwaffe's foe: abbr.
89 Kind of detector
91 Suppositions
92 Darkrm. item
93 Hostelry
94 Very pathetic
98 Like Andersen's duckling
99 Doesn't keep up
101 Art print, for short
102 Checked cotton cloth
104 Coeur d'——, Idaho
106 Sports surprise
108 Dumbfounded
112 Euripides drama
114 Pro ——
116 Medieval menial
118 "Exodus" hero
119 Anthropoid apes
121 Slangily tasty
125 Cut, in a way
126 England's Eden
127 "Ready or not, —— come!"
128 Beggars' garb
129 Pine-tree exudates
130 Cough up

DOWN

1 Plays miniature golf
2 Seething
3 Karan of fashion
4 Joplin's music
5 Practice pieces
6 Wall coating
7 —— Palmas
8 Ex-ember
9 Bootblack's query
10 Composer of "The Consul"
11 Mythical galley
12 Here: Fr.
13 Japanese banjo
14 Among the quick
15 Take turns
16 Algerian port
17 Is in session
18 Wide shoe size
20 Outfielder's catch
23 Part of E.S.T.
28 Diamondback's warning
31 Standoff
33 Formerly, formerly
34 Roman historian
36 Of slender build
38 Men's milliners
40 Repeat
42 Snide bad-mouthing
43 Feverish chills
44 Dork
45 Lacking zest
46 Fictional bell town
47 Deceiving humorously
49 Lindbergh's nickname
50 Snatch
53 Morsel for Dobbin
57 Had a quickie wedding
59 Satellite of Jupiter
60 Saint, in Brazil
62 Out —— limb
63 Purse
66 Shakespearean "Night"
68 Having the facts
70 Casino transaction
71 Frat guy
72 Actress Lupino
74 Kin of orlon
75 More than misty
77 Chef's opus
80 Distaff designation
81 Tote for Jack and Jill
82 Bone below the elbow
83 39th President
84 Two of these make a prison
86 Kabul citizen
88 Maugham weather
90 Brickell or Adams
95 Anna Roosevelt's middle name
96 The daily dozen
97 Apprentice physicians
98 Thurman of "Pulp Fiction"
100 No humanitarian
103 Oscar winner for "Cocoon"
105 Residential contract
107 Some suit bottoms
109 Belgian Congo, today
110 Sea gulls' acquaintances
111 Number
112 Transparent silicate
113 Throw off, as fumes
115 Not anear
117 Rock star Stone
119 Express plane: abbr.
120 Near-grads
122 Phone button 4
123 Long long time
124 Pub container



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 90.

G.S.L.C.P.G.
1849
FIVE.DOLLARS

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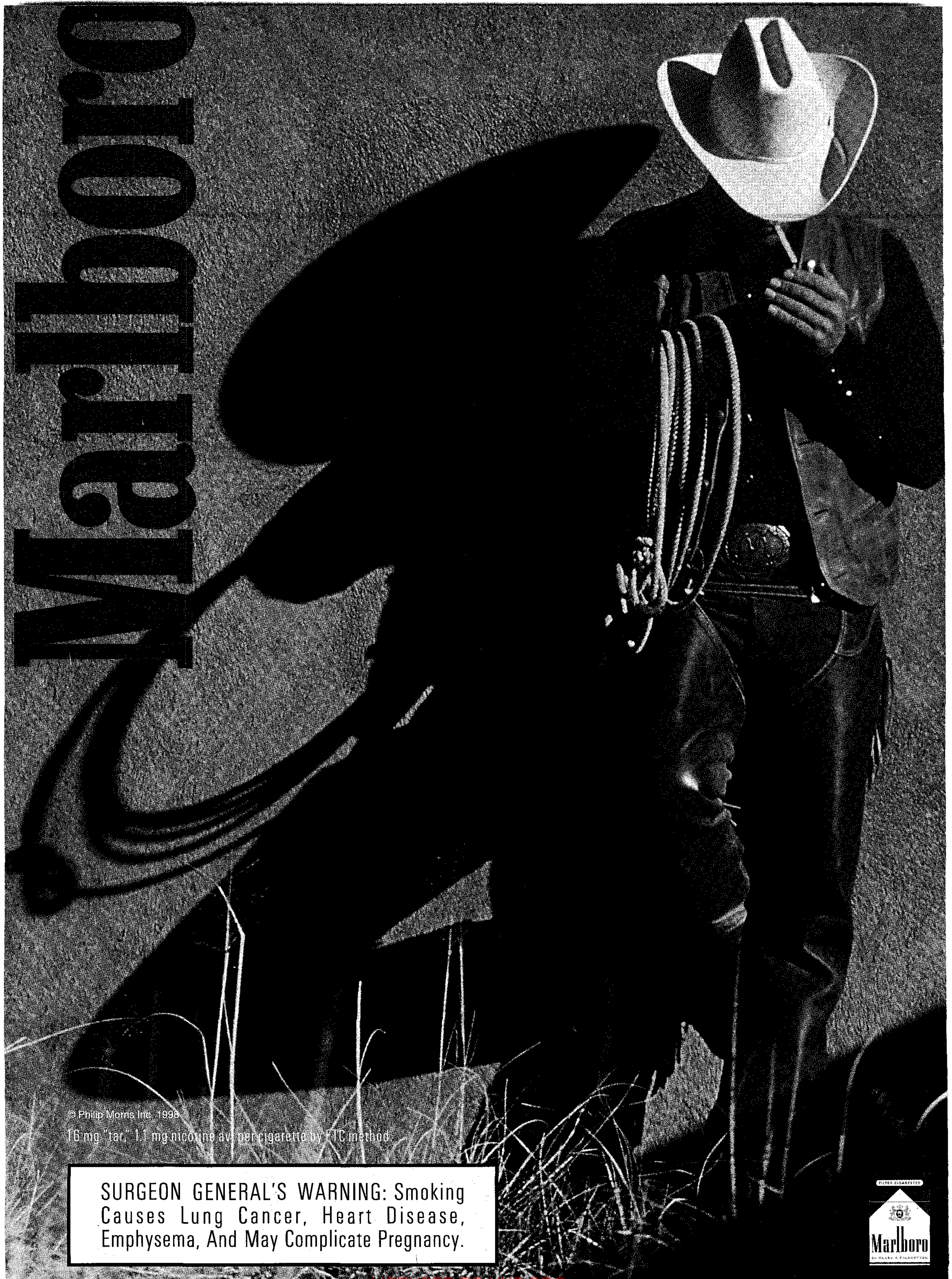
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16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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